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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 7. 1905. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 32.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 26.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.19 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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241 Main St., Woburn

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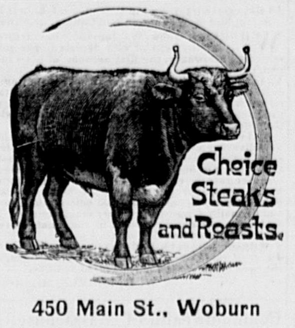

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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

An Alien Heir

By FRANCIS A. COREY

Copyright, 1905, by F. A. Corey

Throwing a fresh stick on the fire, Dick Vance gazed approvingly about him. The room which the dancing flames lighted up had a cozy, homelike air delightfully in contrast with his cheerless lodgings in Paris. At last he had one little spot within four walls that he could call his own.

As he stretched his legs comfortably to the blaze he was still tingling with the thrill of amazement he had felt when informed by the village Lawyer during their brief interview that afternoon that he was Robert Chilton's heir.

"The estate consists of this old house, which has been in the Chilton family for a hundred years, and $50,000 in stocks and bonds," Mr. Blackstone had said.

"And it's mine, really mine, to do what I please with?" Dick asked eagerly.

"Nobody can dispute your legal right to it," was the stiff response. "Chilton took care to make a will that would hold. The justice of the bequest is quite another thing."

Although three hours had gone by since then, Dick still almost doubted his great fortune. How often he had gone with empty pockets and nothing to eat!

One blissful thought made his heart leap. He could marry Alice Dale! They had waited two years because of their poverty. There was now no occasion for delay.

The wind whistled around the house, driving great gusts of snow against the windows. Dick laughed at its futile rage and stirred the fire afresh. In fancy he saw Alice sitting on the other side of the hearth, one pretty pink cheek in her palm. How graciously she would rule over the house! He would hasten to her the first thing on the morrow with the wonderful news.

The doorbell rang. Mr. Robbins, the gray haired minister who had officiated at Robert Chilton's funeral that day, was ushered in. Shaking the snow from his great coat, he sat down heavily before the fire, his face wearing a stern expression.

"Mr. Vance, how long had you known the deceased?" he abruptly inquired.

"About six months, sir."

"You met abroad?"

"Yes, sir—in Paris. Mr. Chilton fell seriously ill at one of the hotels. He was alone, and I took care of him. He was pleased to think that my nursing saved his life."

"You traveled with him afterward?"

"I did. I was a poor medical student. I had just taken my degree. I could act as courier and also keep careful watch over his bodily health."

Dick smiled pleasantly, but the clergyman's face grew harder than before.

"Did he ever speak to you of his family?"

"Only once—just before he died. He said they had betrayed, forsaken him; that he was worse than alone in the world He made me promise to bury him from his old home, never intimating that I was to be his heir. That came as a complete surprise. Oh, sir," Dick added, with kindling eyes, "this legacy means everything to me—success, happiness, a prosperous career."

Looking at the young man over his spectacles, Mr. Robbins said gravely:

"Then you are not aware that Mr. Chilton left a daughter and a grandchild?"

Dick turned pale, and all at once there was a curious pounding in his ears.

"No! It simply can't be! He would have told me"—

"It seems that he did not. His daughter married against his wishes and he never forgave her. She is now a widow, a confirmed invalid, and very poor. Her child, a girl of twenty, is working beyond her strength for the bare necessities of life. I sent word to them, but it appears they did not receive it in time to come."

There was a silence which neither of the two seemed disposed to break. Dick's forehead glistened with perspiration. He swept a shaking hand across it.

"Of course I understand why you tell me this," he cried huskily. "You think I have no right to the property and should give it up."

The old minister frowned, and was silent. Dick glanced lingeringly around the room.

"I won't do it!" he cried, with half angry vehemence. "If Mr. Chilton had wanted his daughter to have it, he would have left it to her. It's mine—mine! I intend to keep it!"

Mr. Robbins rose and picked up his hat from the table.

"I regret exceedingly your decision," he said coldly. "Frankly, I'm disappointed in you. Good night, sir." And he walked out of the room.

Dick sat for a long time gazing into the fire. His cheeks were flushed. The discarded daughter was nothing to him. He would be a fool to abdicate in her favor. No doubt she deserved all that had befallen her, and even worse.

Presently his thoughts turned to Alice. She had forbidden him to write to her. He should be free, she had said, since they would be unable to marry for years, if ever. Not a line had passed between them for months. But he felt no misgivings. She loved him; she would remain true.

"How I wish it were morning that I might go to her," he said aloud.

He smiled, and yet a heaviness lay on his heart. The sad face of the woman whose birthright he had stolen seemed to stare at his reproachfully from the corners of the room. It even framed itself in the smoldering logs as they blazed up fitfully and fell apart.

The doorbell rang again. After a long delay the door opened to admit Mrs. Burke, the old housekeeper. She was pale with suppressed emotion.

"Another visitor?" he exclaimed with annoyance. "Who is it?"

"Mr. Chilton's granddaughter, sir," was the startling response.

Dick sprang to his feet.

"The poor child did not learn of her grandfather's death until today, sir. The storm delayed the mails. She came at once—and alone, because her mother is ill."

"What does she want?" His voice had a strangely harsh, unnatural sound.

"She hoped to be in time for the funeral, but her train was stalled. She is going right away again. I thought, sir," hesitatingly, "you might like to see her first."

See her! Dick felt a sick shrinking through all his being. Of course it was a game to wheedle some concession from him. But it would be churlish to refuse.

"Where is she?"

"In the kitchen. She would come no farther."

As Dick started in that direction Mrs. Burke laid her hand upon his arm.

"One moment, sir. I'd like to tell you something. The girl loves a worthy man as poor as herself. They can never marry now. I'm sorry for them both."

She turned half fiercely, but before he could speak his anger was swallowed up in pity. The case appealed to him strongly. Was the structure of his happiness to be built upon the ruin of two lives? If he robbed this girl of her inheritance what was left to her?

With these thoughts whirling in his brain he started on again, with heavy, shuffling steps. The girl sat before the kitchen fire, her face in her hands. Dick saw the drooping figure as through a red mist. He began speaking rapidly, in a tense voice, as if half afraid to trust himself.

"I'm a selfish brute. At first I didn't realize the injustice of accepting a legacy that means everything to you"—At his first word a tremor had shaken the bowed figure. She lifted her head suddenly with a startled exclamation.

"Dick! Dick!"

He stood staring. All at once the mist seemed shot through with a dazzling light. He leaned nearer, like one half blinded, and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"Alice! It is Alice!" he said incredulously.

She, the quicker to grasp the situation, looked up at him with a happy laugh.

"Dick! Oh, Dick! Nobody told me the name of the man who had robbed me of my birthright. I never dreamed it was you. I thought it was some adventurer. That is why I meant—to go away—without seeing you"—

The words died in an inarticulate murmur. Her blushing face was pressed against his heart.

An Indian Fable.

A woodman entered a wood with his ax on his shoulders. The trees were alarmed and addressed him thus: "Ah, sir, will you not let us live happily some time longer?" "Yes," said the woodman; "I am quite willing to do so, but as often as I see this ax I am tempted to come to the wood and do my work in it, so I am not to blame so much as this ax." "We know," said the trees, "that the handle of the ax, which is a piece of a branch of a tree in this very wood, is more to blame than the iron, for it is that which helps you to destroy its kindred." "You are quite right," said the woodman. "There is no foe so bitter as a renegade."

TICKLE THE TROUT.

Do It Cleverly, and You Can Gather Them In Easily.

I once spent my vacation in the little village of Schoenwald, in the Black forest. One day the son of the proprietor of the inn at which I was staying said that he was going out to catch some trout and asked me if I would accompany him. He was in his bare feet, his trousers rolled up, and he had a small, very much elongated keg slung by a strap over his shoulder instead of a creel.

The keg had a square opening on the top side, and he said that he would show me how to catch trout without tackle. We went down to a small brook running through a meadow near the house. He partly filled the keg with water, then, wading a few yards up stream, stooped down and carefully felt under the long grass which hung over the bank. After awhile he lifted a nice brook trout out of the water and put it into the keg and then wading a little farther repeated the operation and took in all some twenty trout out of the brook.

He told me that he caught the fish by feeling carefully around under the grass at the edge of the bank, and when he felt one he tickled and stroked it until by a quick movement he could insert his thumb and forefinger into the fish's gills and then lift it out of the water. I went with him and saw him catch fish in this way several times.—New York Times.

THE CHEEK BONE.

It Is Said to Be the Most Sensitive Part of Our Anatomy.

"What is the most sensitive part of our anatomy?" asked an ivory carver.

"The tip of the tongue," said one.

"The finger tips," said another.

"Wrong; both wrong. It is the small patch of skin over the cheek bone that is our most sensitive part," said the ivory carver, "and in smoothing ivory we always test our work on that patch of skin."

He took up a large ball on which he had been working.

"Here," he said. "Try this. Is it smooth?"

The two visitors tossed the ball in the air and declared it to be smoother than satin or cream.

"Now," said the carver, "test it with your finger tips and your tongue."

These tests were made, and the verdict was given, "still smooth."

"Now test it with your cheek bone."

The visitors in turn rubbed the ivory ball delicately over their cheek bones and uttered exclamations of amazement.

"By Jove, it feels rough!" they said. "The cheek bone must be sensitive."

"Sensitive?" echoed the ivory cutter. "Why, the cheek bone is the only part of us that can lay claim to any sensitiveness at all."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

CHEWING THE HOP.

It First Causes Exhilaration and Then Drowsiness.

"Where hops are raised hop chewers exist," said a farmer. "The habit of hop chewing produces first a pleasant exhilaration and afterward a delicious drowsiness. It is impossible to get drunk on hops, no matter how many you chew.

"In hop growing countries the pickers are forbidden to chew the hops. The pickers, indeed, working piecework, are sensible enough not to chew them, for the drowsiness and jollity that hops bring on make fast picking impossible.

"I have been told that there are tramps who know various herbs that, being chewed, cause drunkenness. I have no doubt this is correct. I have myself seen tramps drink alcohol out of alcohol stoves, kerosene out of oil cans and gasoline out of street lamps. Even cologne, were it not so hard to get, would be eagerly consumed by the tramp, for cologne will produce intoxication.

"If the same foolish conceit and jollity and afterward the same stupor and the same horrible sickness are caused by cologne or gasoline as by whisky, what is the difference which of them we drink?"—Exchange.

Theft of the Gainsborough Picture.

Adam Worth was one of the few men who ever eluded the Pinkertons. Worth stole millions on both sides of the Atlantic, eluded the police for years and died in poverty in London. One of his famous exploits was the stealing of the famous picture of the Duchess of Devonshire, by Gainsborough, valued at $50,000. He carried the picture in a false bottom of a trunk for years and finally gave it up after some negotiations with the owners.—Leslie's Monthly.

When Love Was Young.

She (with emotion)—Do you really care for me just as much as when we were first engaged? He (with conviction)—Yes, lovey, every single bit as much.

And at the time this conversation took place they had been engaged just fourteen hours, eight minutes and twenty-five seconds.

Very Green.

"He certainly seems likely to live to a green old age."

"Why, he has already attained it. He's just married a girl twenty-five years his junior, and he thinks she loves him for himself alone."—Philadelphia Press.

Known by the Money He Keeps.

Sometimes a man's balance in bank is a fine tribute to his mental balance. A fool and a balance in bank soon part company.—Memphis News-Scimitar.

His Idea of It.

Auntie—You should ask to be excused when you leave the table. Little Nephew—Should I? I thought from the way you acted about that third piece of pie that you'd be glad to see me go.

A Different Growl.

Mrs. Brown—Jane, has Mr. Brown come home yet? I thought I heard him just now. Jane—No, mum; that was the dog that was growling.

Stevenson's Stories.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has told of the circumstances under which certain of her husband's books were written. Stevenson and his wife were looking over some records of trials in the Old Bailey court during 1700. Among the papers was one describing the trial of James Stewart for the murder of a man which Stevenson "read with avidity." He used much of the story in this old court record for "Kidnaped," besides taking out the character of Alan Breck. "David Balfour," the sequel to "Kidnaped," was written in Samoa amid very "distracting circumstances." Mrs. Stevenson says, "With the natives on the verge of war and amid the most kaleidoscopic political changes, uncertain as to what moment his personal liberty might be restrained, his every action misconstrued and resented by the white inhabitants of the island, the excitement and fatigue of my husband's daily life might have seemed enough for any one man to endure without the additional strain of literary work."

Cab Stealing In London.

Cab stealing is by no means an uncommon thing in London. A cabman who has had any experience in the great metropolis would not take the risk of leaving his vehicle even for a few minutes unless he placed a reliable man in control, but the unwary are frequently robbed of horse and vehicle. The cab thief usually drives some distance from where he stole the property and takes advantage of some secluded spot or quiet street to alter the number of the vehicle, so as to escape immediate detection. This done, he has two alternatives. He either tries to earn a few shillings in fares before abandoning the cab or else he makes away with the whip, rug, mat and lamp, leaving the vehicle for the police to take charge of when found. Some thieves actually go to the trouble of stripping off from the wheels the India rubber tires.—London Standard.

Horace Greeley and an Autograph.

In his "Recollections of a Busy Life" Horace Greeley tells the story of how he once dealt very effectively with a persistent autograph hunter. A gushing youth wrote to Greeley as follows:

Dear Sir—Among your literary treasures you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please inclose it to me and receive the thanks of yours truly, ——.

To which Greeley replied:

Dear Sir—Among my literary treasures there happens to be just one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. It is a note of hand for $50, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly $50.75, including protest, and you may have it for half that amount. Yours respectfully,
HORACE GREELEY.

The autograph was found among Greeley's possessions after his death.

Recalling a Mailed Letter.

After a letter is addressed and stamped and put into the mail box has the postmaster any right to give it back to the sender if sender wishes to recall it?

It is not only the right, but the duty, of the postmaster to give back a letter already mailed which the sender wishes to recall. He is even authorized in certain cases to stop the delivery of a letter which has already started for its destination by a telegram to the postmaster at that place. But he must be very certain that the person who wishes to recall a letter in either case is the one who wrote it, and the latter must bear any expense that arises from telegraphing, etc.—St. Louis Republic.

The Glass of Fashion.

"Whenever you're puffed up like a toad and happen to be thinking pretty well of your personal appearance," muttered the man about town as he tried to remove a permanent spot from the sleeve of his coat, "just step into a high priced tailor's and survey yourself in a couple of those long mirrors they have—pier glasses, I think they call them—that show you up fore and aft. You'll come out with a chastened spirit. I don't know what it is about the deadly polished surface of those reflectors, but I do know that they reveal every imperfection until you're more than half tempted to throw a brick at them and clean out the shop. They make you look as if you'd never been shaved, as if the hair on your neck had been growing in riotous profusion since childhood, as if your hands weren't any too clean and as if your clothes had been made by mother while you waited. And if you're trying on a garment they're fashioning for you, although it's covered with pins, basting and chalk marks, the contrast between the thing and the trousers and shoes you're wearing makes you wish you were in a skirt with a train to it. As I said, I don't know just how to explain the effect produced. I've a notion it's a trick of the trade to drive you to ordering a brand new outfit. It generally sends me into a Turkish bath."—Providence Journal.

Come Now Own Up

You don't like those gray hairs, do you? And your husband certainly doesn't like them. Then why not try a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor? It restores color to gray hair every time, all the deep, rich color of early life. And it cures dandruff also.

"I certainly believe that Ayer's Hair Vigor is a splendid preparation for the hair and scalp, for I have used it more or less for six years. I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone in need of such a preparation."—MRS. KATE HOYT, Minneapolis, Minn.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

FLESH EATING BIRDS.

They Find Their Prey by Sight, Not by Sense of Smell.

A study of the habits of flesh eating birds shows that if they possess the sense of smell at all it is not sufficiently acute to enable them to use it in finding food.

All observers are agreed that when a carcass is hidden by never so slight a screen it is safe from the attacks of vultures and other carrion seekers, but the most remarkable proof of the ineffectiveness of the sense (if it exist at all) is afforded by experiences which Dr. Guillemard was good enough to relate to me. Many times it has happened, he tells me, that, having shot a wild beast or other game, which was too heavy to carry home, he has disemboweled it and hidden the carcass in the hole of an "ant bear."

On returning with natives to carry it to camp he has found a circle of vultures standing round the spot where the offal had been thrown, completely unaware of the carcass within a few yards of their beaks. Of observations proving the possession of the sense I know none unless we are willing to accept as evidence the belief which is very general among fanciers that birds are attached to the smell of anise and the similar belief of gamekeepers in some parts of the country that they are attracted by valerian. It is said that pigeons may be prevented from deserting the dovecot by smearing their boxes with oil of anise. Poachers are supposed to lure hen pheasants from a wood by anointing gateposts with tincture of valerian.—Nature.

WAIT FOR AN APPETITE.

Do Not Eat a Meal Unless You Are Really Hungry.

It is not wise to eat unless there is a real, natural hunger. It is far better to miss a meal than to eat without an appetite.

A prolific cause of chronic indigestion is eating from habit and simply because it is mealtime. To eat when not hungry is to eat without relish, and food taken without relish is worse than wasted. Without relish the salivary glands do not act, the gastric fluids are not freely secreted and the best of foods will not be digested. Many perfectly harmless dishes are severely condemned for no other reason than they were eaten without relish and due insalivation.

Hunger makes the plainest food enjoyable. It causes vigorous secretion and outpouring of all the digestive fluids—the sources of phyalin, pepsin, trypsin, etc.—without a plentiful supply of which no foods can be perfectly digested.

Wait for an appetite if it takes a week. Fasting is one of the saving graces. It has a spiritual significance only through its great physical and physiologic importance. If breakfast is a bore or lunch a matter of indifference cut one or both of them out. Wait for distinct and unmistakable hunger and then eat slowly. If you do this you need ask few questions as to the propriety and digestibility of what you eat, and it need not be predigested.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Baltimore Crabs.

The price of a deviled crab in Baltimore runs down quite a scale. Beginning with 15 cents in the fashionable hotels, it drops to 10 at the ordinary eating bar and then to 5 when bought from the greasy basket of the good natured crab man. In the tiny Italian cook shops deviled crabs can be enjoyed at the rate of 3 cents each, and in the saloons along the water front they are often stacked up in a huge dish on the free lunch counter. With all these opportunities for feasting on the well seasoned "debbil" it is little wonder that Baltimoreans are considered the crab connoisseurs of the nation.—New York Herald.

Honest Retrievement.

Let the touch of assistance offered to those who stumble be freighted with such buoyancy, strength and encouragement that it will prove an impetus. It is often in the establishing of one's footing that the balance is lost—for the lack of poise or some indefinable something. There is infinitely more credit in honest retrievement than in the even rut of moral being and continuance.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Perfectly Safe.

"Bridget, I have to go out this evening, and I want you to see that your mistress gets this note without fail as soon as she comes in."

"Yiss, sor, I'll just leave it in the pocket of the trousers ye've taken off. She be sure to go through them."—London Tatler.

Men's Nerves.

Not so very long ago a man who admitted the possession of nerves would have been regarded as an effeminate milksop. Nowadays, however, he is a much more frequent sufferer from the complaint than is womankind.—Coming Modes.

Friendly Encouragement.

Pearl—All of their friends advised them to elope instead of being married in the regular way. Ruby—I don't see why their friends should care. Pearl—Oh, yes! Elopers never expect wedding presents.—Chicago News.

The Real Difficulty.

Flushy—It must take remarkable skill to raise a check. Hardup—Oh, I don't know! It's how to get hold of it in the first place that I can't see through.—Detroit Free Press.

You cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge one for yourself.—Froude.

Taking Him In Time.

Mr. Newlywed—By the way, dearest, did I ever tell you about that beautiful heiress who once wanted me for a husband? Mrs. Newlywed—No, dear. You have never told me a lie yet that I know of.

Must Be In.

Would Be Musician—Do you think there is any music in me? Professor—There ought to be, sir. I have heard none come out.

His Musical Ear.

It isn't always best to brag about your gifts. Out on one of the boulevards lives a man who lays claims to a musical ear and plays a little on the piano. Frequently he has criticised his wife for what he called her inability to carry a tune.

"Your ear, if you had a musical one as I have, would show you how to carry a tune," he would say. One day he complained that her piano was out of tune and asked his wife to telephone for a tuner. She decided to test his "musical ear," so that night when he came home from his business she said:

"Will, please try the piano and see if the tuner has done it any good. I haven't any ear and cannot tell, but you can."

The man sat down at the instrument and played a simple tune. "It's all right now," he said. "That fellow did a good job."

His wife summoned up her courage. "Will," she said. "The tuner didn't come today. He's coming tomorrow morning."—Kansas City Times.

The Landlord's Prayer.

In a prayer book of the time of King Edward VI. of England appears the following prayer for landlords: "The earth is thine, O Lord, and all that is contained therein, notwithstanding thou hast given possession of it to the children of men to pass over the time of their short pilgrimage in this vale of misery. We heartily pray thee to send thy holy spirit into the hearts of those that possess the grounds, pastures and dwelling places of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be thy tenants, may not rack nor stretch out the rents of their houses and lands nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes after the manner of covetous worldlings, but so let them out to others that the inhabitants thereof may both be able to pay the rents and also honestly to live and nourish their families and relieve the poor. Give them grace also to consider that they are but strangers and pilgrims in this world."

Standing Room Only.

Mark Twain in his lecturing days reached a small eastern town one afternoon and went before dinner to a barber's to be shaved.

"You are a stranger in the town, sir?" the barber asked.

"Yes, I'm a stranger here," was the reply.

"We're having a good lecture here tonight, sir," said the barber. "A Mark Twain lecture. Are you going to it?"

"Yes, I think I will," said Mr. Clemens.

"Have you got your ticket yet?" the barber asked.

"No, not yet," said the other.

"Then, sir, you'll have to stand."

"Dear me!" Mr. Clemens exclaimed. "It seems as if I always do have to stand when I hear that man Twain lecture."

Won His Point.

Joseph Jefferson used to tell an interesting story of how his father and company were rescued from a distressing predicament in Springfield, Ill. Arriving there, they used the last of their funds in building a small theater. There was a religious revival in the town, the leaders of which not only denounced the players, but persuaded the town council to impose a heavy license upon the "unholy calling." All the actors were in despair when they were visited by a young lawyer, who offered in the interest of fair play to have the license fee reduced. He appeared before the council and in an eloquent speech filled with logic and pathos and interspersed with anecdotes which raised roars of laughter won his point. The lawyer was Abraham Lincoln.

Why He Was Well Shaken.

Nursing of the sick in rural Scotland is primitive. The Dundee Advertiser relates that a physician left for a patient a bottle of physic whereon were the words "Before taken to be well shaken." On paying his next call the doctor found that the poor fellow had been taken in hand by a stalwart son and at intervals vigorously shaken from head to foot before the next "teaspoonfuls" were administered. "Don't ee see, sir," explained the young fellow on being remonstrated with, "if father ge kep' fro' sleepin' hisself away an' go on drinkin' physic he can't never die."

Something Wrong.

The bishop of Worcester, on alighting from a train at Paddington, asked a porter to see after his luggage.

"How many articles are there, sir?" asked the porter.

"Thirty-nine," replied the bishop abstractedly.

The man came back and said he could find only two.—London Sporting Times.

The Only One of His Kind.

"Have you ever attempted to play 'Hamlet?'" asked the manager.

"No, sir. I do not consider myself fitted by nature to impersonate the melancholy Dane."

"Then you are, indeed, as you have said, an exceptional actor. I will give you a job."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Burmese Mile.

The Burmese mile, which is equal to two English miles, is described by a word meaning "to sit," being the distance that a man walks before he considers it necessary to sit down.

Holding His Own.

"How are you getting on with your writing for the magazines?"

"Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."

It is only the spirit of rebellion that craves for happiness in this life.—Ibsen.

Unimportant Man.

Many a man goes away from home for a week and imagines that he is missed by the whole community, and when he comes home he finds that there isn't a person in town that knew he had been away.

So work the honeybees, creatures that by a rule in nature teach the act of order to a peopled kingdom.—Shakespeare.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1905.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The 129th anniversary of American Independence dawned, was celebrated, and passed into history, last Tuesday. It was a hot day, meteorologically and patriotically.

Whether, or not, the "night before" was noisy and tough in this city depended on locality. In some sections quiet reigned, and people slept soundly; in others, denizens were tortured, and respose was out of the question. The customary instrumentalities were employed to "raise Cain," and they proved highly efficient along the business thoroughfare of the town, and some side streets were made painfully aware of their presence. A few features were absent; for instance, stealing bellropes and jangling bells. That was a comfort.

The intense heat of Tuesday seemed to take the "starch out" of the boys, especially those who had been celebrating all night. Efforts to make "Rome bowl" were spasmodic and lacked ginger even in the early hours of the day, and by noon there was comparative repose all over the lot.

The fruits of the Council's patriotic 300-dollar appropriation were conspicuous, but your uncle George Buchanan's Juvenile Baseball team failed to put in an appearance. This latter was deeply regretted by everybody in town.

The Winchester celebration drew away many of our citizens, for that beautiful little hamlet had promised great things in the way of letting the Eagle scream, and kept its promise, as it always does. Supt. Gray's trolleys did a great business between Woburn and Winchester all day long and far into the night, and other electric lines had all the traffic they could handle.

Several things were done here which had quite an Independence Day flavor. Of course, church bells rang merrily morning, noon and night. Capt. Wyer's postoffice and City Hall were resplendent in bunting. "Old Glory" floated in the breeze (when there happened to be one) from innumerable buildingtops; and, here and there, music filled the air, and the welkin rang melodiously, as the day wore on, and performers felt like it.

Groves echoed the merry voices of picnic children, and strains of the fiddle, and heel-and-toe tap of the dancers. The largest and best of the woodland meetings was that by St. Charles Parish in Forest Park, which was attended by a great crowd of people, who enjoyed it keenly, and got their money's worth. There were hot baseball contests between kids, semikids, and adults. Many country-loving people from cities nearer Boston, and the Hub itself, visited here during the day to view, from Rag Rock, Horn Pond Mountain. and other popular eminences, the splendid scenery; the charming landscapes and waterscapes, of our blessed old town; to drink great draughts of its cool, health-giving water, and breathe its pure air. Thas was sensible.

The entertainment given by the City Fathers, per competent committee, in the Auditorium, was the best of things here on the 4th. A tremendous flock of children enjoyed it to the uttermost, and an abundance of icecream and spongecake did their young souls good. The C. Fs deserve the heartiest of thanks for what they did for the little ones on last Independence Day. We'll all vote to reelect them.

There were ball games, with prizes from the $300 appropriation, and athletic sports, and good times.

On the whole, although the cash outlay was not large, the 4th of July celebration here last Tuesday was a creditable one; pleasant and patriotic all round, and the children in the Auditorium said it was the Boss.

With Innitou's regatta on Horn Pond; a fine concert on the Common by the National Band; and fireworks all around the horizon, the Day closed gloriously.

MUST TOE THE MARK.

Hon. Eugene N. Foss, aspirant for Congressional honors, gave the Boston *Herald* an interview the other day in which he freed his mind respecting a Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor, officering of the Republican State convention, its platform, and several other things. He told the *Herald* that he was in dead earnest, and matters had got to go after his fashion, or bust. In saying the things he did to the reporter he let himself loose, pitched his voice high, and rattled away in great shape.

He declared, several times, that the people were with him in the Canadian Reciprocity folly that he is trying to engineer; that they will control the Republican State convention by a large majority; and, having it in their power, they are going to make every candidate, from top to bottom, sign a paper that he is a squaretoed Canadian Reciprocity man, or else he will be thrown overboard.

Unless Mr. Foss mellows, it will take a long time to carry out his programme; but it will be a great convention.

SECRETARY HAY DEAD.

John Hay, Secretary of State of the United States, whose illness was alluded to in last week's issue of the JOURNAL, died suddenly at his summer home in New Hampshire early last Saturday morning, July 1. The Doctors reported a marked improvement of his condition on Friday, but he was taken worse that night and passed away, without pain or struggle, soon after midnight.

Secretary Hay was one of the soundest and best statesmen in this country, and as a diplomatist had won the confidence, esteem, and admiration of all European Courts. He taught a new and better kind of diplomacy than had prevailed before, for which he was respected and trusted at home and abroad to a degree that few have won.

FOR DRAPER.

The choice of Hon. E D. Hayden of this city, former Congressman, and for many years connected with the Boston & Albany Railroad in a high official capacity, for the office of Lieutenant Governor of this Commonwealth to be elected next November, is Eben S. Draper of Hopedale, the most prominent candidate now in the field.

Within a few days past Mr. Hayden has expressed a strong desire to see Mr. Draper nominated at the next Republican State convention for the honorable position, and a conviction that he will distance all competitors.

A personal acquaintance, pleasant to both, has long existed between Mr. Hayden and Mr. Draper; at times official duties have drawn them together; and knowing his man thoroughly, Mr. Hayden is decidedly in favor of the nomination of Mr. Draper for Lieutenant Governor.

Many other Woburn Republicans are of the same way of thinking.

☞ Charles H. Nowell of Reading is likely to retire this year, although there is no disposition in the District to force his hand in any way, for the value of the services which he has given is well understood.—*Practical Politics.*

If Mr Nowell retires it will be on his own motion. The Republicans of this Representative District are well satisfied with his three terms of work in the Legislature, and should he conclude to stand for another they will support him heartily and elect him by a larger majority than ever.

☞ It is reported that James W. Grimes of Reading, who has represented this District three terms in the House with signal ability, will be a candidate for a seat in the Senate from the 6th Middlesex District now occupied by Hon. Chester W. Clark of Wilmington, this fall. Mr. Clark has represented that District two terms in the upper branch of the Legislature, and is likely to be a candidate for a third.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
W. H. H. Tuttle—Mort. Sale.

— Ethel Burbeck is at Concord, N. H.

— It was plum 90 degrees in the shade last Tuesday.

— Henry O. Grothe spent the 4th with his family here.

— Dr. H. C. Chase will return from Los Angeles Cal., July 8th.

— Don't miss reading the Robbins Drug Co ad. in this paper, please.

— Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cotton of Battle Creek, Mish., are visiting here.

— The 4th has come and gone, and the vacation season has opened in grand shape.

— Oliver Bryant and family from California are visiting his father and mother.

—Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Lieut. Homer B. Grant, U. S. A., and wife are expected to visit in this city, soon.

— Mr. Redmond E. Walsh, Water Registrar, and bride have returned from their bridal tour.

— Mrs. E. A. T. Putney (nee Kendall) of Boston visited relatives and friends in this city yesterday.

— Mr. Alvah A. Persons, the veteran shoe dealer, is laid up by sickness at his home 15 Bow street.

— Mr. Thomas Moore, one of the foremost of Woburn's grocers, has been under the weather of late.

— The initial band concert of the season will be given this, Friday, evening by the Woburn Brass Band.

— Percy T. Strout and George Smith are spending their vacation at Kennebunkport, and Old Orchard, Me.

— Master Owen of the High School and family left here last Monday for their summer residence at Monmouth, Maine.

— Peter Flaherty was thrown from a load of hay last Saturday afternoon and had the bones of his right arm broken.

— Crawford's is the most popular icecream in this city. It is the best, and the same can be said of his confectionery.

— The annual city departments reports for 1904 are published. They make 500 pages; *News* print; and a good job.

— The double house built by Judge Charles D. Adams at North Woburn is finished and ready for tenants. It is a good one.

— Div. 18, A. O. H., gave a lawn party at Cogan's, Montvale, Monday evening. It was a pleasant and successful affair.

— John McDevitt of Buckman street this city, returned home from a trip to the Quaker city City last Monday night looking fine.

— Capt. Jacob M. Ellis has the contract for building the foundation of Trinity church corner of Main and Davis streets.

— Mrs. E. A. Weston, a former Woburn resident, is visiting relatives and friends here. Her home is in Franklin, Mass.

— Clifford Hanson and his wife and young daughter of Cleveland, Ohio, are expected to visit here about the middle of this month.

— Miss Ada D. Carter a New Hampshire schoolmarm, is at her home, 6 Bennett street, this city, for the summer vacation.

— Mrs. Mary A. Millett and Mrs. Burdett Taylor, two estimable Woburn women, have gone to Henniker, N. H., for a summer visit.

— Many more people would have witnessed the boat races at Horn Pond last Tuesday, had not the trees been cut down at Hudson's Grove.

— Clarence A. Pierce, proprietor of the Robbins Drug Co., and family are to spend the month of August at the Mathews cottage, York Beach.

— Mrs. Arthur B. Wyman is passing her vacation at Edgartown, the summer resort she likes best and seldom misses while the Dog Star reigns.

— Ethel Bryant, the right hand man of school Superintendent Clapp, and her sister Bertha are vacating delightfully at Cottage Taylor, Salisbury Beach.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Mrs. Emma H. Wright of Arlington Road is at Philips Beach for the summer. Her son Charles M. is also taking his vacation at that popular resort.

— The St. Charles Parish picnic was held at Forest Park on the 4th. The Parish annual grove outing always fetches a great crowd of happy, merry people.

— The judges of the Innitou regatta races on July 4, were Edward T. Brigham, Willard K. Fowle, F. E. Leathe. Commordore Crosby was the official starter.

— City Fish Market, A. W. Cobb, proprietor, is one of the best in the country. It is neat, nice, and filled with the best of everything eatable from the ocean.

— The New England Woman's Press Association were the guest of Col. and Mrs. D. O Wade at Nantasket Point House yesterday. Woburn was represented.

— The Rev. N. E. Richardson spends Friday and Saturday of this week at the Sterling Epworth League Assembly, being on the program for the Saturday session.

— Charles E. Richardson, wife and daughter left here for Seattle, Wash., last Wednesday on the same train from Boston that took the *Herald* pilgrims to the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

— The other day James E Fowle of Woburn had a smart fight with a rattlesnake near Nashua, N. H., but with his whip and a fencerail James put the dangerous chap into his final sleep.

— The newly elected officers of the South End Social Club were installed at their rooms last monday night. A good social time followed until 1 o'clock consisting of dancing and refreshments

— Since the public moth exterminators began work here the caterpillars have increased four fold all over the lot. If there were more exterminators there would be more worms. At least, it looks that way.

— Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, I O O F. will attend divine services at the First Baptist Church in this city next Sunday evening and Dr. Williams will deliver the address. The public is cordially invited.

— Mr. Frank A. Partridge dearly loves country life He yearns daily for the sod—the genuine native article —and rocks and trees and such, which is why he took a trip up into New Hampshire last week.

— Angy Crovo, the boss fruiterer of this city, brought the first 1905 peaches to town last week. They were fine ones, and customers grabbed for them. Angy keeps constantly on hand a big stock of all kinds of fruit.

— Mr. Wm. G. Miller, employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington, D. C., and formerly of Woburn, spent the Fourth in his native city. He was on his way Down East for his annual vacation.

— A few evenings ago Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue had one of her hands slightly pricked by a rusty steel pen, but so serious were the consequences that Dr. Chalmers had to be called to care for it.

— Submaster Frank R. Clark, of the High School has gone to Block Island, R I, to manage a summer hotel there, as has been his wont for several years past. Four or five Woburn young gentlemen are, and soon will be, with him.

— It is plain enough to be seen that bicycles are fast coming into fashion again. A few years ago they were the whole thing; then the furore cooled down and the bike went into innocuous desuetude; another change has taken place; and now all hail to the bicycle revival!

— Misses Agnes and Christine Agnew, a brace of bright, pretty girls, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Agnew of South Boston, visited their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Andrus of Broad street, this city, last Sunday. They were accompanied by Miss Irene Shea, a chum of theirs.

— Company G, 5th Regiment, left here for the Westfield military camp for a week's drill and parade at 8 15 a. m. last Wednesday, in good health and fine spirits. They realized that there was hard work before them, but that didn't faze them the least little bit —they are rugged, and know what work means.

— The Boston *Herald* of Wednesday evening last contained a lifelike picture of Company G, 5th Regiment, [Woburn] as they were about to embark at the South Station, Boston, for the Westfield musterground, where a big military business has been going on under the command of Lt. Gen. Nelson Miles, U. S. A., retired, for a week past.

— A party advertises in the Arlington *Advocate* to sell one of the numerous Colonial houses in Bedford, and as an inducement to buy he tells the public that "the occupants of the house have been free from sickness 200 years." Bedford must be a mighty healthy place. It is a wonder that City Messenger Simonds and Fort Staples ever left it.

— Master Carl Foster, son of Mr. Alvah J. Foster of Church avenue, was quite severely scalded in the face last Friday afternoon by boiling water in a kettle he was handling flying up into his face. Fortunately the water did not reach his eyes, and although the burns on his face caused him a great deal of pain he soon got over it, and returned to business.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, late Editor and proprietor of the Woburn *News*, was a member of the excursion party of Thomas W. Lawson, the "Frenzied" financier of Boston, which left the Hub last Wednesday for the Middle West, but whether as a guest of Lawson, of which there were several, or a *Herald* reporter, we are unable to say. The two Thomases are great cronies, and it is fair to presume that our fellowcitizen went as a guest of the eminent stockbroker, and not professionally, although glowing accounts of the trip may be expected from his ready pencil. Lawson goes as a preaching missionary against the Standard Oil Company.

— All of the property of the Woburn Light, Heat & Power Company has, at last, been turned over to the Edison Electrical Illuminating Company, together with all franchises in this city, contracts, etc., and the latter Co. now exercises full control. The power plant at Horn Pond will continue to be used for generating purposes and supplying light and power.

— Commercial travelers to Woburn were in anything but an amiable frame of mind last Wednesday afternoon. They came here with samples of goods and glib tongues as usual only to find all the stores hermetically sealed up, nobody inside, and trade out of the question. It was hot, too, and they and their cases drooped and seemed to wilt under disappointment and a scorching sun.

— Theodore Farrington, who was severely injured in an auto smashup in Burlington on June 20, while on the way, with three companions, from Lowell to Boston, died at the Massachusetts General Hospital on June 20 A lady passenger with him was severely injured, but the other two escaped. Mr. Farrington was a prominent business man in Lowell, being connected with the Butler manufacturing interests there.

— Some of his schoolmates and former Woburn associates may be interested in hearing that George A. Barrows of Boston, son of Rev. W. C. Barrows, pastor of the First Baptist church of this city some years ago, was married to Bessie F. Hill at Biddeford, Maine, on June 28, ult., his father, who is pastor of a Biddeford Baptist church, being the officiating clergyman.

— Mrs. C. M. Warren, who is Superintendant of the Loyal Temperance League, a branch of the Woburn W. C. T. U., and Press Superintendent for both, is entitled to commendation and praise for the good she has accomplished in the juvinile organization, and her work for the Union. She is an earnest, faithful and successful laborer in the vineyard, and her devotion is highly appreciated by the friends of temperance.

— As has been its custom in summers agone, the JOURNAL will again be pleased to announce the departure of citizens for vacation resorts on individual notices of the same, oral or per P. C. As a general rule people are fond of such mentions of their flittings to seashore and mountains, but unless some pains are taken to enlighten the reporter many names must necessarily fail to find places on the list of temporary absentees.

— Esther Bean, who graduated from the High School last week, daughter of Hon. George F. Bean, Chairman of the Woburn School Board, will enter Wellesley College next September. Her mother, a highly educated woman, formerly an influential member of the School Board, graduated from Wellesley—why, bless us! it seems only a span ago—and now the daughter, a smart and interesting miss, is to follow in her footsteps.

— FIRES — The alarm from box 38 at 5.45 P. M. last Saturday night was for a small fire in a shed on Wright street. The alarms from box 59 at 11.45 Monday night and from box 55 at 3 45 Tuesday morning were false. The alarm from box 63 at 12.15 last Wednesday noon was for a slight fire in house on Wade avenue. The alarm from box 46 at 6.15 Wednesday night was for the burning of railroad bridge on Montvale avenue, East Woburn. Damage small.

— The Boston *Herald* has done the honest thing, so far, by the winners of its school contest prizes and gained their good will all along the line. Day before yesterday, just before the Lewis and Clark Exposition *Herald* excursionists started on their trip to Portland, Oregon, that paper gave them a fine banquet at the new Hotel Bellevue in Boston, which wasn't down in the programme, but all the more welcome. The excursionists will have a splendid time, and no mistake.

— Dr. Robert Chalmers had an exciting race with a wild deer on Salem street one day last week. The animal was standing in the road, but when he espied the Doctor coming rapidly along in his auto, it turned tail to and ran for dear life. The race was kept up, in a brisk and exciting manner, until the far side of Woodbrook was reached when the deer made a bound over the fence and put out for parts unknown. It has come to a pretty pass when wild denizens of the forest come fearlessly right here to the middle of the town and loiter about.

— About 6 o'clock last Monday evening, Michael Ryan, 14 years old, son of Patrick Ryan of South Boston, was drowned in Horn Pond. He and Charles Upton came out to spend the 4th with Mr. Nathaniel Upton, the uncle of Charles, and went to Horn Pond for a swim. Rowing to the "swimming hole" and entering the water young Upton missed his companion, and suspecting what had happened, gave an alarm. The Pond was dragged and body found by Lieut. Thomas Mulkeen and officers Hickey and Walsh, of the Police force.

— Judge Edward F. Johnson of the Fourth District Court has his family comfortably domiciled for the summer at Rockport near the tipend of Cape Ann, where the Judge will put in any spare days that the vacation season may afford him Ex-Ald. York, whose summer home is at Rockport, maintains that it is the breeziest spot on the Atlantic coast, and extremely sightly. The Isles of Shoals are visible from the porch of his residence, and even Agamenticus Mountain, 40 miles away, in York, Maine, is plainly to be seen, when no fogs obstruct the view.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street, artist, "points with pride" to a picture of his now on exhibition in the show window of Hanson's jewelry store, and well he may. It is a colored photograph of bunches of apple blossoms on their parent boughs, and so artistically is the work executed, and so true to nature is the representation, that one, looking at it, instinctively lowers his head to inhale the sweet fragrance which he feels sure it must send forth. The coloring of the leaves and blossoms, the shifting shades of green and pink and gold, are as perfect as the original, painted by by nature's master artist. It is a fine piece of work.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR
CLOTHES
FOR MEN AND BOYS

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises.
Single-breasted and double-breasted sack suits in
Worsteds, Cheviots, and Blue and Black Serges
For outing wear and for the hot months we offer
Flannel Coats and Trousers

MEN'S AND BOYS'
HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET
BOSTON

— C. M. and C. B. Strout spent the 4th at Kennebunkport, Me.

— Lawyer Fred Davis of this city is strongly and outspoken in favor of the nomination by the Republican State convention of Lawyer Champlin for Attorney General, and opposed to Sanderson of this county. Not only so, but. he says, the Republicans of Woburn are nearly solid for Champlin, notwithstanding the efforts of Wallace Parkin to turn them to Sanderson. Lawyer Davis is in the fight for keeps, and has not a particle of doubt but that Woburn is with him by a big majority, and will stick by him to the finish. By the way, there are clear and unmistakable signs that he will be a candidate for the Legislature this fall.

— The reception given by W. H. S., Class '05 last Friday evening was a brilliant one in very deed. Old attendants say it distanced any reception any class has ever given within their recollection, and the members themselves claim that it was the capsheaf. An immense audience turned out to enjoy it, and the enthusiasm on the part of the spectators was simply boundless. The young ladies of the Class were captivating in beautiful dresses, personal charms, and flow of spirits. The literary exercises were a rich intellectual treat, and nothing could compare with the music provided for the grand occasion. There was never before anything like it. It deserved the largest and fairest page in the school history of our town, and never will its joys and brilliancy be forgotten.

— No vehicles on the streets attract more favorable attention and comment on a hot day than Frank Nichols's ice wagons. With the thermometers at 85 in the shade a bare sight of them is a boon to the hot and weary pilgrim through this vale of tears. They are eminently sociable, too. When meandering along the dusty roads the carts call, in a social way, at the houses on the route and leave great chunks of comfort at area doors, and gossip with the maids. Likewise, the lumbering carts, piled full of cubes of delight, are musical. There is always something soothing in the characteristic "chuch" of their Concord built wheels on the axle, the melody of which, heard in the early morn, rivals that of robin redbreast and the Baltimore oriole. We do not know what people would do if bereft of the cold contents and morning songs of Nichols's ice wagons.

— The first dynamite blast of granite ledge on the new schoolhouse site was officially made, with great pomp and ceremony, at 9 o'clock Friday forenoon, June 30, 1905, and proved to be a pronounced success. Dignity and consequence, and no small degree of lustre, were imparted to the imposing scene by the presence of Mayor Reade, Water Commissioner Hayward, Mrs. Hayward, member of the School Board, and a number of lesser official lights, who witnessed the brilliant and noteworthy event with an interest that can be much more easily imagined than described. Under the careful direction of Commissioner Hayward, whose skill in handling dynamite is unexcelled, Mayor Reade pressed the button, and instantly the air, for many rods in circumference, and high up towards the clouds, was filled with the fragments of that powerful blast. Had the City Council been present they would have wept in sheer envy of the Mayor's heroic performance, which to the day of his death, no doubt, he will regard as the most important of his official acts, and glory in.

— A great number of people who knew him in his lifetime and deeply sympathized with his bereaved family, attended the funeral of Alvah Chester Cotton at the First Congregational church last Friday, June 30, and brought many beautiful floral offerings in acknowledgement of their appreciation of his rare worth as a gentleman and Christian worker. Messrs. Tripp had charge of it. The religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. Daniel March of First church, and Rev. George H. Johnson of the Taunton Union Congregational church. The Alpine Male Quartet, consisting of George S. Cutler, Waldo Cutler, C Bertrand Strout, and George N Parker, sang several appropriate pieces, The bearers were Marcus H. Cotton, Dr. William W. Hartwell, Dr. Herbert C. Hartwell, Edward A. Hartwell and Lewis W. Patten, all immediate members of the Cotton and Hartwell families. The Y. M C. A. of Taunton, of which the deceased was General Secretary; the Womens Auxiliary of the Taunton Y. M. C. A., were largely represented, and delegations from associations elsewhere were present. The ceremonies were impressive, and in accord with the solemn occasion.

— Never since the day when Edward Johnson first set foot on Woburn soil, about 1640, and, in some sylvan nook of the embryo town, wrote his remarkable book, "Wonder Working Providence," in metrical measure, a single copy of which, so rare and valuable is it, would now fetch more than $100, has there been so many gypsy and browntail caterpillars in this town as at the present time. This, too, in spite of the immense amount of money, brains, labor, and science that has been expended to exterminate these pestiferous enemies of trees, shrubbery and human comfort. Gentle Reader, please stick a pin right in here: the JOURNAL "told you so!" We have suffered next to martyrdom; been jeered at, scoffed; called a crank; shunned by society; scornfully treated; pointed at as an enemy of the human race, a dangerous person—all for standing squarely and firmly on the platform whose only plank is: "Gentlemen, you can't exterminate the Moth." For more than a dozen years, as long ago as when a sight of the first moth nest horrified the good citizens of Malden, we have been preaching this doctrine, "line upon line, precept upon precept," but a foolish and incredulous people would not believe it, and, today, there are more moths to the square yard in this old town than ever before in its history.

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris, is, that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vanleer, Tenn. "I had a cough, for fourteen years. Nothing helped me, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which gave instant relief, and effected a permanent cure." Unequalled quick cure, for Throat and Lung Troubles. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c and $1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

Innitou Club Regatta.

Commodore William W. Crosby came all the way from a foreign land (New Jersey) last Monday afternoon to preside at and manage the 12th annual regatta of the Innitou Canoe Club at Horn Pond on the 4th of July. It was the principal event of the celebration here of the anniversary of American Independence, and a great time it was, to be sure.

The afternoon weather was sublime, water smoothe, and the watermen were filled chockful of the spirit of the occasion.

Prizes were offered, fought for and won, and the old Commodore was delighted with the splendid work of the crews and individuals.

On the previous evening the Club gave a "stag party" at their house on Horn Pond, with the Medford Boat Club as guests, glowing reports of which reached the ears of those not present. It was a rare and joyous occasion.

On the evening of the 4th a subscription dance was held at the Clubhouse, which was pronounced the greatest thing on the programme, and at which beauty and gallantry reigned supreme. As a social organization Innitou is esteemed by our community as the apple of its eye, or very close to it.

The regatta and its social accompaniments saved the 4th from being rather a dull day in this city. Crowds witnessed it, and everybody was pleased. The young ladies who viewed the aquatic sports, and subsequently participated in the festivities, pronounced the entire affair "perfectly lovely."

Bent Her Double.

"I knew no one, for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double, and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I can walk as straight as ever. They are simply wonderful." Guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders; at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c.

Loyal Temperance Legion.

The L. T. L. held an entertainment in the vestry of the Swedish church, Friday afternoon, June 30, at 3 o'clock.

A large delegation from the W. C. T. U. attended, also mothers of the children, and all seemed to enjoy the exercises.

The following program was given:

Opening Song. State Rallying Cry, State Motto, and Rallying Cry of Woburn L. T. L.	
Recitation.	Mildred Harris
Duet.	Misses Coldman and Hubbard
Recitation.	Esther Stowers
Song.	Hilda Madsen
Piano and Mandolin.	Alice Rosenquist, Sigrid Lawson.
Recitation. My Favorite Flower.	Six little girls
Piano Solo.	Esther Stowers
Good Night Song.	Loyal Temperance Legion

After the entertainment cake and lemonade was served by ladies of the W. C. T. U.

PRESS SUPT.

Base Ball.

The North Woburn and South Border teams played at Forest Park last Saturday afternoon, to decide which team would play the "Hams" July 4, for the $50 purse. The South Borders won easily, score 12 to 5.

In the game with the "Hams" the South Borders thought it would be a sure thing, so Higgins, their crack twirler, pitched a hard game in Stoneham in the morning, intending to have McMahon help him in the afternoon game, but as Higgins failed to appear in the afternoon McMahon went to the bat. Higgins then arrived and went into the box and had the "Hams" at his mercy until the fifth and sixth when his strength gave out. McMahon went in to relieve him, but the rules say that if a player is taken out of the game he cannot go back, and as McMahon had batted in the first before Higgins arrived he could not go back, score: Ham 5 South Borders 2.

Real Estate.

Final papers have been passed through Smith's Real Estate Agency on the estate of John Seaver, Eaton avenue, to James McGrath who buys for investment.

Also sold for Mrs. E. A. Simonds her estate No. 33 Green street, to Martin Kearns, who buys for a home.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3rd Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30, Morning Prayer.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "The Chief End of Man."
12 M. Sunday School.
5 45 P. M., Bible Class.
7 P. M., "Temple Cleansing."
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "Guidance and Glory."
12 M., Sunday School.
6.15 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Evening Service. A Sermon in Story.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 318 Main street every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Sacrament."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.30.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Married.

In this city, July 5, by Rev. James J. Keegan, William J. Livermore and Elizabeth J. Cochran, both of this city.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 30, Ann Calnan, aged 75 years.
In this city, June 29, Mathew Stevenson, aged 77 years, 11 months, 29 days.

PLANTS
Palms, Bay Trees, Herbaceous Shrubs and Plants
EVERGREENS
SEEDS and BULBS
GARDEN PLANTS

HOUSE, DINNER
CHURCH and HALL
DECORATIONS
IDEAL PLANT FOOD
Best Food for House Plants

FLOWERS
ALL VARIETIES FOR EVERY OCCASION
SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR DESIGNING AND BASKET WORK
FANCY FLOWER RIBBONS
Vases and JARDINIERES

LANDSCAPE WORK
GRADING, PLANTING, ETC.
SEND FOR ANY INFORMATION YOU DESIRE IN REGARD TO FLOWERS AND PLANTS
EDWARD MacMULKIN
194 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Robert B. Eaton, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said Conty, on the eleventh day of July, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of June, A. D. 1905.

On the Petition of the inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, in said County, for the relocation of a road in said Town, being the highway called Church street leading from Main street to Middlesex Avenue for the purpose of establishing the boundary lines, etc. thereof, it was adjudged that said relocation is of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Court House, in Cambridge, on the twenty-fourth day of July next, at 9.30 of the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

June 15th, 1905.
A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Susan Arbuthnot Granger, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

THOMAS GRANGER, Adm.

care of J. & J. Ballantyne, Attorneys,
2389 Washington Street, Boston.
June 19, 1905.

For Brown-Tail Poisoning Use

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK
LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Relieves pain, itching, smarting and irritation and reduces inflammation. Physicians and nurses recommend and use it extensively. Stimulates the circulation and assists nature in making rapid cures.

At all dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c. and $1.00.
☞ Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.

GO TO Bass Point
Ideal Resort for a Day's Outing
BY BOAT FROM LYNN
FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining Narrow Guage Depot. Boats leave the wharf for Point every 25 minutes Sunday, 35 Daily.

MRS. DR. FRENCH.
Office: 175 Tremont Street, BOSTON.
Room 8, (Up One Flight),
Specialist in Diseases of Women.

Oldest established and most reliable office in Boston. Consultation free and confidential. Call and have personal interview. Positively no letters answered. Private home and trained nurses for those desiring them. Hours 10 to 7. Sunday 2 to 5

FRED COWING
"OSTEOPATH"
Residence: - 6 Wyer's Court,
Woburn, Mass.
P. O. Box 375.

To Let.

One tenement of 6 rooms at 37 Salem street, 10 dollars per month. Also, one tenement of 6 rooms at No. 4 Court street, 10 dollars per month.

E. H. RICHARDS.

Forced to Starve.

B. F. Leek, of Concord, Ky., says: "For 20 years I suffered agonies, with a sore on my upper lip, so painful, sometimes, that I could not eat. After vainly trying everything else, I cured it, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's great for burns, cuts and wounds. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; Only 25c.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick J. Guerin to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated August 11th, 1904, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3118, Page 127, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, the twenty-ninth day of July, A. D. 1905,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:— A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Charles street in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, containing two and one-half acres, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Charles street; westerly by land formerly of Henry Wendall, by land of Clara S. and Maria E. Carter, and land formerly of Walter Wyman; northerly by land, now or formerly, of Morrill Wyman; easterly by land, now or late of said Morrill Wyman, and by land of the City of Woburn, known as Woodbrook Cemetery; being the same premises conveyed to said Patrick J. Guerin by Helen M. Thompson et al. by deed dated August 9th, 1904, to be herewith recorded.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens.

$100 00 will be required at time of sale; the balance within ten days upon passing papers at office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
By John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., July 5th, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Hugh Billingsly of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to William H. Richardson of Arlington, in said County, dated June 1st, 1869, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 1094, Folio 131; and for breach of the condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction in said Woburn, upon the premises hereinafter described, on **Tuesday, the first day of August, 1905,** at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:

"Two certain lots of land, with the building thereon standing, situate in the southerly part of Woburn aforesaid, being lots numbered three and four on plan of land belonging to L. G. and W. H. Richardson, surveyed by Josiah Hovey in May, A.D. 1869, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:— Westerly by Arlington street; southerly by Belmont street; easterly by lot No. 2; and northerly by land of Abbott, and containing about fifteen thousand three hundred square feet;" being the same premises conveyed to said Hugh Billingsly by L. G. and W. H. Richardson by deed of warranty of even date with said mortgage.

The building formerly on said premises has been destroyed.

Said premises will be sold subject to all tax titles and tax sales, and to all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any.

$100.00 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

FLORELLA A. WELLS,
GEORGIANNA SQUIRE,
Executrices of the Will of the Mortgagee, William H. Richardson.

Commonwealth of Massachuse ts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Lucinda E. Webber, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased, have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Marcus H. Cotton, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of July, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Anna Richardson, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Chester W. Clark, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of July, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Robert B. Eaton, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the eleventh day of July, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

COPELAND & BOWSER,

399-401 Main Street.

Togo Muffins

WHAT ARE THEY?

They're Just Lovely!
10c a Dozen.

Whitcher's PILL BOX

The Drugstore you get what you ask for at the lowest price.

Peanut Brittle, also, 20c. lb.

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You can hardly go wrong in choosing something in Cut Glass for a wedding or anniversary present. And you certainly can't go wrong in coming here to purchase it. We have a beautiful assortment of the latest designs, including Water Bottles, Bowls, Bon Bon, Olive and Oil, from among which anyone can surely select a gift for the amount they wish to spend.

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Our Beautiful Vase Offer

☞ SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY.

We will present you a Vase with a purchase of either our

COLD CREAM or TALCUM POWDER

We guarantee our Cold Cream to be the most satisfactory of any you have ever used.
An exquisite product in a beautiful package. Contains no injurious substance. Harmless to even an infant.
Beautifies the skin, keeps away Rash and Pimples, cures Sunburn, Rough and Red Skin, sooths inflamed surfaces and keeps the skin soft and pliable.
An elegant Massage Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair on the skin.
PRICE: 25 Cents.
A full 4 ounce package.

The only known Powder that will thoroughly deodorize all offensive odors. Antiseptic and Disinfectant. Guaranteed harmless to infants and adults.
Relieves Burnes, Chafes, Blisters, Nettle Rash, Measles, Prickly Heat, Scarletena, etc.
As a Foot Powder for Tender, Blistering or Sweating Feet it has no equal.
Gentlemen find it a luxury after Shaving. It Sooths and Heals at once.
PRICE: 25 Cents.
Large 8 oz. Sprinkler Top Bottle.

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Literary Notices.

The Decadence of the American Navy, is the subject of the opening article in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for July. The writer, Mr. James Connolly, gives an admirable review of the development of the Navy and points out the contributory causes to unsatisfactory conditions existing at the present day. Other papers are Bygone Summer Days, A Harvest Day in Ireland, and Songs of the Sea. Lawrence F. Kostka gives an interesting account of the life of St. Botolph, Boston's patron saint. The Philosophy of the Circus, presents an array of attractions in the modern circus. There is a generous supply of short stories, including Rural Route No. 4; Not On the Program; The Legend of the Moccasin Flower; The Red Man; The Manager's Misadventure; The Stolen Statues; An Island Feud. Susan L. Emery has a beautiful tribute in verse To Joan of Arc, and the Rev. John H. Dooley, Lindall Charlotte Burden, and Lizzie Twigg also contribute poems. There are forty-five pages of illustrations, all remarkably fine in subject and workmanship, and covering a variety of themes.

The boys and girls are represented in the NATIONAL'S July frontispieces, the former with a laughable picture of a home-made sailomobile, the latter with a charming photographic study of My Dear Rag Doll. New and attractive snapshot photographs of senators, foreign ministers, British and American naval officers and society leaders, with fine portraits of Vice President and Mrs. Fairbanks and Senators Lafollette and Alger, are among the illustrations of Affairs at Washington. Joe Mitchell Chapple varies his monthly letter from the capital by describing in a happy style an old fashioned Fourth of July celebration in an Iowa village. Senator McCumber of South Dakota contributes a remarkable paper, entitled What Lies Ahead of This People. The merriest, wittiest, tenderest love story of a decade is Lilian True Bryant's novelette, The Evolution of Cousin Marcella. Other fiction titles are: $30,000,000 in Sight, by Christobelle van Asmus Bunting; At Five O'Clock in the Morning, by L. M. Montgomery; and Michael Ryan, Capitalist, a serial by F. F. D. Albery. Helen Arthur contributes new portraits and sparkling little biographies of three stage beauties—Margaret Illington, Blanche Walsh and Louise Closser. The Home department is rich in garden lore and helpful hints for the household. Frank Putnam, in Note and Comment, discusses the Portland Exposition and the ultimate results of the war in the Far East.

WINCHESTER.

The Park Commissioners keep puttering away here, and I hope they will get things fixed to their liking after awhile.

The High School graduation exercises proved conclusively that we have brainy young men and maidens galore in this town. What shall the harvest be?

The schools are closed; there is a lull in weddings; the vacation season has opened; and the town is dull. Soon the addresses of a host of our people will be changed to summer resorts; and thus go we on, as the immortal Shakespeare said.

Indignation is running at its highest pitch over the proposed removal of Hillcrest Observatory by the Metropolitan Park Commissioners. Our folks love the old Observatory, and no wonder they kick like steers at the bare mention of its removal.

Somebody ought to get a move on and take steps forthwith towards abolishing the grade crossing here at the Centre. The terrible death of the Hovey schoolboy at that deathtrap ought to put life into the movement for doing away with it. Our people are indignant at the needless delay in remedying the evil.

It looks as though the population of our town would reach the 10,000 mark at an early day. The town is rapidly filling up with a good class of settlers, and houses are being built. I hope, however, the day is far distant when a majority of the votes determine on making it a city. Woburn should be a terrible warning in this respect. No city in ours, please, for a good while to come.

A Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver, by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure, for headache, dizziness and constipation. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store.

When Women Smoked.

In a copy of the Old Farmer's Almanac, printed about 1800, we find the following article on "the prevention and extinction of fires:" "Never read in bed by candlelight, especially if your bed be surrounded by curtains. Strictly forbid the use of cigars in your family at all times, but especially after night. There is good reason to suppose a house was lately set on fire by a half consumed cigar, which a woman suddenly threw away to prevent being detected in the unhealthy and offensive practice of smoking."

Discretion the Better Part.

"I'm perfectly convinced," said the ambitious young man, "that I can write the greatest novel of the period."

"Why don't you go ahead and do it then?"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of such a thing. I am happy now in my belief on the subject. Where's the good of my risking disappointment?"

His Compliment.

First Artist—Well, old man, how is business? Second Artist—Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. Wants his wife and children painted very badly. First Artist—Well, old man, you're the very man to do that for him.

Evidence.

First Lawyer—Think the old man was of unsound mind? Second Lawyer—Oh, yes. It runs in the family. Look at the way the relatives are spending money to break the will!—New York Press.

Had to Wait Events.

Alice—Ethel says she really doesn't know whether he will propose or not. Jack—Just like a novel, isn't it? Alice—Yes. But in a novel you could turn to the last chapter and find out.

THE STATE TAX.

Increases Because the Commonwealth Is Growing.

SOME UNUSUAL EXPENSES.

State Care of Insane One of the Big Items.

Boston—There has been considerable discussion among the citizens of the commonwealth since the prorogation of the great and general court over the state tax laid this year upon the cities and towns of the commonwealth. The amount of this tax is $4,000,000. Last year it was $2,500,000. There have been other years when the tax was greater, but not recently. A number of years ago a $5,000,000 tax was laid, which was a very large sum considering the population and valuation of the state at that time. A tax of $4,000,000 today is practically no more, considering the population and valuation, than the tax of $2,500,000 in 1893.

The state has grown wonderfully both in population and valuation during the last 10 or 15 years. No reasonable person can expect that the expenses of the government are not to increase somewhat in the same ratio. A few years ago a tax of $1,500,000 was sufficient for all the necessities of the commonwealth. Massachusetts, however, has now become a great commonwealth with great responsibilities and with increasing expenses. No man with a family would expect to maintain that family at the same expense if it were constantly increasing. Every new member means an added expenditure. So it is with a great state. Increased population and increased valuation mean increased expenditures in every direction or else a crippling of the service to be performed.

Cause of Increased Expenses

One of the causes for the increased expenses of the state government is the fact that in 1904 the state assumed the entire cost involved in the care of the insane, thereby relieving the cities and towns of that duty. This step means the addition of a sum of about $1,100,000 annually to the expenses of the state, and it also means that the cities and towns are relieved of that expense. This was a step taken at the urgent request of the cities and towns themselves which wished to be relieved of that burden, and to have it transferred to the state. It makes the state tax appear to be larger, but the cities and towns are merely paying it as a part of the state tax instead of meeting this expense as a part of the city or town or county tax.

The state has also made a change in the distribution of the income of the school fund by which the entire income of this fund has been given to the poorer towns in the state for educational purposes, and the state has assumed the entire cost of the support of its normal schools, one-half of which had previously been borne by the income of the school fund. This step, also, increased the state's expenses considerably more than $100,000, but made that same amount available to the towns for the reduction of their own taxation.

Unusual Expense Items

There were several unusual expenses which had to be defrayed by the commonwealth this year. One of these was for the taking of the decennial census for which $275,000 was appropriated. Another was for the Pilgrim monument at Cape Cod which was authorized by an act of the legislature of 1901 to be paid when a certain sum of money in addition was raised by those interested in the project. There was appropriated for a hospital for the Soldiers' home at Chelsea $100,000; for the improvement of harbors in the state $119,500; for a leper hospital $50,000; for public buildings and additions thereto $245,305; for the extermination of the gypsy moth $85,000; for the expenses for the industrial commission $15,000; for Mt. Tom state reservation $10,000; for expenses in connection with reclaiming province lands in Provincetown $10,000, and for miscellaneous purposes $96,712.51. These extra expenses amounted to over a million dollars, and were more than $700,000 in excess of the unusual expenses of 1903 or 1904. All of the work for which this money was appropriated was deemed urgently necessary by the legislature. All of these items were scrutinized by Governor Douglas, and received his approval. If they were not necessary, it was his duty to have vetoed them, and he would no doubt have done so.

The Care of the Insane

The care of the insane by the commonwealth, instead of by the cities, towns and counties has placed upon the state the responsibility of these unfortunate persons. When the state authorities took over this work they found that the number of insane was increasing steadily each year. After a careful consideration of the whole matter it was decided to adopt the policy of making each year, for the present, a provision for about 400 patients. It was decided to be necessary to gradually erect separate buildings for working patients in connection with each institution having a farm, also that provision be made for nurses outside of the wards as far as practicable in separate buildings. It was also decided that infirmary buildings must be gradually constructed for the care of the sick, feeble and aged in connection with each institution. This plan involved the expenditure of several million dollars, and it was determined by the state board of insanity, in consultation with Governor Crane and with the ways and means committee of that year, to provide for these expenses by the issue of bonds. As a result of the adoption of this policy there have been issued in the last four years bonds to the amount of over three million dollars. The interest charges upon these bonds and the amounts of the sinking fund must necessarily be included in the tax levy.

$1,100,000 Additional Cost

It is estimated by some of the state officials that, taking all things into consideration, the additional cost to the commonwealth by reason of the commonwealth taking over the entire care of the insane in this state, is considerably more than the $1,100,000 previously indicated in this article, and that it is nearer $1,500,000 than the former sum. It cannot be wondered at, therefore, that the tax levy of this commonwealth should this year be set at $4,000,000.

If one were to go over the various items in the list of sums appropriated by the legislature for this year, and included in the tax levy, it would be a very difficult matter to point out where economies could have been practiced consistently with the best interests of the commonwealth.

State Tax Amounts Since 1860

Since 1860 the state taxes have increased to some extent in ratio with the increase in population and wealth. The sum of the state tax for each year from 1860 to 1905 is as follows:

1860	249,995	1883	1,500,000
1861	300,372	1884	2,000,000
1862	1,797,516	1885	1,500,000
1863	2,396,568	1886	1,500,000
1864	2,396,463	1887	2,250,000
1865	4,700,000	1888	2,250,000
1866	3,000,000	1889	2,000,000
1867	5,000,000	1890	1,750,000
1868	2,000,000	1891	1,750,000
1869	2,500,000	1892	1,750,000
1870	2,500,000	1893	2,500,000
1871	2,500,000	1894	2,000,000
1872	2,000,000	1895	1,500,000
1873	2,250,000	1896	1,750,000
1874	2,000,000	1897	1,750,000
1875	2,000,000	1898	1,500,000
1876	1,800,000	1899	1,500,000
1877	1,500,000	1900	1,500,000
1878	1,000,000	1901	1,750,000
1879	500,000	1902	1,500,000
1880	1,500,000	1903	2,500,000
1881	1,500,000	1904	2,500,000
1882	2,000,000	1905	4,000,000

Gossip of the Candidates

The attorney general contest on the Republican side has developed very few new phases. District Attorney Scott Peters of Haverhill is now the only candidate in the field from the northeastern section of the state. Middlesex county, with District Attorney George A. Sanderson of Ayer and General E. R. Champlin of Cambridge, is very much divided. A good many people believe the contest will narrow down to an issue between District Attorney Dana Malone of Franklin county and District Attorney Asa P. French of Norfolk county before the convention.

A great deal of interest has been taken in the lieutenant governor contest owing to the recent announcement of Mr. Draper. When Hon. Frederick S. Hall of Taunton announced his candidacy, he declared himself in favor of reciprocity and tariff revision. Mr. Draper is in favor of a revision of the tariff, but is squarely against Canadian reciprocity on the ground that it is impossible, since the Canadians themselves do not want it.

He takes the position that the tariff is hardly an issue in the lieutenant governorship contest, anyway, since the lieutenant governor has nothing whatever to do with tariff matters in his official capacity.

The reciprocity men are not satisfied with the attitude of Mr. Draper, and it is possible that they may support Mr. Hall in the caucuses.

An effort is being made by some of the state Democrats to induce Governor Douglas to reconsider his declination to again be a candidate. Those who are close to him say that no such endeavor will succeed. Former Congressman John R. Thayer of Worcester has once tried to get Mr. Douglas to change his attitude, but failed. He now says he shall try again, with hopes of success.

Cairo the Gambler's Paradise.

Modern Cairo must be a sort of gambler's paradise, judging from some facts which I recently had from a friend who has been investigating the subject. In one of the principal streets near Mohammed Ali square a gentleman who knows the town well pointed out over twenty first floors over the shops with the names of bars upon them, every one of which he knew to be a gambling hell, and a police official admitted to the investigator that the town was full of such places. The police do not seem to be at fault. They raid the places from time to time, but the offenders, nearly all foreigners and mostly Greeks, are protected by their consuls and let off lightly and return to the business the next day. I should guess that the business is chiefly carried on for foreigners as well as by them. There is a sort of cosmopolitanism about gambling, and its votaries are drawn from all corners of the earth by the scent of the game. But this seems to be one respect in which Egypt has not improved under British influence.—London Truth.

A Queen's Cold Cure.

"You have a cold, eh?" said the physician. "Well, suppose I give you the same prescription that Queen Elizabeth used?"

He took down an ancient folio.

"Dr. William Bulleyn's prescription for a cold, which Queen Elizabeth used all her life, was this," he said.

"Takes nutmegges, the root called dornike, which the apothecaries have; setwall, gatangall, mastike, long pepper, the bark of pomecitrone, of melon, of sage, hazel, marjorum, dill, spiknard, wood of aloes, cubebe, cardamon (called graynes of paradise), lavender, peniroyalls, the bone of a hart's heart grated, cut and stamped, and beat your spices grossly in a mortar. Put in ambergrice and musk, of each half a dram. Distil this in a simple aqua vitae, made with strong ale, in a serpentine. To tell the virtue of this water against cold, phlegme, dropsy, heaviness of mind, coming of melancholy, I cannot well at the present, for it is too great."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Exchequer.

In past times it was the custom for the king's justiciar and his subordinates to make up the royal accounts twice a year, at Easter and Michaelmas, on a table which was the most striking object in the chamber in which they assembled. This table was covered with dark russet cloth divided into squares, which gave it a checkered, chessboard-like appearance, and in the columns and spaces the accounts rendered by the sheriffs and great landowners who attended for that purpose, were entered and reckoned up. It was the checkered cloth, so conspicuous throughout the proceedings, that gave rise to the name exchequer, just as the stars painted on the ceiling of another historic room originated the name "star chamber."—London Globe.

The Doctor In the Duel.

A medical man in France was asked to be present at a duel in his professional capacity. He got up early, traveled some miles, "flamed" the swords and ministered to his client, who was slightly wounded. When both honor and wound were healed he looked for his fees and sent in a bill for $10. The patient replied through his wife, who wrote: "I am told that between men there is a question of delicacy which forbids even the slightest appearance of trade in such a matter. Neither the doctors nor the seconds are brought on the ground for money. If you persist in your claim I shall, to my great regret, be obliged to leave to others the duty of settling this fine point with you."

Special Pins For Insect Collectors.

"Much care," said a taxidermist, "has to be taken in selecting the long, fine pins used in fastening the specimens in insect collections. For cheap collections of butterflies and bugs we use the ordinary brass pins mostly, but every one of these must be carefully examined before impaling the insect to see that it is well tinned, for were the tin coating imperfect or the slightest flaw evident it would be in nine cases out of ten liable to oxidize in the body of the insect and thus destroy it. We also use black varnished pins, but they are almost as bad, for the glazed coating soon cracks, leaving the metal exposed, and consequently it is not very long before oxidization sets in. Even the more expensive kind, the nickel plated pins, are not much better. The latest things we have now are solid silver pins and bronze pins, and there is being used as an experiment a nickel and aluminium alloy, which possesses decided advantages over all the other kinds used."

Nose Lore.

The classic Greek nose has been regarded as the ideal shape, though there are Roman, Caucasian, Mongolian and Ethiopian noses, each indicating a peculiar type of mental trait. Generally speaking, thick and flat noses denote material instincts, and turned up noses vanity. Wide nostrils are a sign of strength, while small nostrils indicate weakness. Napoleon's knowledge of human nature made him select generals with large noses, for this betokens intelligence, just as the eagle nose shows a firm, strong will. Possibly no nose speaks louder for itself than the alcoholic nose, and it is as much to be feared as the pointed nose and chin, which in conjunction proclaims general wickedness. Certainly the most interesting nose is the cogitative, for it expands with thought, which comes, according to rhinology, or the science of nose reading, from reflection. Instances of these noses from Homer to Wesley and Shakespeare can be quoted.

How Islands Get Forests.

When traveling among the islands of the Pacific or Atlantic one often wonders how it is that lands so far away from great continents have become covered with forests, but Darwin and other naturalists have solved the difficulty for us.

Thus we learn from Darwin that he took from the foot of a woodcock a cake of dry earth in which was a seed of the toadrush. He planted the seed and it germinated and flowered.

Professor Newton sent him the leg of a partridge which had been wounded and unable to fly. Attached to it was a clod of earth weighing six and one-half ounces. He broke up the clod and placed in under the bell glass. No fewer than eighty-two plants sprang from it. It is the more interesting to know that the clod of earth containing this treasury was kept three years before planting.—House Beautiful.

Is or Will Be.

One of those grammarian fiends met a man the other day and asked him which was correct, "Tomorrow is Sunday" or "Tomorrow will be Sunday." The man told him the following story: Years ago the Reading Railroad company issued an order requiring its brakemen, as soon as a train started from any station, to call out the name of the next stopping place.

For awhile the trainmen, instructed doubtless by some grammarian of the road, would do this by saying, "Next station will be" Allentown, Reading, etc. An editor took them to task for it, pointing out the absurdity of using the future tense in speaking of that which always is in the same place. After that the brakemen dropped "will be" and cried, "Next station," Allentown, Reading, etc.

Too Much Meat.

Physicians insist that after reaching the age of forty the majority of men and women eat much more meat than is good for them. This is hard upon those who are accustomed to eating too much of that staple article of diet and are fond of it, but it is said that a little self denial will prove that the effort is worth a trial. Do not stop it all at once—that would be bad for the general health—but gradually reduce the amount, taking care to substitute in its place a good menu, which will produce the necessary amount of sustenance.

When Tea Was Medicine.

Before tea became cheap enough to be considered a drink it was largely used as a medicine. A familiar advertisement in the London Tatler used to proclaim a "famous chymical quintessence of Bohea tea and cocoanuts together, wherein the volatile salt, oil and spirit of both" formed "the highest restorative that either food or physic affords."

Wouldn't Hurt His Clothes.

An artist gave his latest painting to a porter to carry to an exhibition.

"Be careful, be careful," said he; "the picture is scarcely dry."

"Oh, never mind," exclaimed the porter; "it's of no consequence—my clothes are old!"

A Cautious Youth.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road. "What are you going to do with the dog, my little man?" inquired a passerby.

"I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go, first," was the breathless reply.

Flying the Kite.

Hudson—Do you think they will be able to get along on $10,000 a year? Budson—They ought to. With that much money they should manage to run in debt for another ten thousand—Tom Watson's Magazine.

A Hard Question.

Modern Maiden—I wish some advice. Old Lady—Certainly, my dear. What is it? Modern Maiden—Shall I marry a man whose tastes are the opposite of mine and quarrel with him, or shall I marry a man whose tastes are the same as mine and get tired of him?

More Accurate.

Mrs. Muggins—When your husband takes you to the theater does he go out between the acts? Mrs. Buggins—Yes, if you want to put it that way. He comes in between the drinks.—Philadelphia Record.

Gain and Loss.

He—You women are queer. For instance, a girl cries when she's getting married, as if she were losing a husband instead of getting one. She—Yes, but she's losing a lover.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nothing Ventured.

Ada—Timid, isn't he? May—Awfully. He's so afraid that she'll say no that he won't give her a chance to say yes.—Brooklyn Life.

Strawberry
Pineapple
Coffee
Orange Sherbet

Theonleigh Club

Theonleigh Club is put up in PINT BRICKS to take home, or may be served at our store at 10c. per plate.

NOTE—We prepare all flavors contained in Theonleigh Club Pineapple, Strawberry and Orange Sherbet are flavored strictly with Fresh Fruit Juices. We extract all our Coffee and use fresh sweet cream to make our Coffee Ice Cream.

Below we name the kinds of Ice Cream and Sherbet always on hand at our store which may be served mixed or plain:

STRAWBERRY [Made from fresh fruit juice.]
VANILLA
COFFEE [Extract prepared here].
CHOCOLATE
PINEAPPLE [Made from fresh fruit juice.]

ORANGE SHERBET
FROZEN PUDDING
PINEAPPLE SHERBET
WALNUT

CRAWFORD'S 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 48-3.

SPRING STYLES

Received and now opening at the Merchant Tailoring Establishment of

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

AUCTION ROOMS

AT THE OLD DEPOT.

WANTED, Furniture and Merchandise

TO SELL ON COMMISSION.

C. E. SMITH, Real Estate, Office, 439 Main Street.
Opp. Central House.

Ayer's Pills — Act directly on the liver. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick-headache. Sold for 60 years. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

SEAWEED AS FOOD.

When Dry It Is Richer Than Oatmeal or Indian Corn.

Seaweed is eaten on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland in vast quantities and, though unpalatable and flavorless, is at times the chief food of the poorest.

When dry it is richer than oatmeal or Indian corn in nitrogenous constituents and takes rank among the most nutritious of vegetable foods.

To prepare seaweed for the table it should be steeped in water to get rid of the salt with which it is impregnated, and a little carbonate of soda removes the bitter taste, which to some palates is most disagreeable. It should then be stewed in milk or water till mucilaginous and is best flavored with vinegar or pepper.

Fungi are almost everywhere largely eaten, though in England less attention is paid to them than they deserve, and few kinds appear at table.

A curious error is to suppose that fungi are eatable and toadstools poisonous. No such line of demarcation exists nor, strictly speaking, has the name toadstools any precise meaning.

Very many fungi are edible, and the common agaric usually eaten in England is not the most palatable and wholesome. Few foods are more savory, and none are greater favorites than well cooked fungi, and the souls of vegetarians yearn for them.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE PIE HABIT.

It Is Mainly Confined to Those Born In This Country.

Pie is consumed chiefly by the native Americans. Foreigners eat very little of it. A German, for example, might eat three pies in a year, while a good Yankee would consume as many in a week. The English, the Italians and the French are small pie eaters. The English eat plum pudding, and the Italians like fruit. New England and the middle states constitute the area of greatest consumption, but the pie belt extends far beyond that, as pie is extensively eaten all through the west. Pie is eaten much more generally in the north than in the south. Chicago is a great pie center. St. Louis is not so good. Milwaukee also ranks low. One would not think that there are means for ascertaining the facts in regard to pie consumption, but I have gathered statistics on the subject during the last two years which enable me to compute with reasonable correctness the consumption of pies in every state in the Union. Pies are made in greater variety than formerly, and the supplies are brought from greater distances—in fact, from all parts of the world. The season of pies made of green fruit has been prolonged, and pies are made of canned fruit the year round.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

LONG BURNING FIRES.

Some In England Which Have Not Been Out For Centuries.

There are domestic fires burning in Yorkshire, England, today which have never been out for hundreds of years. At the old fashioned farmhouses in the dales of Yorkshire peat is still burned. The fuel is obtained from the moors, and stacks of it are kept by the farmers in their stack garths.

The country round about is noted for its "girdle cakes," which are made from dough baked in quaint pans suspended from the peat fires. These fires are kept glowing from generation to generation, and the son warms himself at the fire which warmed his sire and his grandsire and his grandsire's sire and which will warm his son and his son's son.

There is a fire at Castleton, in the Whitby district, which has been burning for over 200 years. The record probably is held by a farmhouse at Osmotherly, in the same district. The fire has been burning for 500 years, and there are records to show that it has not been out during the last three centuries.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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Delphine's Choice

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

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Throwing down my paper, I started in search of Delphine. She was getting into her auto car with Jerry, the crooked backed. He was of no more consequence than a pet dog, except that his mind in his poor ugly body was like the pearl in the oyster shell, so he was more entertaining, and, besides being a mental gen'us, Jerry could sing. Ye powers! How he could sing!

"Delphine," I began abruptly, "in Holland they have four Sundays in November"—

"You don't say!" raising slender hands in exaggerated surprise. "Do you suppose they ever have five?"

"Listen. Four Sundays, known as Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession. On Review Sunday all the unmarried men and women go to church, look at one another, but don't speak."

"How silly!" remarked Delphine.

"On Decision Sunday each man who wants a wife bows low before the maiden of his choice, and by her response he judges of her feelings toward him."

Delphine tittered.

"On Purchase Sunday he askes her parents' consent, and on Possession Sunday they appear as actual or prospective brides and grooms. I am telling you because I was once foolish enough to promise not to ask you to marry me. I beg to remind you that next Sunday is Decision Sunday, the second in November; also that there is more than one way to kill a cat."

Delphine regarded me with amusement. "Dick, I think you are the silliest ever," she laughed as she and the auto and Jerry went speeding away.

I looked after them, the girl's lithe young figure, with the blue veil streaming out in the stiff sea breeze, and Jerry's pathetic form beside her. Jerry's voice was music itself, and Jerry's handsome eyes could speak more eloquently than a hundred tongues. But what had I to fear from a crooked back?

That evening my egotism was slightly jarred. Hathaway of the blond head and the big heart joined me on the porch. Hathaway was bubbling over with something too good to keep. After five minutes' conversation I learned that Miss Delphine had once more made him promise that he should not court her and that today she had told him an interesting tale of how the men of Copenhagen or South Africa or some other darned place get their wives. And why should she tell him all that unless she was hinting to him of an honorable way to break an unwilling promise?

Why, indeed? I thought wrathfully as later and alone I brooded over the matter, leaving Hathaway and a dozen others to dance with Delphine at the casino. I had other fish to fry, and I was going to fry them good and brown too. At last my plans were perfected. Hastening to the casino, I buttonholed the reluctant Hathaway and finally cajoled him into doing what I wanted. Then we hunted up and explained to ten other fellows, who, with one exception, entered merrily into the scheme.

"But, hang it, Dick," protested the exception, "I'm already engaged!"

"Don't worry, Jenkins," consoled Hathaway. "She will accept Dick or me, I know."

"It won't be Hathaway, I am sure," I said, shamming a confidence I did not own.

On Sunday morning, when Delphine and her father came out of church, their astonished eyes beheld twelve men lined up near the red auto. Twelve? Aye, thirteen, for Jerry, with smiling lips and weary eyes, stood with us. We bowed as one man before her, and, unmindful of the staring congregation, the girl responded with a quaint little courtesy.

"Delighted to see you," she said cordially. "Papa, will you invite the gentlemen to dine at the hotel with us?"

Bewildered looking papa complied, and Delphine motioned Jerry to enter the car.

"Don't see that anybody gained more than anybody else," grumbled Hathaway as we followed the auto's wake.

"Except Jerry," grinned Jenkins.

At the dinner's close Delphine's father told us that they were going home. They were tired of the gay resort.

"You fellows come over and dine with us at The Oaks next Sunday," he said genially.

We accepted with alacrity, glad to carry out the remainder of the programme in the confines of a home instead of a hotel, and every mother's son of us was at the gate of The Oaks at 1 o'clock on the next Sunday—Purchase Sunday, the third in November. We decided that after dinner would be the best time to approach Delphine's father.

"You have to go first, Hathaway; you're the biggest," said one of the boys.

"Let's draw lots for our places," suggested Jenkins.

"I did draw number one, darned if I didn't!" exclaimed the big fellow. "Seven is the best. Who has the lucky seven?"

The crooked backed held up the magic number.

"Don't lose any sleep over it, boys," he said mockingly. "You never for a moment supposed that I was in the running, did you? I followed along at first just to see the fun, but I'm out now."

Going up the palm lined drive, he and I fell behind the others.

"Don't desert us now, Jerry," I said absently, my mind conning my request before Delphine's father.

"Do you think I'd have the face to ask her to burden her splendid young life with me?" he demanded fiercely.

"She seems to favor you," I ventured, feeling that I had to say something.

"The sweet, tender pity of her would give more attention to the wounded dog than the well bodied one," he answered, with infinite pathos. "I did know a man once whose body was as bad as mine, and he was married to a saint and the father of lovely children. I couldn't dream of burdening Delphine, though, even if"—

My pity for poor Jerry was forgotten at Delphine's welcome. Surely there was an answer to my warm pressure of her little hand; surely her dark eyes held in their roguish depths a gleam of love. I sat beside her at the table, too, with Hathaway at her left. I remember what he had said—"It will be Dick or me." Hathaway looked too complacent for my comfort, though.

Delphine's father took the conversation pretty much into his own hands. As we ate our soup he talked of a Dyak or Borneo's betrothal customs; then he went from one foreign people to another, Jerry meanwhile helping him out with a gay suggestion or a witty remark. The rest of us had little chance for speech. We didn't crave it. We would rather look at Delphine, gray gowned, with a crimson rose at her throat and a chaplet of autumn leaves in her hair.

As the coffee was served her clear voice took up the conversation.

"You left out the prettiest of them all, papa," she said, smiling at him—"the custom of the Yao Midas, a Burmese-Tartar people. They woo only by music. The suitor sits under a desire tree and plays his favorite instrument. As the girl of his choice approaches he plays louder and with more feeling. If she pass by he realizes that she will have none of him, but should she stop and lay a flower upon whatever instrument he is playing he knows that he has won her."

"Hum!" grunted her father as we rose from the table. Delphine and her guests went to the veranda, while the man in whose hands lay our fate went to his library.

Presently Hathaway, with a very red face, slipped in. He came out with a swagger that made me want to punch his blond head. Next was Jenkins, who came out looking scared.

"I don't see how she can accept more than one of us," I thought.

When my turn came—the twelfth—I found Delphine's father looking exceedingly bored.

"Permit me to say that I think you fellows are a pack of fools," he remarked pleasantly. "However, I am instructed to say that you may have her, and bless you, my children."

Dizzy with joy, I was staggering from the room when he observed dryly:

"Each of you has the same answer, so you're welcome to what encouragement you can get."

A hard slap, sure enough. What next?

After I joined the others Jerry, out under the great oaks, began to sing."

"See the Yao under his desire tree," remarked Jenkins nervously.

The song was a love song of renunciation with weird words and wild melody. Ye lovers, how that cripple sang! As the marvelous voice died away Delphine, sobbing, ran down the steps. Snatching the crimson rose from her throat, she knelt before Jerry and held it to his lips. We heard the boy's exclamation; then Delphine cried out something and put her own sweet mouth in the place of the rose.

It was Hathaway who broke the spell.

"We've lost, fellows," he muttered huskily. "Jerry was in the running after all.

"Wouldn't It Jar You?"

Once W. C. Gibson, then editor of Puck, took luncheon with Opper, the cartoonist, at his home in Bensonhurst. The host and his guest were smoking postprandial cigars on the veranda when Mr. Opper became convulsed with laughter at the sight of one of his puppies tearing to pieces Mr. Gibson's hat. Gibson was inclined to harsh measures, but Opper reminded him that the dog was only a puppy that knew no better, and the editor became resigned. When Gibson rose to leave Opper offered him the choice of all his hats.

"I don't need one," returned the guest. "It was your hat, not mine." The humor of the situation did not strike the comic artist at once, but later he made use of the incident in one of his celebrated series, "Now, Wouldn't It Jar You?" the question being, "If your dog tore up what you thought was your neighbor's hat and you found it was your own, wouldn't it jar you?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Sindbad's Alleged Prototype.

The story of Sindbad the Sailor is believed to owe a good deal to the legend of St. Brendan, the Kerry saint, whose day is May 16. According to the legend, St. Brendan sailed the ocean for seven years in search of the island that had once been Adam's Eden. During that time he regularly revisited the island of Sheep, where the sheep are as large as oxen; the island of Birds, that are really fallen angels, and another island which is really a big fish named Jascon trying to get his tail into his mouth. St. Brendan used to encamp on the fish on Easter day and go on to the birds on Easter Monday. He found the Eden island at last, but no one has seen it since, though it appeared on seventeenth century maps and in an eighteenth century treaty between Spain and Portugal. Probably Irish monks took this legend with them to the east in the ninth century.—London Chronicle.

Original Natural History.

The Rev. Samuel Peters was the man who made Connecticut's blue laws famous by their publication in his history of that state. In that interesting volume the following original bit of natural history is to be found: "In the Connecticut river, 200 miles from Long Island sound, is a narrow of five yards only formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock whose tops intercept the clouds. Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which in the time of floods bury the northern country. Here water is consolidated without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching sturdy rocks to such a degree of induration that an iron crow floats smoothly down its current. Here iron, lead and cork have one common weight; here, steady as time and harder than marble, the stream passes irresistible if not swift as lightning."

Queer Hatching Processes.

The Chilean frog, known also as Darwin's frog, is unique in its method of hatching eggs. The female is not abnormal, but the male has a large pouch which underlies its whole body and is connected with its mouth by two openings, one on either side of its tongue. When his mate has laid her eggs this devoted parent takes them into his fore paws and places them inside his mouth, whence they presently pass by the two passages into the expectant pouch. Here they remain in warm and safe seclusion until they are hatched and emerge as newborn tadpoles to the light. The breeding habits of the midwife frog are not less singular. He winds the strings of new laid eggs round his hind legs and vanishes into a convenient hole till they are hatched. The Surinam toad places eggs one by one in hexagonal cells formed in the back of the mother toad, whence in due time they hop out, not tadpoles, but perfect toads.

Homemaking.

Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius. A mind and sentiments of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties.—Wordsworth.

THE PEPPERS.

An Opinion on the White, the Black and the Snappy Cayenne.

The so called white pepper is an abomination. Give me the old fashioned black pepper of our daddies. It has both flavor and odor and is most appetizing, while the white is nauseating. For real snap and go give me cayenne. None of your paprika! Did you ever sift pepper in your soup and notice its peculiar behavior? The black kind concentrates, all the particles rushing to a common center. The red scatters, as if each grain were at enmity with every other. Try the experiment. It means probably that black pepper is astringent, while red is laxative. The people of the tropics consume large quantities of cayenne and are not accustomed to dyspepsia. I never heard of one suffering from impaired or imperfect digestion.

Let us approach these things understandingly. The medical term for black pepper is "piper," and this same piper is regarded as a stomachic. A stomachic is a stimulant for the stomach. Red, or cayenne, pepper is "capsicum" and is an irritant as well as a stomachic. If a person afflicted with cholera morbus takes thirty drops of the tincture of capsicum in water the entire alimentary tract will immediately be congested, which should prove that red pepper is not a laxative. And this looks like a contradiction.—New York Press.

THE SMOKER'S PARADISE.

A Continual Use of Tobacco Is the Rule In Holland.

Holland is the smoker's paradise. Not only is the climate one which almost compels indulgence in tobacco, but the fragrant leaf may be had in abundance and at small cost.

The humidity of the climate leads naturally to continual smoking, and so common is the habit that instead of measuring distances by miles it is customary for the boatmen to declare a place to be so many pipes distant.

On entering the house of a friend a cigar is offered you, the host sees that you are kept well supplied during your visit, and a fresh cigar upon leaving is as necessary as a hat. Old friends are not permitted to depart until their cases have been refilled, and the necessity for this becomes apparent when it is known that a smoker usually lights his fresh cigar from the stump of the previous one, keeping one in his mouth continually.

Pipe smokers are equally devoted to their habit, taking their pipe to bed with them and only laying it down when they become sleepy. Should they awake during the night they indulge in a short smoke before going to sleep again, and they always light their pipes before getting out of bed in the morning.—New York Herald.

MONDAY AS WASH DAY.

It May Be a Legacy to Us From the Mayflower Pilgrims.

Did you wonder how it came about that in our country all families think they must do their washing on Monday?

The Mayflower drifted into Massachusetts bay and lay at anchor outside in a little sheltered cove. The fathers had gone ashore to see if there was a place suitable for landing. The morning was Monday, and it seemed that the old fashioned desire to tidy up came over the hearts of the good housekeeping women of the little band.

The women were rowed to shore, and in the cold, salty water of the bay this Monday in November, 1620, the first ladies in America washed and scrubbed in the good English fashion too. Fires were built, water heated and clothes spread out on the trees and snow. When all was finished to the satisfaction of the women they sighed with pleasure and said, "Cleanliness is akin to godliness."

Do you know this is history? Yes, it is, though not as dry as history sometimes is. Anything is history that shows the spirit of the times, and this wash day in America showed the spirit of the first arrivals.—Boston Globe.

Well Guarded Girls.

In New Guinea parents send their daughters to bed in a little house at the top of a tree every night, and when the girls have gone up the ladder is removed, so that there is no coming down till the parents allow it. Elopements under these circumstances must be difficult, and parents no doubt sleep the sounder for knowing that their girls are unable to take their walks abroad until their elders see fit for them to do so.—London Lady.

The Mantle of Charity.

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothing some other ladies at church had on.

"The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity."

"Yes," she snapped, "and it is about the only dress, judging by the fuss they make over the bills, that some husbands want their wives to wear."—New York Telegram.

Cause.

Prosecutor (examining talesmen)—Have you ever known the prisoner or his counsel? Talesman—Yes. His counsel gave me some advice once in a lawsuit. Prosecutor—You are excused. You would evidently sympathize with the prisoner.—Life.

Squelched!

Miss Kutter—Have a glass of water, Mr. Sporte? Woodby Sporte (with a real wicked wink)—What's that? Miss Kutter—Ah, I see! They're bringing you up on milk.—Cleveland Leader.

The truly sublime is always easy and always natural.—Burke.

Booth and Lincoln's Death Mask.

A touching reminiscence of the great actor Edwin Booth is told in connection with Lawrence Hutton's collection of death masks in "Talks In a Library," recorded by Isabel Moore:

"Caunt's was one of the two masks in the collection which affected Booth most. The other, naturally enough, but in a very, very different way, was that of Lincoln. I shall never forget the first time he saw the Lincoln mask. He asked innocently enough whose it was, and when I told him, my heart for a moment stopping to beat, he rose from his seat, took it in his hands and looked at it for a long time without a word. What it meant to him we can imagine. The whole awful, awful business came back to him—the mad, dead brother; the martyred, murdered president. Still, without a word, he put it back in its place, and it seemed to me as he did so that he kissed it with his fingers. I have seen him in that room look at it silently over his pipe many and many a time. But he never touched it or spoke of it again, even to me. What he thought of it heaven only knows.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 9.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. xxxviii, 1-8, Memory Verses, 4-6—Golden Text, Ps. xlvi, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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This sickness and recovery of Hezekiah in answer to prayer, which is given in one verse in II Chron. xxxii, 24, is recorded more fully in our lesson and with even more fullness of detail in II Kings xx. But, as in last week's lesson, the fact of its being three times recorded indicates its special importance and asks our special attention to it. The testimony to Hezekiah in II Chron. xxxi, 20, 21, could scarcely be improved upon, but in the record now before us there are many sad things, the manifestations of the deceitful heart that is in every one.

What a contrast between the people whom the Lord now uses in His service, unreliable in soul and body, sinful, well today, sick tomorrow and dead the next day, and the same people in their glorified bodies, without sin, never sick, requiring no time for eating or sleeping, serving Him day and night unwearily and whole heartedly and perfectly! Those who understand it cannot but groan within themselves waiting for the redemption of the body (Rom. viii, 23).

How would you take it? Try to put yourself in Hezekiah's place and consider if you are ready for such a message. Would you say, "Thank God, glory dawns; to die is gain; to be with Christ is very far better," or would you do as Hezekiah did—turn your face to the wall and weep sorely? Inasmuch as our stay in these mortal bodies is uncertain and health is no assurance that we shall stay, it is certainly wise to have our house in order always, all our affairs as far as possible in a satisfactory condition, and, then, our sins being washed in His precious blood, we can say always, "Any time you want me, Lord, I am ready" (II Tim. iv, 6).

We must remember that Hezekiah had not the light that we have. There was no crucified and risen and ascended Christ in his day, yet Moses when he was called in full health made no complaint (Deut. xxxii, 49, 50; xxxiv, 5-7). Isaiah, the prophet, brought the message to Hezekiah, and he at once gave himself to prayer, and before the prophet had left the middle court the word of the Lord came to him, saying, "Turn again and tell Hezekiah, the captain of My people, thus saith the Lord, the God of David, thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; behold, I will heal thee."

How rapid the communication between earth and heaven, how beautiful to have an anointed ear like Isaiah's, in tune with God; to hear His wireless messages even as we walk the street! How great the privilege and power of prayer which can take hold of God even for the prolongation of our sojourn in a mortal body if it seems best to Him! That a man who was about to die should be up and about in three days was nothing short of a miracle, and yet, while it was a direct answer to prayer, some means were used by the prophet's orders (II Kings xx, 7).

It does seem strange that some believers should deem the use of means inconsistent with the prayer of faith. The king did not seem satisfied with the simple word of God by the prophet and so asked for a sign that the Lord would do as He had said. The Lord graciously gave him a sign and even gave him his choice of two signs. How gracious and wonderful is our God so to indulge His unworthy and unbelieving children! But let us not forget "Blessed are they that have not seen, yet have believed," and "Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." Let our motto be, "I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me" (John xx, 29; Luke i, 45; Acts xxvii, 25).

The writing of Hezekiah after his recovery from his illness as given in our lesson chapter contains many most suggestive sayings, such as verses 15-17: "He hath both spoken unto me, and Himself hath done it. I shall go softly all my years." The bitter in soul delivered and all sins put away. But how easy it is to say and how difficult to do! If all our good resolutions were kept and all our vows performed, what a good testimony for God there would be. But, alas, how sad to read, "Hezekiah rendered not again according to the benefit done unto him, for his heart was lifted up; therefore was wrath upon him" (II Chron. xxxii, 25).

When the king of Babylon sent letters and a present to Hezekiah after his recovery from his illness Hezekiah proudly and boastfully magnified himself instead of Jehovah, and displayed all his treasures in his house and in his kingdom. As a consequence of this the prophet was sent to the king with a message from the Lord, under which Hezekiah again humbled himself and thus averted wrath in his days. Let us lay to heart that when visitors come to us there is nothing we say to them and nothing we show them that is not noticed and heard in heaven. It certainly does become us to go softly, to humble ourselves to walk with God, remembering Rom. xiv, 12; Eccl. xii, 14.

It is evident from II Chron. xxxiii, 1, that during the prolonged years of Hezekiah's life Manasseh was born, and were it not for his repentance after a most wicked life we might question whether these added years were a real blessing or not and whether it might not have been said of Manasseh as of Judas Iscariot, "Good had it been for that man if he had not been born." It is wise to desire nothing but God's plan for us.

Out of Season.

Mrs. Hi Uppe—Dear, did you see any of those fine old aqueducts while you were in Italy? Mrs. New-Rich—Never seen a duck. And while we was riding across Germany we kept a lookout for some of them German peasants, but I never seen such a scarcity of fowl no place.—Kansas City Drovers' Telegram.

True Friends.

"A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hid in adversity. True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without an invitation."

At His Own Option.

Pessimist—Yes, sir, I hold the mortgage on most of the troubles of this world! Optimist—Well, you don't have to foreclose if you don't want to!—Detroit Free Press.

It depends on education to open the gates which lead to virtue or to vice, to happiness or to misery.—Jane Porter.

A Fair Advantage

By JOHN G. BOWMAN

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The steamer Glenmont, in tow of a double raft, was churning its way down the Mississippi. Leslie Barnet was the pilot, and we, Barnet and I, were alone in the pilot house. Neither had spoken a word for half an hour or more when the captain of the steamer opened the door and said roughly:

"Barnet, that cursed mate took to the bank back there. The fool said he was going to get married. Tie up at La Cross."

The old pilot did not answer. He did not look at the captain, but remained motionless, tipped back in his high chair by the wheel, his eyes resting on the far water line beyond the raft. The captain slammed shut the door and walked heavily over the hurricane deck and down the steps to the deck below.

"That mate a fool?" Barnet reflected. "Well, maybe, and maybe not."

Barnet leaned over to the window for some tobacco, then began to fill his pipe. There was no sound but the regular breathing of the steamer and the wash, wash, wash of the big wheel at the stern. By and by the pipe was lighted.

"It's a common, uninteresting way folks got nowadays of getting married," the pilot began. "Don't you know it is? Common old prose from the beginning."

I made no answer.

"Do you know—well, it was back in '69. I was pulling an oar on an old floating raft. We didn't have steamers to push 'em then. A young fellow, you know—strong, good looking"— He turned to me with a grin and then watched some smoke curl over the pilot wheel.

"Times are different now. Well, there was only one town on the Mississippi them days—that was where she lived—the girl, you know. I reckoned the days by our coming to that town. Other towns were just sort of landmarks to tell us how far off we were. We went slow just before we got to it. She was always down on the sand to see us.

"Well, sir, there was another fellow on that raft, sort of a clerk and mate or steersman when the captain wanted to be lazy—sort of a general boss and important. You know, he figured on the same girl. Poor devil, I don't know what became of him! We were going down the river spring of '69—May; no wind; easy floating. The water was all like that out there." Barnet pointed to a broken bar of crimson and green in the water that ran from the boat to the bank. The sunset was above the hill beyond.

"The middle of the next morning we were coming to that only town I was telling you about. You know, that night I didn't sleep—no work to do, either. I dropped down between two big logs comfortable and listened to that raft pur. The waves, you know, rattled around soft between the logs. Hear that tree toad then, that 'chiwa, chiwa?' Well, I heard them that night.

"Next morning the wind was blowing a gale to eastward across the channel. 'Right, right!' the captain kept calling in his deep voice. 'Right, right!' you know, that way. Good, rough old fellow; he's dead now. I'd like to hear him call them signals again. We were all at the sweep oars working—tired! Young fellow, you don't know what it is to be tired!"

The old pilot turned to me, then relit his pipe.

"No breakfast that morning," he went on. "I don't know why—guess the cook had to take a hand at the oars. That happened sometimes. Well, there was that town coming in sight, and I was working to keep the wind from blowing us right in on the bank in front of it. Pretty soon I see the girl—wore a white dress—no hat. Same time I saw that clerk I was telling you about. We had only one boat on the fleet, and there was that clerk, with a white collar on, making for to shove ashore in that boat.

He had a commanding voice. I began to pull again with the other fellows, about twenty of them. Pretty soon I see the captain coming down to the bow where I was. He was whittling a stick. The clerk was just about to shove off. Well, that captain—he was a good fellow—there ain't any more like him now on the river—he came down to me and stood quiet a minute, cutting that stick.

"'Leslie,' he says, 'what town's this we're coming to?'

"'Let me see,' I says, beginning to look around.

"'Never mind,' he returned. 'I see you don't know. The wind's getting high. We'll lay in a mile below,' he said soft. 'Leslie,' he says, 'don't be afraid of getting wet.'

"That captain didn't say another word. He went off whittling that stick. I see the girl wave to us. I see the clerk wave back and shove off in the boat. I didn't have time to wave—I jumped in and swam for it. The other fellows didn't make a sound. I thought they hadn't noticed.

"Pretty soon I see the clerk and the girl shaking hands. Then she was looking at me; then the clerk was. I told you it was May and the water hadn't heated up yet for summer. Next thing I was on the bank, shivering too much to talk. That girl came over and extended her hand to me.

"'No,' says I. 'I'm too wet to touch you.'

"'You're fool enough to half drown and lose your job, too,' put in the clerk.

"I didn't have much to say, waiting developments, you know. The clerk was looking mean. 'Barnet,' he says then, getting kind—that girl never could stand anything mean—'Barnet,' he says, 'I'll give you the boat so's you can get back to the raft and save your job.' He started for the boat. Well, I see he knew we were going to lay in a mile below, as the captain said. I'd be doing him a double favor taking that boat back and getting myself out of the way too.

"'Well,' says I, 'I come ashore to say a word with this girl and'—I could hardly talk—'I ain't said quite all of it yet.'

"That clerk—well, he went over and started to take the girl by the arm to walk off. His shoes were shined. You know, she wasn't in any hurry.

"'Look a-here. I didn't come ashore for nothing, as I explained,' I says. I was hungry and beginning to get mean inside like the clerk.

"'This man,' she began saying to the clerk, 'my brother's got some dry clothes,' she went on, 'and I'm going to take him up to the house and have him put 'em on. He'll catch cold. You,' she went on to the clerk, 'you can see me some other time.'

"She made a little sign, and, you know, that girl and me started off. I kept my eye on the clerk, though. Well, we hadn't gone three steps when, you know, the fellow on the raft let out a great yell. There they were, plump opposite now, drifting in. The captain was waving his hat to us. They all cheered again, and then they called something to the clerk. I don't know what it was. That girl waved back. Next thing they were all singing. I can hear 'em now. I didn't pity the clerk then, poor devil. I don't know what became of him."

Barnet slipped down out of his chair, sent the "slow bell" signal to the boiler room and walked over to me. His pipe was out. A lock of gray hair fell over his forehead. "Boy," he said to me, "I'll show you where that girl lives by and by—we're coming to it. We got the best Jersey cow in our pasture you ever saw."

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Certain drug store goods are in particular demand in summer. We have everything necessary for this season of the year in Toilet Articles and Medicines

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BATH SPRAYS	38c. to $1.87
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JAYNES' TALCUM POWDER, the most perfect toilet and baby powder, for the dressing table, the nursery, the shaving cabinet, and the household generally. Cures sunburn, prickly heat, chafing, and all skin troubles. Prevents excessive perspiration and keeps the skin white, soft, and delicately perfumed. ¶ 20 cents a large box, three times the size of regular advertised kind. We also sell a mammoth size for family use, containing three times the quantity of the 20 cent size for 40 cents.

JAYNES' ALMOND LOTION. Softens and beautifies, prevents and cures sunburn, makes the skin soft and smooth, and drives away rash and pimples. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Three times the quantity for 50 cents.

JAYNES' EXTRACT OF JAMAICA GINGER. Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa and summer complaint. Small size, 20c.; three times the quantity, 40c.

The ingredients of our own preparations, and all drugs and chemicals sold by us, are subjected to the most thorough tests by our Analytical Chemist, Professor W. L. Scoville, and we GUARANTEE them to be of the HIGHEST QUALITY OBTAINABLE.

OUR GUARANTEE PROTECTS YOU. Your money back on our own Preparations if they do not cure. WE TAKE THE RISK.

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Gave the Wrong Card.

The late Governor Russell was a fine conversationalist and always enjoyed talking. He was asked to address a meeting in one of the small cities of Massachusetts one evening and went by train. The cars were quite well filled when he got in, so he asked a gentleman if the vacant seat beside him was engaged and, receiving a negative nod in answer, sat down. Immediately he started a conversation, which he carried on until the city was reached, where both men alighted. Before they left the train they exchanged cards and shook hands cordially when they separated on the station platform.

Governor Russell arose to address the meeting and commenced by making flattering remarks on the city and people and said: "I met one of your citizens on the train coming here tonight, and we had a most enjoyable conversation—in fact, I don't know when I have had such a delightful talk as I had with him. By the way, he gave me his card," taking it from his pocket and reading the name on it.

At this the audience was convulsed with laughter. The governor was somewhat taken aback and failed to see the point and so asked a friend about it after the lecture was over. The friend said, "Why, that man is deaf and dumb."—Boston Herald.

The Past Recalled.

One of the charms of travel, particularly among historic scenes, is the privilege of realizing more fully that part of which we have read and thought and dreamed. But much reading and thinking need to be done before the traveler starts for a country so rich in memorials of the past as is Greece. The author of "Two Englishwomen In Greece" repeats a story which flings a stone at an American.

Of course the lover of art or of archaeology should avoid all miscellaneous alliances, and if he cannot fall in with those who know let him take a guide and worry it out by himself. Otherwise he will receive shocks such as greeted the ears of a party of enthusiasts who, steeped in classic lore, ascended to the Parthenon one moonlight night, when column and architrave, rock and ruin alike seemed wrapped in silvery silence.

Here, burning with religious ecstasy, pulse beating to throbbing thought, the deep stillness of the hour was cut by the shriek of Athene's owl, but the words it said were strange:

"There is a smell up here that puts me in mind of a bucketful of huckleberries!"

His Act of Charity.

Mrs. Henpeque—So you did an act of charity to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of our wedding? Mr. Henpeque—Yes, I refused a raise of salary to one of my clerks who wanted to get married.

Childhood Woes.

Old Lady—What, you are sorry you are getting so big? Why so? Child—'Cos ma says I'm gettin' old enough to know better.—Brooklyn Life.

The Grace of Experience.

He—How well Miss Elderberry carries her age! She—But, then, she has become so accustomed to it, you know.

Permanent Ideals.

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.—Balzac.

Charles Mathews and Mr. Tattersall.

Charles Mathews, the famous English actor, once indulged disastrously in his well known taste for mimicry. The ridicule on this occasion was at the expense of Mr. Tattersall during a sale of blood stock conducted by that well known auctioneer.

"The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, "is a bay filly by Smolensko," etc.

"The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mr. Mathews in the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly by Smolensko."

The auctioneer looked somewhat annoyed, says the writer of "English Comedians of the Past," but proceeded:

"Well, what shall we begin with?"

"Well, what shall we begin with?" replied the echo.

Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall inquiringly called out:

"One hundred guineas?"

"One hundred guineas?" echoed Mathews.

"Thank you, sir," cried Mr. Tattersall, bringing down the hammer with a bang. "The filly is yours."

Gladstone and Disraeli.

An odd scene in the house of commons between Disraeli and his great opponent, Gladstone, is recorded in the diary of Sir M. E. Grant Duff, who relates the story as he heard it:

Gladstone was orationing away as to Disraeli's proceedings and said, "This, sir—this has been the course of the right honorable gentleman and his satellites." He appeared then quite to lose the thread of what he had been saying. He looked at some papers and then seemed to appeal to Goschen, but for a time he was quite lost.

Disraeli looked over a great paper he had in his hand and said very quietly, "You got to satellites," as if he were speaking to a child who was saying his lesson.

At last Gladstone appeared to recover himself and said:

"Oh! I am very much obliged to the right honorable gentleman. We will leave the satellites and go on to something else."

A Coming Revolt.

Some day there is going to be a terrible revolt in this country against the boiled shirt. We are not going to wear boards on our bosoms surmounted by picket fences when the laundryman feels cross and cuts a saw edge on our collars. American manhood is going to rise in its might some day and carefully drop the starch shirt over into the next lot where the tin cans are. Today we haven't the nerve to do it. We are under the domination of social and commercial propriety to such an extent that we do not dare to arise and proclaim our freedom in the name of liberty of person and freedom of conscience. Some day we will wear soft shirts and flowing collars, and the man who wears a starched board on his bosom and a sheet iron ring around his neck will be known for the conceited and artificial ass that he really is.—Minneapolis Journal.

Buy Your Own Paper.

A man who was too economical to subscribe for his home paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a four dollar stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and, failing to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a five dollar pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran, upset a four gallon churn of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In her hurry she dropped a twenty-five dollar set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream and into the parlor, ruining a twenty dollar carpet. During the excitement the eldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the dog broke up eleven sitting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.—Kansas City Journal.

A Good Cook.

"Have you a good cook?" asked Mrs. Bond Hill.

"Yes, she's good enough," replied Mrs. Chester Park. "She attends church three times a week and all that, but her cooking is something fierce."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Business Cards.

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The Music Master's Ruse.

A very rich lady offered Garcia any price if he would only teach her daughter. He refused, knowing well he could never obtain serious work from her; but, as the mother persisted, he hit upon a compromise. He asked the ladies to be present during a lesson, and he undertook, if the girl still wished to learn singing after hearing it taught, to teach her. The lesson began. The pupil, who seemed to the listeners an already finished singer, had to repeat passage after passage of the most difficult exercises before the master was satisfied. He insisted upon the minutest attention to every detail of execution. Mother and daughter exchanged horrified glances and looked on pityingly. The lesson finished, the master bowed the ladies out, and in passing the pupil the young girl whispered to her, "It would kill me!" Senor Garcia, returning from the door, said contentedly: "They will not come again. Thank you, mon enfant, you sang well."—London Mail.

Do Birds Sing?

A naturalist has written to prove that birds are not singers, but whistlers; that is to say, that the notes are produced through a tube—to be technical, through the slit known as the glottis—not by the help of vocal cords. But the whole distinction is beside the point. Any one who has seen a bird singing will have seen both the vibrations in his throat and the variations in the extent to which he opens and closes his beak or mandibles; and, given these accompaniments, together with the production of an inarticulate language, whistling and singing become identical terms suggesting a distinction. People are accustomed to the idea that only a few species of birds, such as the parrot and the jackdaw, can be taught, but in wild life almost all birds are mimics to some extent, and probably more of them than people realize could be taught to imitate human sounds.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Fortune Hunter.

Miranda—Yes, mamma, Mr. Fargoin knows that my face is all the fortune I possess. Bertie (the terrible)—Yes, mamma, and when I sneaked into the room he was trying his level best to get at her fortune. — Pittsburg Dispatch.

Beauties of Golf.

Beginner—But I can't play golf well enough to get any enjoyment out of it. Enthusiast—Yes, but that is where the game is so successful. The poorer you play it the more exercise you get.—Life.

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great.—Demosthenes.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 26.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M.. and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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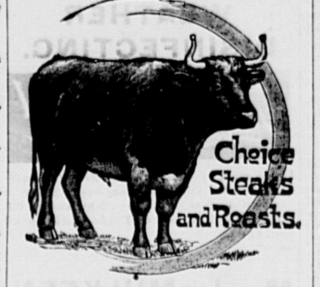

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Betrayed to The Spanish

By SAMUEL LOVELACE

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Three men had lain down to sleep in a Cuban jungle—three men in ragged uniforms and unkempt in appearance to the last degree. Two of them wore bandages over fresh wounds, and the trio looked gaunt and starved and slept as if sleep had not come to them for several nights before. It was 8 o'clock when they threw themselves down among the land crabs, with the evening air swarming with mosquitoes, and it was an hour after midnight when one of them awoke and softly crawled over to another and whispered in his ear:

"Diaz, awake! It is time!"

"Is the Yankee sound asleep?" asked the other as he sat up.

"He sleeps like a pig. Things could not be better for us."

The two moved away like serpents through the rank grass and jungle until they had covered a hundred feet, and then they stood up and made their way swiftly along in the direction of the Spanish lines.

There were plenty of American adventurers in the ranks of the patriots—men whose sympathies were on the right side and who ran the blockade and joined the insurgents to fight for them as they had fought for the Union years before. Such men were at first given the hand of welcome, but when their dash and bravery had earned them promotion there were envy and jealously to be reckoned with.

The man left lying alone in the jungle was Tom Warner, good natured, reckless and careless. Here, where he had been fighting for six months, nearly always on scout duty, he was called Captain Warner. He had a commission from Garcia, but the title was a barren one. He had furnished his own weapons and clothing and had never drawn a penny from what facetiously might be termed the insurgent treasury. He had won praise and admiration for a time, and then jealousy crept in to make certain men hope in secret that the Spaniards might make him captive. They had heard of the Yankee fighter—aye, and felt his blows—and they had said that they would give him no quarter if they were lucky enough to capture him. He had sent back a message of defiance and gone his way, and it never once entered his mind that some of the men whose battles he was assisting to fight might betray him.

"So you wish to surrender yourselves and at the same time put the Yankee into my hands?" asked the colonel into whose presence they were conducted from the picket post.

"Si, Senor Colonel. We wish to fight against our good friends the Spaniards no longer, and in surrendering we place in your hands one who has killed many of your brave men. The reward shall be what you will."

The colonel looked at them for a moment in contempt. The Spaniard is bloodthirsty and cruel in wartime, but he also has a code of honor. He might condescend to play the spy, but he would not condescend to betray for money.

Each one of the men was handed a five dollar gold piece and ordered to report to the officer of the day, and the colonel wrote a few lines and dispatched them by his orderly and lay down to sleep.

Two hours later he heard the sergeant's squad that had been sent out coming back with their prisoner, but he turned over and slept again. It would be time enough to settle with the Yankee in the morning. The squad had been guided to the place where the captain still slumbered, and he had been made a prisoner without resistance.

"And so, American, you are here, fighting among the rebels against our king!" sneered the colonel when he had eaten his breakfast and the prisoner stood before him.

"I am fighting for the independence of Cuba," was the quiet reply.

"The independence of a mob of dogs! However, that makes no difference. You are not one of them. You have no right here. You may have a commission, but I do not recognize it. No rebel dog has authority to issue commissions. You know your fate, senor?"

"I believe you sent me word only a month ago that you would shoot me without trial if I had the misfortune to be captured."

"And rest assured I shall do so. No; I will not shoot you; I will hang you. You are a spy, and you shall die by the rope."

"On what day and hour?" was the calm inquiry.

"Days and hours!" thundered the colonel as he showed his teeth at his prisoner. "I have no days and hours for the hanging of such as you. I string them up at my own convenience. At 10 o'clock—an hour and a half from now—you shall dance on nothing!"

"Very well, colonel," said Tom as he saluted and fell back and was marched away by his guard.

"He is a brave man," mused the colonel later on, "but he defied me. Yes, I will hang him, and I will make him afraid before he is swung off. When the dogs of renegades hear how he died, begging for his life, it will be a lesson to be heeded. He is hungry and thirsty, but he shall neither eat nor drink before the execution."

The force under the colonel comprised about 400 men. Orders were sent out to parade, all but the sentinels, under arms at 10:15, and a corporal was detailed to see to the erection of a gallows. His work was not arduous or lengthy. A small tree trunk was passed from the crotch of one tree to another and a noosed rope tied to its center. The prisoner would be placed on a pork barrel—an American pork barrel for the grim irony—and it would be kicked from under him.

At the hour named by the colonel the troops were under arms and formed a three sided square around the gallows. Then the prisoner was brought out. His elbows were tied behind him, and in his contempt for the Cubans who had sold their officer the colonel ordered the two men to march with the condemned man and act as his executioners. They had sold a man for money, but when it came to playing the part of hangmen they rebelled. They hung back, but the colonel ordered the lash applied.

When the prisoner was led under the noosed rope the colonel faced him and made him a butt of ridicule. He pointed at his rags, at his starved looks, at his unkempt appearance, and the soldiers in line laughed. From ridicule he turned to sarcasm and thence to abuse and revilement, and during the long half hour the prisoner faced him calmly without a word. There were not ten men in the lines who did not feel a secret admiration for him. The colonel had failed to shake his nerve, and, chagrined and angered, he ordered one of the deserters to place the barrel and the other to assist the prisoner to mount.

Then it was that one of the betrayers felt the stings of conscience. He was the one who was placing the barrel. He knew what he was going to do would bring him perhaps a more cruel death than that designed for his captain, but he did not hesitate. Like a flash he whipped out a knife and cut the prisoner's bonds, and, though taken by surprise, Captain Tom bounded away toward the forest.

In his excitement the colonel called upon the lines to fire and ran after the fleeing man. A volley was let go, and when the smoke cleared away the colonel lay dead on the ground, the victim of twenty bullets.

For a moment every soldier seemed dumb and without power to move. Then there were shouts and yells, and the lines broke and became a mob. When order was restored the renegades were no longer in sight. The jungle sheltered them and the captain they had betrayed.

"Poor devils!" the released man said. "I don't blame you much. It's a hard road to liberty, and a man has to be something more than a fishworm to win it."

Charming the Ants.

The mistress of a house in India has to deal with strange servants, picturesque creatures whose minds are bent at every point by the traditions of caste or custom. Chota Chankidar was a tiny night watchman employed by Cornelia Sorabji because he had chosen that occupation. But by day he helped her do her gardening and after burying seeds would rush eagerly next morning to see if green leaves were showing.

When the little green things were really up there came white ants to eat them, and it was Chota Chankidar who found a remedy.

"It behooves us to call a magic man," he said. "He will say charms to the white ants, not forgetting to use some black tar and such things which are deadly to the ant people."

"Could not you and I use the black tar and such things, Chota Chankidar?" asked the mistress humbly.

"Maybe. But we could not say the words."

"But we will say words of our own."

He thought for a moment and then shook his head with melancholy energy. "No, no, Miss Sahib! The father-grandfather ways are best always, and our father-grandfathers always called the magic men to this like trouble. Besides," he added appeasingly, "of course, though we people know better than the magic men, the ant people are senseless and would not understand our language."

So the ant people were exterminated with appropriate ceremonies.

No Twilight In Mexico.

There is almost no twilight in Mexico. You watch the sun, a blazing orb, descending with growing swiftness and wreathed in a veil of fire toward the horizon. Around, the air is amber tinted, glowing. Suddenly it begins to drop behind the distant mountains, and the shadows advance across the plain, swallowing up the landscape in mellow gloom. The shadow draws near and nearer—envelops the town. Behind you the sky is still lit up with the rosy beams. A line of shadow creeps swiftly up the rugged sides of old Popocatepetl, obscuring completely the base of the mountain as it advances. Up, up the snow capped crest, deepening in tint until at last it hangs like a great opal against the darkening sky. A moment it remains so, glowing and quivering as if on fire—grows smaller and is gone. Night has come.

Through the dusky silence you seek your hotel, passing on the roadside silent figures, fagot laden. "Adios, senor." Their soft voiced greeting falls upon your ear like a benediction.—Lee W. Ziegler in Recreation.

Through, but Kept Going.

A long winded member of the Massachusetts legislature was delivering a political address in a town not far from Boston, and the village folk gathered in the town hall to hear it.

He had been speaking quite awhile when finally an old Scotchman arose and walked out of the hall. At the door one of his countrymen was waiting with his hack to drive the orator to the station.

"Is he done yet, Sandy?" asked the Scot on the box.

The old man turned about.

"Aye," said he; "he's done lang ago, but he will na stop."

The Change of a Letter.

"Business men should be careful," writes a correspondent of a London newspaper, "to read their typewritten correspondence before committing it to the post. I have received a typewritten letter from a gentleman of German extraction who informs me that he is a 'wholesale tobacconist and cigar imposter.'"

Diplomacy.

"What did papa say?"

"He showed me the door."

"And what did you say?"

"I said it was certainly a very handsome door, but not what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh, and a minute later you were mine."

London's Intensity.

London is the most intense of all cities. New York is noisier; there is more rattle in Paris; in London alone you have that subdued roar, that indescribable murmur which suggests an irresistible volume of life that is deep as well as strong.—Christian.

Under the Chandelier.

Next time you go to a party watch some of the women as they stand under the chandeliers. Notice how a light shining from above brings out unsuspected lines and angles in all but the youngest and freshest faces. It is a severe test of beauty.

Down and Up.

"Wot did yer tell de judge?"

"Dat everybody wuz tryin' to keep me down."

"An' what did he do?"

"Sent me up."—Exchange.

Baking Watches.

"I will be with you in a moment. I must finish the baking of this batch of watches first."

The speaker was a jeweler. He said as he worked:

"I suppose you are surprised at the idea of watch baking. I will explain. The machinery of a watch is delicate, yet it must work the same in winter as in summer, the same in Russia as in Cairo, the same in the Sahara as in Iceland. There is only one way to accomplish this—the watch must be regulated to heat and cold.

"I am regulating these watches to heat. Afterward, in a refrigerator, I will regulate them to cold. Then when they go out in the world they won't disgrace themselves in any climate. Chronometers must be regulated more carefully than watches. They are often kept for weeks in temperatures that are now zero and now 120 degrees."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Incentives to Marriage.

Apparently the German town of Haschmann does not believe in a state of single blessedness. Annual prizes are offered to the men who wed the ugliest, the most deformed and the oldest women in the town. Eighty dollars is paid to the man who marries the ugliest, while but $60 is the reward for the one marrying the cripple. All women over forty who have been jilted at least twice bring their spouses sums which vary according to the state of the fund, which was left by a rich resident of the town. The average price paid is $50 to each unless they should be unusually numerous, while the trustees are empowered to pay a larger sum when, in their judgment, it seems wise to hold forth a special inducement to procure the marriage of some particularly unfortunate woman.

Curiosities About Wood.

The strongest wood which grows within the limits of the United States is that known as nutmeg hickory, which flourishes on the lower Arkansas river. The most elastic is tamarack, the black or shellbark standing not far below. The wood with the least elasticity and lowest specific gravity is the Fiscus aurea. The wood of the highest specific gravity is the blue wood of Texas and Mexico. The heaviest of the foreign woods are the pomegranate and the lignum vitae, and the lightest is cork. Four hundred and thirteen different species of trees grow in the various sections of the country, and of this number sixteen, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. These woods of high specific gravity grow mostly in the arid regions of New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada.

LIFE IN JAVA.

The Natives Are Grave and Mainly Live and Eat In Public.

The Javans live much in public, and the poorer classes, instead of eating their meals at home, as is the manner of the unsociable Hindoo, seem usually to breakfast and dine at one of the itinerant cookshops to be found at every street corner. More exclusive people may be seen buying the small packets of curry and rice wrapped in fresh plantain leaves and pinned with bamboo splinters, which are intended for home consumption.

To stroll down a village street and watch the culinary operations in progress at wayside eating shops was an unfailing source of amusement, and very clean and appetizing they looked, though the smell was occasionally somewhat trying to the European nose. The Javans, like all rice eating people, are fond of pungent and evil smelling sauces, and equivalents of the Burman gnapee and Japanese bean soy are in constant requisition.

The natives, and especially the children, look fat and healthy and appear to enjoy life under easy conditions, though they are, generally speaking, of grave demeanor and are not endowed with the unfailing vivacity which distinguishes the Burmans and Japanese. During the six weeks that we spent in the island we did not see half a dozen beggars and, except in cities, certainly not that number of policemen.—Pearson's.

Bluebeard.

"Who was the original Bluebeard?" asks a writer in the London Chronicle. He continues: "We owe the familiar Bluebeard of the pantomime to Charles Perrault, the Frenchman who published in 1696-97 his immortal stories of 'Bluebeard,' 'The Sleeping Beauty,' 'Little Red Riding Hood' and 'Cinderella.' But it is very uncertain who, if anybody, was Perrault's model for Bluebeard. Some have supposed that it was our Henry VIII., others that the tale is a lampoon upon the castle lords of knight errantry days in general. Perhaps the favorite candidate has been Giles de Rais, marshal of France, who was hanged and burned in 1440 for an awful series of crimes. During fourteen years he was believed to have kidnaped about 150 children, tortured them, sacrificed them to the devil, burned their bodies and buried their bones in his castle grounds. But the resemblance between his tale and Bluebeard's is too slight to be convincing."

An Unmarried Widow.

It would appear that the standard of happiness of at least one African widow in Manhattan had reached high water mark, judging by this advertisement published a few days ago:

Widow, colored, age 34, with high school training, vocalist, excellent cook, desires a husband same age or younger; awful extremely fair, clean, sober, moral and never been married. Address WIDOW.

The following personal, printed in a metropolitan newspaper the other day, deserves a class by itself:

A European gentleman wishes to meet an American who is the typical daughter of all that is most admirable in our age; one gifted with the bold frankness of understanding, the enthusiasm of expectancy, the merry cheerfulness of superiority, the psychical and physical alertness of those of tomorrow; the worldly independence of this optimist must be duplicated; view, matrimony.
FESTINA LENTE.

—New York Press.

Knives For Brides.

The custom of giving knives to brides was formerly a common practice, when it was fashionable for women to wear knives sheathed and suspended from their girdles. A wedding offered an opportunity of presenting something novel or ornamental in the cutlery line, and frequent reference to such presents occurs in the plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the "Witch of Edmonton," 1648, for instance, the bride is described as wearing "the new pair of Sheffield knives, fitted to one sheath." A list of trinkets usually worn by ladies about 1560 includes girdles, knives, purses and pin cases. In Dekker's "Match Me In London," 1631, the bride says to her jealous husband:

"See, at my girdle hang my wedding knives;
With these dispatch me."

Indignation.

Law Notes relates that Albert E. Pillsbury, former attorney general of Massachusetts, on visiting the birthplace of Horace Greeley in Amherst, N. H., noticed that there was no placard about the place to inform the public of its historical interest. Accordingly he himself tacked on the house a card which read: "This is the birthplace of Horace Greeley." While he was engaged at this task a passing native paused to read the card, and, turning to Mr. Pillsbury, he remarked with some acidity: "The gall of some of you fellers that hev made money in the city is fairly sick'nin'. What do you suppose folks here care whether you was born on this farm or some other farm? Them's my sentiments, Mr. Greeley, and don't you forgit it!"

Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and faded of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair restorer. It keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I am well acquainted with Ayer's Hair Vigor and I like it very much. I would especially recommend it as an excellent dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and smooth, and preventing the hair from splitting at the ends."—MINNIE FRITZ, Veedum, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

PITIABLE IMPROVIDENCE.

The Way Money Is Wasted Through Ignorance of Food Values.

Examples of glaring ignorance of food values may well be culled from the notes of those experts who have visited the poor of the different cities. In the slums of Chicago it was found that a woman whose husband was out of work and whose family was living on a few cents a day bought lettuce, a food so innutritious that, at least when out of season and high in price, it is a luxury even for the rich. This woman sacrificed the inexpensive but nutritious classes of foods for leaves containing over 80 per cent of water and 15 per cent of refuse. It has been truthfully said that a man would starve to death on a diet of lettuce alone.

Pitiable improvidence was found in the New York slums. A watchman was feeding his family at the rate of 14 cents per person a day—all that he could afford—yet his wife bought expensive cuts of beef instead of the equally nutritious cuts of lower price; also large quantities of butter whose value might have been invested in dried beans and more bread. She also wasted money on soda crackers and jumbles costing two or three times as much as bread and containing no more nutrition. It was estimated that his wife might have obtained about eight times as much nutrition for her money had she substituted dried peas for green peas. Another large saving would have been the substitution of fresh for condensed milk.—John E. Watkins in Reader Magazine.

THEY WERE GLUTTONS.

The Gormands of the Eighteenth Century In England.

Plenty was the watchword of the eighteenth century gormand in England. His tables groaned under an array of food warranted to take away the appetite of all save the Gargantuas of the day. One blessing was evolved from the old sops and the later bisques and olios—soup, which now was ever the prelude to the dinner. It was removed for meat or fish—a chine of mutton and three ducks in the case of Squire Hill at Teddington, who, for entrees to support them, offered pullets with eggs, fillet of beef and scollops, turkey en daube, stewed carp, veal a la royale, fricasseed chicken, with ham and pigeons for center dish. This was but the first course or relay. Next came the roasts—two pheasants and four partridges and six teal, and now, for side dishes, sweetbreads and marrow, four woodcock and ten snipe, salmon and smelts, marrow pudding, fore quarter of lamb and oyster loaves. For center dish, mince pies. And men ate and survived, and still had heart within them to wait the removal of the cloth, and, greeting the dessert, sat over the mahogany until indeed they fell beneath it. After all, gormand is not the name for such as these. They were gluttons.

Stevenson's Love Toast.

A beautiful testimony to one's home loves was paid by Robert Louis Stevenson at a thanksgiving dinner in Samoa.

"There, on my right," said Stevenson, replying to an unexpected proposal of "The Host," "sits she who has but lately from our own loved native land come back to me—she whom, with no lessening of affection to those others to whom I cling, I love better than all the world besides—my mother. From the opposite end of the table, my wife, who has been all in all to me, when the days were very dark, looks tonight into my eyes—while we have both grown a bit older—with undiminished and undiminishable affection."

Which Won the Prize?

Three students of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Marseilles, were talking in a cafe. "My dear fellow," said one, "I painted the other day a little piece of pine wood in imitation of marble so perfectly that it sank to the bottom of the water."

"Pooh," said another. "Yesterday I suspended my thermometer on the easel that holds my 'View of the Polar Regions.' It fell at once to 20 below zero."

"That's nothing," said the last. "My portrait of the marquis is so lifelike that it has to be shaved twice a week."

How Flies Walk on Window Panes.

The microscope reveals the neat contrivance which enables a fly to walk up a window pane or defy the laws of gravity by gliding along, back downward, on the ceiling. The magnifier shows the foot to be made up of two pads covered with fine, short hair, each pad having a hook above it. Behind each pad is a bag filled with a sticky liquid which oozes out whenever the fly puts his foot down. The amount which is pressed out of each foot is very small indeed, but, taken all together, it is amply sufficient to hold the insect in any position he chooses.

His Own Great Foolishness.

Nordy—Your wife seems to think you'll get bunkoed if she lets you out of her sight. You must have once done something very foolish to have a woman looking after you like that.
Butts—I did. I married her.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hard Work Ahead.

Miss Gadd—There goes Jack Poorley. My, he looks as solemn as an undertaker these days! Mr. Batchellor—No wonder. He's going to undertake a wife next week.—Exchange.

Her Failing.

Bank Cashier—You have overdrawn your account, madam. Lovely Lady—That's just like me! My husband says I am always exaggerating everything.—Somerville Journal.

The Difference.

Tim—I'm feeling fine this morning. I was up with the lark. Jim—I'm not feeling so fine this morning. I was up with the lark last night.—Detroit Free Press.

An excess of levity is as impertinent as an excess of gravity.—Hazlitt

Love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—MacDonald.

A LIVING NET.

Peculiar Method of Fishing Used by Natives of Oceania.

A peculiar method of fishing is indulged in by the natives of Tetuila, one of the islands of Oceania. At a given signal the inhabitants of the village assemble on the seashore to the number of about 200 persons, each of whom carries a branch of cocoa palm. With these in their hands they plunge into the water, and at a certain distance from the shore turn toward it, forming a compact half circle, each one holding his palm branch perpendicularly in the water, and thus forming a sieve.

The leader of the party then gives a signal, and this living net approaches the shore gradually in perfect order, driving before it a multitude of fishes. Surrounded by this living wall and entangled in the cocoa palm branches many of the fishes are cast on the sand by the waves, while others are killed with sticks. After being cooked over hot coals the fish are served with bananas and cocoanut milk.

The scene as described by a Frenchman who visited the island was interesting and picturesque in the extreme, the effect being immensely heightened by the appearance of the natives, whose costume consists of a short tunic of seaweed or leaves. Their hair is powdered with chalk, while the warriors are distinguished by the hair being powdered red. Wreaths of gardenias or red hibiscus are worn on their heads, also round their necks.

AN EXPERT ON LYING.

He Was Allowed to Testify In Court and Won the Case.

A Kansas City lawyer tells of the use of expert testimony on lying. He says:

"I was prosecuting attorney for Finney county in 1881, and had a fellow up before Squire N. C. Jones on the charge of horse stealing. He hired Mike Sutton to defend him, and when the case was called I proved beyond question by a witness who witnessed the theft that we had the right man. After the prosecution had rested Sutton introduced 'Buffalo' Jones as a witness and gravely informed the court that he intended to prove by him that my witness had lied. 'Buffalo' took the stand and swore that, while he had never seen or heard of the witness before and knew nothing at all about the crime committed, he had had a great deal of experience with men and could tell pretty certain when they were lying. Then he proceeded to tell how men acted when they were lying, and gave the expert opinion that my witness had sworn to lies from the word go. I protested against such performances, but Sutton made the judge believe he had as much right to introduce an expert on liars as he would have to introduce an expert on medicine or any other science, and the result was the thief was dismissed from custody."

A VAST STONY WRECK.

The North Cape, In Norway, Is Almost the World's End.

The North cape, Norway, is not quite the most northerly land in Europe, but it is far enough north, a dismal black point jutting out into the sea nearly a thousand feet high. Leading to the top is a rough path not difficult to ascend unless it be wet and slippery. From the top to the edge of the cliff is a half mile or more of hard walking over stones or through mire.

At last we come to the edge of the cliff. The sun, though it is nearly 12 o'clock, has almost reached the lowest edge of his daily path, but is still far above the shimmering sea. You stand on that lonely point feeling, except for the presence of those around you, that you are quite out of the world in which you have hitherto spent your life. You stand without on a rock pelted by every storm of wind and snow. Attacked by the fiery summer sun and pitiless winter frost, no wonder that neither tree nor shrub nor scarce a flower can exist. Among the most solemn places on the globe it must be reckoned the world's end, a vast stony wreck projecting above the wide waste of waters.—Albert L. Bolls in Booklovers Magazine.

The Tearkerchief.

In some parts of the Tyrol a beautiful though curious custom prevails. When a girl is going to be married and just before she leaves for the church her mother gives her a handkerchief, which is called a tearkerchief. It is made of newly spun and unused linen, and with it the girl dries the natural tears she sheds on leaving home. The tearkerchief is never used after the marriage day, but is folded up and placed in the linen closet, where it remains till its owner's death, when it is taken from its place and spread over her dead face.

Know Your Own Mind.

The great majority of people need bracing up all the time. They want to be reassured. They do not know their own minds. They are not sure of themselves. The leader, the man who can rule others, must be master of this art. Encouragement is to many men what flattery is to some women.—Success.

How He Avoided It.

"Have you ever been hissed off the stage?" asked the girl who was thrilled at having met a real actor.

"Oh, no," he replied. "When I'm off the stage I always try to be among friends as much as possible."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Learn to say "No." It will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—Spurgeon.

Life.

A colored philosopher is reported to have said, "Life, my breddern, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

Stubborn.

"Self opinionated? Well, I should say he is. I never met any one so dogmatic."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Why, he's positively bull-dogmatic."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1905.

ANOTHER VETO.

Mayor Reade cannot be accused of timidity in dealing with the City Council. To employ a somewhat overworked expression, he has the courage of his convictions. Making up his mind that a thing ought to be done, he does it; and vice versa. He has had some pretty spirited scraps with the Council, and worsted them in every encounter. Because he was always right, and they were always wrong.

A majority of the Council and a minority of the Board of Public Works have been dead set against building the new schoolhouse. They have resorted to all sorts of questionable methods to block it. Their last move was the passage of an order forbidding the City Treasurer selling the schoolhouse bonds, or paying out money for its construction.

At a special meeting of the Council last week the Mayor vetoed that order, and gave reasons for it that can't be fazed. The legal points he made against the order were sound to the core. They can't be got around or demolished.

But that wasn't all. The Mayor dealt a stinging blow to the Council on their assumption of powers that don't belong to them. He gave them to understand, right then and there, and in terms not to be misunderstood, that the Mayor is Chief Executive of this city, and that their officious meddling with his prerogatives was not relished, and would not be put up with. He gave them a square blow between the eyes.

And Mayor Reade and his latest veto are everlastingly right.

A GOOD NUMBER.

The issue of *Practical Politics*, Boston, of July 8, current, called the "Biographical Number," is worthy of preservation as an uncommonly valuable page of the Legislative history of this State. In addition to its usual amount of political intelligence it contains portraits and biographical sketches of Governor Douglas, Lieut Gov. Guild, and all other State officers, and a picture and sketch of each member of the Legislature of 1905. The pictures are especially fine.

An appreciative notice of Woburn's Representative, Herbert S. Riley, accompanies his portrait. It is so fair that we have taken the liberty to cut it from *P. P.* and print it in another column of the JOURNAL.

Mr. Charles H. Nowell of Reading, who, with Mr. Riley, represents this District in the House, is treated by the paper in the same complimentary manner.

THE KITTERY TREATY.

The good State of Maine is to have the honor of housing the Japan and Russia Peace Plenipotentiaries, the Kittery Navy Yard having been selected as the place for their deliberations and treaty singing this summer.

To be selected as the scene of the settlement of the greatest war of modern times is a fine feather in the cap of the Pine Tree State, and well may "Kittery Point and "Kittery Foreside" feel proud, and even Portsmouth, on the New Hampshire side of the Piscataqua, may be pardoned for putting on airs.

☞ In the Public Health Reports issued July 7 by the U. S. Treasury Department, the following paragraph occurs:

"As a result of the examination of telephone mouthpieces, conducted under the auspices of the Medical Officer of Health of the city of London, England, a bacteriological report has been submitted stating that no evidence was found of the contamination of the mouthpieces with either tuburcle or diphtheria bacilli; although attention was called to the bad ventilation of telephone booths."

The last above suggestion is worthy of consideration. No doubt telephone booths in cities and towns in this vicinity are unhealthy from lack of circulation of pure air in them, and the evil ought to be seen to and corrected. Local Boards of Health have charge of such matters.

☞ As everybody expected they would, the City Council passed the schoolhouse order over the Mayor's veto last Monday evening. The vote only went to emphasize the fact that the Council are bitterly opposed to building the schoolhouse, and have been from the start; it will, in nowise, check, or influence, work on it. No notice would be taken of the Council's action but for the fact that it is desirable and important that the voters of this city should keep in mind, now and hereafter, that the present Board of Aldermen have done all in their power to deprive them of the much needed new schoolhouse.

☞ Not much talk is heard respecting Old Home Week. It begins on Sunday, July 30, and lasts a week, and yet, not much preparation for it is reported anywhere in New England. General Taylor of the *Globe*, the originator of the Week, ought to stir the people up on the subject.

☞ The selection of Elihu Root by the President for Secretary of State, to succeed Secretary Hay, deceased, is the best that could have been made. The anti-imperialists, if there are any left, won't like it very well, but that don't matter.

☞ Thomas W. Lawson, who is on a stumping tour through Kansas against the Standard Oil Company, lost his voice in one of the cities of that State the other night. In Boston it wouldn't be considered much of a loss.

☞ Foss, the Canadian Reciprocity leader, is a man of boundless ambition. He don't know now but that he may be a candidate for Governor against Curtis Guild, Jr.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

F. C. S. B.—Notice.
Susan Tidd—Tutoring.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.

— Dr. Charles H. Buss, dentist, is at Intervale, N. H.

— The family of J. F. DeLories are summering at Marblehead Neck.

— The music of the steam road roller is now heard on Eastern avenue.

— The next openair Concert will be given by the Brass Band one week from tonight.

—Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— The "Jolly Fivs" will hold their second annual trolley trip to Revere Beach tonight.

— The S. of V., and Club, will take a trolley trip to Revere Beach next Wednesday evening.

— According to Crawford's notice Raspberry Sherbet is a specialty at his popular rooms just now.

— Women's Relief Corps 84 are to have an outing. If anybody deserves to have a good time No. 84 do.

— Mrs. J. W. McDonald, mother of Mrs. J. F. DeLorea, died at Marblehead Neck yesterday afternoon.

— George N. Parker enjoys Littleohn Island, Casco Bay, Maine, about as well as any place he knows of.

— Please read the card of Miss Susan E. Tidd in this paper. The information it contains is valuable.

— Sweltering humanity felt that the lightning, thunder, wind and rain yesterday afternoon was a godsend.

— Very little is doing in local politics. Lawyer Fred Davis, however, is going to make it hot enough by and by.

— Saturday last was the hottest day of the season up to that date. It melted the life and pluck right out of people.

— William F. Kenney, one of the Editorial veterans of the Boston *Globe*, and family are at Annisquam for the summer.

— We are glad to be assured by Mr Frank C. Nichols that Littlejohn Island continues to be the jewel of Casco Bay.

— Mr. Charles H. Burdett of Burdett's Business College, Boston, and family spend their vacation at Intervale, N. H.

— The Woburn Spanish War Veterans are organizing an association. They held their first meeting last Monday evening.

— It is reported that the Coast of Maine is swarming with summer visitors. There are more of them this year than ever before.

— Mrs. Angelo Crovo is visiting her parents at Carlisle, this county, and "Angy" is worrying along here at home the best way he can.

— Arthur V. Jones, son of Mr. Charlie A. Jones, President of the Savings Bank, has passed his examination for Harvard successfully.

— Mr. B. H. Nichols goes to Hope, on Penobscot Bay, soon to look after his farming interests there. Mrs. Nichols and friends will go with him.

— Notwithstanding the intense heat, and the fact that it was too hot for people to go to the beaches, trolley travel hereabouts last Sunday was great.

— We had pleasing evidence of the fact that Mr. Joseph Linnell is still on earth and lively, at that, by favors which he crowded onto us at that date.

— The Rev. Norman E. Richardson, pastor of the M. E. church, will exchange pulpits with the Rev. George E. Spaulding of Fitchburg next Sunday.

— Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue go from here tomorrow on a visit to their daughter Mrs. Minnie Nichols at North Weare, N. H.

— The National Band gave a fine concert on the Common last Tuesday evening. The players gave the big crowd the best they had in the shop.

— The wife of George W. Nichols, electrician of the Fire Department, was badly bitten by a dog a few days ago, but no serious results from the wounds were feared.

— Master Charles and Mary Winn, grandchildren of Mayor Reade, entertained about twenty-five young friends from surrounding towns, yesterday, at the Mayor's home.

— Mr. James R. Wood of Salem street, who has been quite ill for two or three weeks past, has so far recovered as to be able to walk out, but not to visit his Boston office.

— Mr. and Mrs. Walter Widgery left here yesterday for a visit to Antrim, N. H. Mr. Widgery will return in the course of a couple of weeks, and then visit his daughter at Springfield.

— Dog days come in one week from next Tuesday, or July 25. The reign of the Dog Star continues 40 days, or until Sept. 5. Hot weather usually prevails during that period of the year.

— On the invitation of Rev. Dr. Williams, pastor, Crystal Fount Lodge of Odd Fellows and Hope Rebekah Lodge attended divine services at the First Baptist church last Sunday evening.

— A touring car driven by John H. Bates struck a watering cart in charge of Edward Holland near Woodberry's corner, on Main street this evening. The car was damaged to the extent of $250.

— J. W. Smith, N. E. Section Director of the Climate Service of the U. S. Weather Bureau, in his report ending July 10, gives encouraging accounts of the crop prospects in New England.

— Gertrude Wood of the Post Office staff, daughter of James R Wood of Salem Street, will leave for Vermont next Monday where she will visit several localities. She will be gone two weeks.

— The alarm from Box 612 at 6.45 P. M. last Monday, was for a small fire in a house on Everett street occupied by Greeks, caused by an oil stove which became ignited, while Mr. Marcarley, who runs the house, was filling it with kerosene.

— Herbert B. Dow and his son Roland have been spending this week delightfully in New York.

— A freight brakeman was run over at the Swanton street B. & M. yards in Winchester at 6 o'clock yesterday morning and taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital. He received a broken leg and other injuries.

— Lawyer John P. Feeney went with a great crowd to Buffalo, N. Y., last Sunday as a delegate to the National convention of Elks held there this week. Nobody begrudged him the pleasure of the trip.

— Camp Bartlett at Westfield pulled stakes last Wednesday morning and the boys soon scooted for home. According to all accounts it has been a great muster of Massachusetts troops, with General Miles in command.

— Pondlilies are in bloom, and what flower is handsomer or more satisfying than it? Roses and pinks and things are all right in their time and place, but pondlilies overshadow them all in beauty and fragrance 2 to 1.

— Mr. Henry H. Leathe and family are now occupying their cottage at Southport, a popular seashore resort on the Maine coast. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Bond and friends started in their auto for the same destination today.

— That "Boston East Wind," so utterly detested a month ago, was a welcome visitor here last Tuesday, received by everybody with open arms. It tempered the heat and helped materially to make life worth living.

— It's no use to look for anything but dull business for the next six weeks. People are too busy with their vacation duties and pleasures to care much for anything else and trade and traffic will not cut much of a figure until about Sept. 1.

— Mrs. Walter Stackpole and daughter Lillian went to Rockport last Saturday where Lillian will remain two weeks with her grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Murdock. Mrs. Stackpole comes home this week.

— The concert given by the Woburn Brass Band on the Common last Friday evening was a fine one. It was enjoyed by a great crowd of music lovers, and the vicinity of the bandstand was covered deep with peanut shells Saturday morning.

— Mr. James H. Linnell, Manager of Linnell's Market, and wife is leaving today for Southport, Maine, where for several seasons they have enjoyed their vacation outing. Their friends, the Leathes, Bracketts, et. al. are already there.

— Miss Gertrude M. Heartz is doing graduate work in the Public School Music Department of the American Institute of Normal Methods at the New England Conservatory. Miss Heartz was graduated from the school in the class of '98.

— Beginning with next Sunday, and continuing throughout the summer, the morning service at Trinity church will be discontinued. Evening service will be held as usual at seven o'clock, at which the Rector will be assisted by the full vested choir.

— Last Saturday Mr. Redmond E Walsh, Water Registrar, was presented with a handsome oak buffet by the inmates and officeholders of City Hall. City Clerk Finn was mainly responsible for the affair. It was a handsome and well deserved present.

— One has only to see the thousands of gypsy and browntail butterflies that fill the tree, shops, etc. evenings when brightly lighted up, to doubt seriously the possibility of exterminating the moths, or coming anywhere near doing it. They are a sight to behold!

— Hon. E. E. Thompson, Associate County Commissioner, has been engaged on the business of that Court ever since the illness of Commissioner Upham, and yesterday morning he declared on the honor of the Board that Wednesday's heat and discomfort beat the band.

— Mr. and Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson of Court street started yesterday on their summer outing which will be spent in the Adirondacks, a favorite retreat of theirs. They expect to remain in the woods and by the lakes of that popular resort not less than two weeks, and perhaps longer.

— Miss Brownell of Oakland, California, a suburb of San Francisco, and a lady friend, called on the JOURNAL people last Sunday. They are touring the United States, and are delighted with Boston and its environs, especially with the privilege of studying Revolutionary history on the spot.

— The JOURNAL had for callers last Tuesday afternoon its highly esteemed friends and neighbors in the West, Mrs. Frank Williams of Somerville, and her sister, Miss Sarah Allen of Henry County, Illinois, both of whom the JOURNAL was glad to see. Miss Allen is spending the summer here in the East.

— One reason why Crawford has the largest trade in this city in ice-cream, confectionery, etc. is that his goods are pure, made of the best materials, and the people know it. When they buy of him they are sure of getting simonpure articles—the very best manufactured—and that wins business every time.

— Miss Anna Cummings, bookkeeper for Cummings, Chute & Co., coal, hay and grain merchants, one of the most capable business women in town, is now in New Hampshire in the full enjoyment of needed rest and recuperation. Later in the season she will, probably, supplement her present outing with trips in other directions.

— Charles P. Buckley, driver of Hook and Ladder 1, who was severely injured a few weeks ago while responding to a fire call, and has been laid up ever since, returned to his post of duty last Sunday morning, his condition being nearly as good as new. He escaped death by the skin of his teeth, but his injuries were severe and painful. He is now all right.

— In order that appointments may immediately follow in the Woburn Post Office, a special, clerk-carrier examination for the office will be held in Boston on Wednesday, July 19, at 1 o'clock p. m. The age limit is 18 to 45 years and male applicants must measure not less than 5 ft., 4 in. in height in their stocking feet and weigh not less than 125 pounds.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond of Worcester, accompanied by Mr. Longley, who is connected with his business, was in town yesterday. Both gentlemen were in fine feather.

— The South Border Athletic and Outing Club will hold their sixth annual lawn party Friday evening, July 21, on the premises in the rear of 16 Main street.

— The Sunday School pupils of the North Congregational church had a beautiful day for their trolley trip to Revere Beach last Wednesday. They took advantage of it and enjoyed themselves finely.

— It is about time for the political, or campaign, clambake to put in an appearance. Not one has yet been announced, which suggests the inquiry, what's the matter with all the candidates? We believe clambakes are generally used for launching booms for persons who aspire to political nominations; but nothing of the kind has been heard of so far this summer. And it is getting along towards convention time. too.

— The procession that followed the remains of Mrs. McHugh, wife of Commissioner Peter McHugh of the Board of Public Works, to her last earthly restingplace in Calvery cemetery attested to the high esteem in which that lady was held. Flowers in great profusion and beauty were conveyed in a barouche to the grave. The funeral was held at St. Charles church at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, July 13.

— Capt. John Gilcreast, Supt. of the Woburn Gaslight Co., after mature and candid consideration, has made up his mind to refrain from a long continuous vacation this year, and to take his in trolley trips of reasonable length, an occasional visit to the Beach, a drive among the horny handed yeomanry of North Andover and thereabouts, attending the reunion of the 39th, and these are about all. And therein the Captain shows wisdom.

— First Congregational church is to close this vacation season only long enough to renovate and improve the vestry, kitchen, etc. Rev. Dr. Norton will pass his month off duty in New Hampshire, and during his absence Rev. J. E. Tuttle will occupy the pulpit on July 20; Rev. J. E. McConnell on July 27; and Rev. Dr. March on other dates. Rev. Wolcott Calkins, pastor of the Montvale Congregational church, takes no vacation.

— The Woburn Brass Band was not a bit stingy with their music on the Fourth, and it was excellent and high-class. That city is to be congratulated on having so fine a Band.—*Winchester Star.*

The Woburn Brass is one of the oldest and best in the State, and "Tom" Marrinan, its leader, has but few peers anywhere. They are in demand, too, outside of Woburn, and often play for Boston parades.

— Mrs. Harriet Wright Smith of 62 Winn street was 93 years old last Saturday, July 8. She was born in Woburn of Jacob and Lucretia Wright and married Aaron Smith in 1833. He died in 1851. Notwithstanding her extreme age, Mrs. Smith engages daily in the active pursuits of life, and is blessed with the possession of her faculties. She is a direct descendant of Rev. Thomas Carter, the first minister of Woburn (1642), and is of the third generation from him.

— According to some reports and newspaper accounts Camp Bartlett at Westfield has been rather a disorderly place during the General Muster there this week. If true, their conduct would be far from creditable to the State Militia; but until it is known how much of a hand South Framingham has had in originating and circulating the reports, decision should be reserved. At anyrate, it is perfectly safe to bet, and give large odds, that Co. G, 5th Regiment, have behaved like gentlemen all the time.

— The Summer School of Methods at Northfield for Sunday School workers, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Sunday School Association, opens July 23rd and continues until the 30th. The low rates for board and tuition secured by the Association make it an unusual and inexpensive opportunity for those who are interested in advanced religious educational work through the Sunday School to obtain needed help and instruction. Information can be obtained by addressing Hamilton S. Conant, General Secretary, 120 Boylston St., Room 615, Boston, Mass.

— Last Friday a jolly picnic party of Woburnites spent the day at Willowdale, a popular resort in Tyngsboro. The many attractions of the beautiful grove and Lake Mascoppick made the day pass all too quickly, and many were the expressions of regret when the time came to turn homeward, and with one accord the resolution was made to "come again soon." Mrs. N. W. Frye was matron, of the party the personnel of which was, Mesdames Brooks, Rawson, Merrill, Emery and Misses Effie Sweetser, Helen B. Cook and Gussie Henderson.

— The West and Middle West are doing a good deal to preserve and keep in working order the New England Puritan spirit in Woburn. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., came to the First Congregational church in this city from San Diego, California; H B Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church, was raised at and came from San Jose, California; Rev. N. E. Richardson, pastor of the M. E. church, is a most worthy product of Wisconsin; and G. Sigfrid Swenson, rector of the Swede Lutheran church, is a Rockford, Illinois, man, and graduate of Augustana College at Rock Island, that State.

— A party of girls, some of whom claimed to be from the Central Telephone office of Chelsea, came here last Sunday to spend the day. They opened camp on the southerly side of the cove at Horn Pond, and had enjoyed themselves in a firstclass manner until towards the latter part of the afternoon, when a heavy shower came, and but it not been for the appearance of a party of young men from the South End Social Club, who were nearby in a boat, it might have been worse. These kind gentlemen relieved them by lending them their coats. After drying their garments a little at the Pumping Station, they took the car at the corner of Lake avenue, with many thanks to the young men for their courtesy.

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Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises.
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For outing wear and for the hot months we offer

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MEN'S AND BOYS'

HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET

BOSTON

— Rev. Dr. Norton will take his vacation after the first Sunday in August.

— George William Buchanan and wife are taking their outing at Squirrel Island, Maine.

— Some of the stories that the owners of trees and shrubbery tell about the size of the moth invasions suffered by them are wonderful, indeed. They tell of finding from 100 to 1,000 worms on a single tree, either of which number multiplied by the aggregate of trees in town would make a story that even old Munchausen might hesitate to acknowledge the parentage of. It is true, of course, that the city is overrun with the pest, and that nearly everybody is scratching; but these conditions hardly warrant the yarns that are spun about it. With some of our people the slaughter of the caterpillars has become a mania, almost; and the stories of monomaniacs are not always to be taken without grains of salt.

— We approach a mention of the heat last Sunday with fear and trembling, and with about the same feeling towards Saturday and days following Sunday. It is entirely safe to place Sunday's figure at 100 degrees in the shade, with not a breath of air to cool the fevered brow. Some glasses showed a few notches below 100; others went higher; so, we put the average at 100, and defy criticism. It was said to be the hottest Sunday since 1871, and possibly the statement was true. But at about 4 p. m. a gentle rain, with some lighting and thunder caused a drop of a good many degrees, and a comfortable evening was vouchsafed to suffering humanity. It was a dreadful hot day, and so was the Saturday before, and days following, especially Monday, which was a scorcher. And so was Wednesday.

— Supt. Gray of the Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railway should lose no time in getting his Conductors together at the N. W. barn and organizing a local Geography Class for their benefit and that of the public. Attendance should be made compulsory. When he reads this little story he will probably think so, too. Last Sunday afternoon two young women, Miss Brownell and her companion, from California, who are touring the United States, came out from Boston on a trolley to call on some friends. They informed the conductor that they wanted to leave the car at Church avenue. He told them that there was no avenue in Woburn by that name. They insisted that there must be, for their directions were from a reliable source, and Church avenue, not Church street, as he contended, was the point for them to disembark at. The intelligent conductor said no: he had been on the line a long time and never heard of Church avenue; knew nothing of such a thoroughfare; and the ladies were surely mistaken. Well, what do you think, Supt. Gray? That conductor carried those young strangers to North Woburn (presumably hunting for Church avenue); then took them back in the same car, without leaving it; and they finally found their destination. It was a shame. Think of it; a conductor who has run up and down Main street on the B. & N. for several years, and ignorant of the fact that there is a Church avenue in Woburn! Isn't a class in local geography needed by some of the B. & N. conductors?

City Council.

The Board held a regular session on Monday evening, July 10.

The order instructing the City Treasurer and Finance Committee to withhold payment for construction of the new schoolhouse was passed over the Mayor's veto 11 to 2.

The Finance Committee reported in favor of $800 for an ambulance; $750 for moths; and for repairs on buildings $12,500.

For a medal for Charles P. Buckley, driver of hook and ladder 1, to be presented as an acknowledgment of his fine work at the time of the Montvale avenue runaway a few weeks ago of his horses, resulting in serious injury to himself, $25 was voted.

Board of Public Works.

The Board is seeing to it that progress on building the new High schoolhouse does not lag. They of them leave no stone unturned to stay progress, but their opposition does not count.

At a meeting held last Monday the following bids were opened, and action on them deferred:

P. H. Jackson	$81,405
Dillon Bros.	88,792
Driscoll & O'Brien	88,873
Woodbury & Leighton	88,974
J. J. Priudiville	89,744
John E. Locotrelle	91,090
H.P.Cummings & Co	92,587
Henry MGohey	97,711
L.P.Soule & Son Co	101,737
William C. Edwards	105,121

A Field Day.

The summer field meeting of the State Board of Agriculture will be held this year on July 25, at Lowell, on the grounds of the Middlesex North Agricultural Society. Secretary Ellsworth plans to make this an unusually successful meeting in the way of demonstration work, and as it is the first of the kind to be held in Eastern Massachusetts a large attendance is looked for. No admission fee will be charged and all farmers or others interested in agricultural problems are invited to come and witness the demonstrations that will form the principal feature of the meeting. This demonstration work was first taken up by the Board at its meeting at Amherst last year, and was so well received on that occasion that it is to be amplified and made of even greater importance at this meeting.

At 9 o'clock A. M. Prof. F. A. Waugh of the Massachusetts Agricultural College will illustrate and explain the preparation of Bordeau mixture for the prevention of fungous diseases.

At 9.45 A. M. General Agent P. M. Harwood of the Mass. Dairy Bureau will demonstrate the workings of the Babcock tester.

At 10.30 A. M. Mr. W. D. Rudd, the marketman and poultry raiser will demonstrate the killing and preparation of poultry for the market.

At 11.15 A. M. Prof. Wm. H. Caldwell, Secretary of the American Guernsey Cattle Club, will give a running lecture on the points of a dairy cow and how to select one.

Dinner will be served in the Society's dining hall by the ladies of Dracut Grange, at a reasonable price, or those in attendance are welcome to bring a basket lunch.

After dinner the speaker of the day, Hon. N. J. Bachelder, ex-Governor of New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture and lecturer of the National Grange, will give an address on "Matters of Importance for Rural Betterment." An instructive and entertaining address may be looked for.

Those attending the meeting have been invited to visit the Hood Farm and inspect its herds of Jerseys and Berkshires, and this visit will be made at the close of the address.

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris, is, that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vanleer, Tenn. "I had a cough, for fourteen years. Nothing helped me, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which gave instant relief, and effected a permanent cure." Unequalled quick cure, for Throat and Lung Troubles. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c and $1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

Herbert S. Riley.

Woburn for the past two years has contributed a very sane and conscientious member to the Legislature as her Representative from the 28th Middlesex in the person of Herbert S. Riley.

Her forethought on that score has been recognized also by the Speaker in giving to him a place on the Committee on Metropolitan Affairs. In the case of the city of Woburn it has been especially important, for she is close to scenes of activity in the Metropolitan District, and a man with a clear head has been needed to see that the rights of the city in the money spent and in the manner it is spent are carefully safeguarded. Mr. Riley has done that, for he holds a record for prompt and regular attendance at Committee hearings since he entered the General Court. Next year, when even larger matters of Metropolitan development, touching even more closely the Woburn section, are to be brought up, the importance of his position in the estimation of the members in general and of his own Committee will become even more apparent.

Mr. Riley was born in Woburn in 1859. He attended the public schools and Tufts' College and on graduation he became a teacher. Afterwards he studied law and was admitted to the Bar. In Woburn he was first distinguished with a place on the School Committee, where he served 11 years. From 1900 to 1904 he was Chairman. In the House of 1904 he was on the Committee of Taxation.—*Practical Politics.*

Electric Novelties.

The International Electrical Exposition, which opens in Mechanics Building, Boston, July 15, will abound in startling devices in addition to the most elaborate display of electric machinery ever shown under one roof in America. One of the most interesting exhibits will be made by C. S. Knowles who has secured from the Polytechnic Institute, of Worcester, the loan of its mammoth transformer, its ratio being the highest ever successfully worked out, viz: 1000 to 1. By its use the voltage of 200 received from the power station is increased to 200,000, as against 60,000, the highest voltage used in any transmission line in the country, the latter now being operated in California. Tongues of purple flame leap outward, showers of electric sparks fly skyward, while detonations resembling a volley of musketry renders this spectacle brilliant and inspiring.

Concerts by Reeves American Band, introducing solos by artists of international renown, will be given each afternoon and evening during the week. The show will open its doors to the public Saturday evening, July 15.

Boston & Northern.

The new office of Assistant General Manager has been created by the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railways. Henry E. Reynolds, who has been connected with the street railways south of Boston for the past 21 years, has been appointed to that responsible position. Mr. Reynolds has worked his way up gradually, starting with the old Brockton Street Railway as a conductor, then Cashier, Bookkeeper, Asst. Treasurer and Treasurer. At the time of the consolidation of the many street railways south of Boston into what is now known as the Old Colony Street Railway he was appointed Superintendent of the Quincy and Hyde Park Divisions of the Company where he remained until 1903, when he was appointed Assistant General Superintendent of the entire system with headquarters at Brockton. In 1904 he was tendered the position of Purchasing Agent of the two Companies which he held until his present appointment.

Real Estate.

Smith's Real Estate Agency has rented to A. L. Carpenter of Somerville, suite of Rooms No. 1 Prospect street.

Also rented No. 16 Court street, ½ house, to J. C. Andrews of Lowell.

The Nelson Estate Kilby street, to H. McGilvary and taken possession.

No. 1 Fryburg Road to J. D. Orr of Stoneham.

No. 43 Vernon street to Robert Colman.

Also rented the Winn house 73 Pleasant street with stable, to Miss E. M. Dow.

The estate 42 Vernon street to Thos. H. Dunlap of Arlington.

Rented to J. L. Randolph of Keene, N. H., employee of the B. & M. R.R., the Flagg estate, No. 128 Montvale ave.

Systematic Disinfection.

Without going to the extreme of imagining danger where none exists, it is wise to have a systematic plan of disinfection; not by spasmodic efforts when an epidemic exists, or is threatened, but making a determined effort to keep the home in a healthful or sanitary condition at all times. The constant use of the well known bactericide Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL, the "modern cleaner," will maintain such conditions as no other agent will.

Forced to Starve.

B. F. Leek, of Concord, Ky., says: "For 20 years I suffered agonies, with a sore on my upper lip, so painful, sometimes, that I could not eat. After vainly trying everything else, I cured it, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's great for burns, cuts and wounds. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; Only 25c.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Yesterday was No. 6 in a series of the hottest days that have visited these parts for nobody knows how long.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that the following is a true list of the members of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation date as June 30, 1905:—

William T. Grammer	Everett P. Fox
Samuel Cook	Luke W. Fowle
John R. Carter	Julius F. Ramsdell
Charlie A. Jones	Elwyn G. Preston
Edward D. Hayden	Herbert B. Dow
John Winn	Henry M. Aldrich
John W. Johnson	Daniel W. Bond
Fred J. Brown	Joseph F. DeLories
George E. Fowle	Winthrop Hammond
Edward J. Gregory	John Maloney
William Beggs	Fred E. Cottle
Lewis W. Thompson	John P. Chute
Edward E. Thompson	Henry H. Leathe
Squire B. Goddard	Frank B. Richardson

Attest:

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., July 11, 1905.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that at the Annual Meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation held June 30, 1905, the following named persons were elected to the office specified and have duly qualified as such officials:—

PRESIDENT.

Charlie A. Jones.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

John Winn John R. Carter William Beggs

CLERK.

A. Herbert Holland.

AUDITORS.

Fred J. Brown, Elwyn G. Preston

TRUSTEES.

John Winn	John W. Johnson
William Beggs	Lewis W. Thompson
Edward E. Thompson	Elwyn G. Preston
George E. Fowle	Fred J. Brown
Squire B. Goddard	Luke W. Fowle
Herbert B. Dow	Joseph F. DeLories
Henry M. Aldrich	Julius F. Ramsdell
Charlie A. Jones	Fred E. Cottle.
John R. Carter	

The Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank at a meeting held June 30, 1905, elected the following officers who have duly qualified according to law:—

BOARD OF INVESTMENT.

Charlie A. Jones	Squire B. Goddard
John Winn	Herbert B. Dow
John R. Carter	Luke W. Fowle
William Beggs	Julius F. Ramsdell
Lewis W. Thompson	

TREASURER.

A. Herbert Holland

Attest:

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., July 11, 1905.

HOT WEATHER DISINFECTING.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

Is the most economical and effective household disinfectant, deodorant and cleaner.

At all dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c. and $1.00. ☞ Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.

M. J. MULKEEN,

Notary Public

Justice of the Peace

— AND —

General Steamship Agent.

White Star Line, Cunard Line, American Line, Atlantic Transportation Line, Dominion Line, Holland American Line, Leyland Line, Red Star Line, Anchor Line, Allan Line.

Drafts at the lowest rates.

Pension Vouchers promptly and carefully executed

OFFICE: 480 Main Street.

RESIDENCE: 106 Pleasant Street.

WOBURN

TUTORING

In Grammar and High School requirements.

SUSAN E. TIDD,
Woburn, Mass.

192 Salem street.

FRED GOWING
"OSTEOPATH"

Residence: - 6 Wyer's Court,
Woburn, Mass.

P. O. Box 375.

Hay For Sale.

Good English Hay. Free delivery in large or small lots.
Apply at 71 Wyman street.
E. C. COLMAN.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday after Trinity.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer.
Music by Vested Choir.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Rev. George E. Spaulding of Fitchburg.
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., Sermon. Rev. George E. Spaulding.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "Unspotted."
12 M., Sunday School.
6.15 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Evening Service. A Sermon in Story.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Truth." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.30.

The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Married.

In this city, July 12, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Thomas William Healey of Somerville and Mary Ellen Shea of this city.

In this city, July 12, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Thomas Curran and Mary O'Donnell, both of Woburn.

In this city, July 12, by Rev. H. C. Parker, Andrew C. Drew of Charlestown and Lillian Maude Boutwell of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 11, Mary E. McHugh, aged 37 years.

In Acworth, N. H., July 11, Elizabeth Carney, of Woburn, aged 65 years.

In this city, July 11, Mary E. Brennan, aged 65 years.

In Norwood, July 10, James Edward Plummer, formerly of Woburn, aged 45 years.

In Roxbury, June 30, at Home for Aged Couples, Sarah Ann Gilman, widow of the late Rila Gilman, of Woburn, aged 87 years.

In Somerville, July 11, John D. Porter, formerly of Woburn.

At Marblehead, July 13, Rebecca A. McDonald of Woburn, aged 75 years, 6 months.

Funeral from parlor of First Congregational Church, Woburn, Sunday, July 16, at 3 P. M. Relatives and friends invited to attend without further notice.

Base Ball.

The game of July 4 has caused a lot of talk about town, but there is not a word said about another game between the teams that played; why not arrange another game between the South Border team and the Hams, the latter have $25 or $50 to back them up, but as for the North Woburns they should be satisfied with one game out of three from the South Borders.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James P. Mooney to Nellie S. Shaw, dated October 29th, A. D. 1892, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2154, Page 110, which mortgage has been duly assigned to John G. Maguire by said Nellie S. Shaw by assignment dated July 8th, A. D. 1905, recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, August 12th, 1905,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the easterly side of Eastern Avenue, containing four thousand five hundred and fifty one (4551) square feet, being lot number 63 on a plan of the Highland Park Lots owned by Leonard H. Allen and L. W. Fowle, drawn by George F. Hartshorne, C. E., dated January, 1890, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at a stake at the northwesterly corner of the premises on said Eastern Avenue and distant one hundred seventy-one and four-tenths (171.4) feet southerly from the southerly line of land of Theodore L. Pierce, measuring on said Eastern Avenue; from thence the line runs southerly on and by said Eastern Avenue fifty-six and one-tenth (56.1) feet to a private way shown on said plan designated as Fowle street extension; thence turning, the line runs easterly by and with said private way eighty-one and fifty-eight one hundredths (81 58-100) feet to lot No. 50 on said plan; thence turning, the line runs northerly on and by said lot No. 50 fifty-six (56) feet to lot No. 62 on said plan; thence turning, the line runs westerly on and by said lot No. 62 eighty and ninety-six one hundredths 80 96-100 feet, to the point of beginning; together with the right to use said private way in common with others for all proper purposes of a street or passageway; being the same premises conveyed to said James P. Mooney by Leonard H. Allen by deed dated September 28th, 1892, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2145, Page 519.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, Mass., July 10, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick J. Guerin to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated August 11th, 1904, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3118, Page 127, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, the twenty-ninth day of July, A. D. 1905,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:— A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Charles street in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, containing two and one-half acres, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Charles street; westerly by land formerly of Henry Wendall, by land of Clara S. and Maria E. Carter, and land formerly of Walter Wyman; northerly by land, now or formerly, of Morrill Wyman; easterly by land, now or late of said Morrill Wyman, and by land of the City of Woburn, known as Woodbrook Cemetery; being the same premises conveyed to said Patrick J. Guerin by Helen M. Thompson et al. by deed dated August 9th, 1904, to be herewith recorded.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens.

$100.00 will be required at time of sale; the balance within ten days upon passing papers at office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
By John C. Buck, Treasurer.

Woburn, Mass., July 5th, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Hugh Billingsly of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to William H. Richardson of Arlington, in said County, dated June 1st, 186-, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 1094, Folio 131; and for breach of the condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction in said Woburn, upon the premises hereinafter described, on **Tuesday, the first day of August, 1905,** at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:

"Two certain lots of land, with the building thereon standing, situate in the southerly part of Woburn aforesaid, being lots numbered three and four on plan of land belonging to L. G. and W. H. Richardson, surveyed by Josiah Hovey in May, A.D. 1869, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Westerly by Arlington street; southerly by Belmont street; easterly by lot No. 2; and northerly by land of Abbott, and containing about fifteen thousand three hundred square feet;" being the same premises conveyed to said Hugh Billingsly by L. G. and W. H. Richardson by deed of warranty of even date with said mortgage.

The building formerly on said premises has been destroyed.

Said premises will be sold subject to all tax titles and tax sales, and to all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any.

$100.00 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

FLORELLA A. WELLS,
GEORGIANNA SQUIRE,

Executrices of the Will of the Mortgagee, William H. Richardson.

Commonwealth of Massachuse ts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Lucinda E. Webber, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased, have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Marcus H. Cotton, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of July, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, aed by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Anna Richardson, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Chester W. Clark, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of July, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

GO TO Bass Point

Ideal Resort for a Day's Outing

BY BOAT FROM LYNN

FARE 10c.

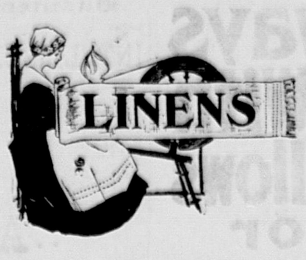
Take trolley car to Lynn Square Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining Narrow Guage Depot.

Boats leave the wharf for Point every 25 minutes Sunday, 35 Daily.

To Let.

One tenement of 6 rooms at 37 Salem street, 10 dollars per month. Also, one tenement of 6 rooms at No. 4 Court street, 10 dollars per month.

E. H. RICHARDS.



COPELAND & BOWSER,

399-401 Main Street.

Togo Muffins

WHAT THEY?

Whitchey's PILL BOX

They're Just Lovely! 10c a Dozen.

The Drugstore you get what you ask for at the lowest price.

Peanut Brittle, also, 20c. lb.

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn — Telephone 131-2
Boston Office, 93 Water Street — Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

CUT GLASS!

You can hardly go wrong in choosing something in Cut Glass for a wedding or anniversary present. And you certainly can't go wrong in coming here to purchase it. We have a beautiful assortment of the latest designs, including Water Bottles, Bowls, Bon Bon, Olive and Oil, from among which anyone can surely select a gift for the amount they wish to spend.

SIMMONS watch or lognette chains for graduation.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches a specialty.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF

Our Beautiful Vase Offer

☞ SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY.

We will present you a Vase with a purchase of either our

COLD CREAM or TALCUM POWDER

We guarantee our Cold Cream to be the most satisfactory of any you have ever used. An exquisite product in a beautiful package. Contains no injurious substance. Harmless to even an infant. Beautifies the skin, keeps away Rash and Pimples, cures Sunburn, Rough and Red Skin, soothes inflamed surfaces and keeps the skin soft and pliable. An elegant Massage Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair on the skin.

PRICE: 25 Cents.

A full 4 ounce package.

The only known Powder that will thoroughly deodorize all offensive odors. Antiseptic and Disinfectant. Highly recommended for Infants and adults. Relieves Burns, Chafes, Blisters, Nettle Rash, Measles, Prickly Heat, Scarlatina, etc. As a Foot Powder for Tender, Blistering or Sweating Feet it has no equal. Gentlemen find it a luxury after Shaving. It Soothes and Heals at once.

PRICE: 25 Cents.

Large 8 oz. Sprinkler Top Bottle.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Public Telephone. Free Messenger Service.
We save you money on all Drugstore Goods.

We are receiving some very fine.

NEW CREAMERY BUTTER

PRICES ARE LOWER.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 105-5.

No One Thing Adds So Much to the Summer Pleasure as a

Let us show you the one you need for this season.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,

361 Main St.

Was Your Home Comfortably Warm Last Winter?

If not, why not prepare to keep out next winter's cold? You can save fuel too. Advice and estimates cost you nothing. Results guaranteed. Those at the head of the procession never have to wait. Telephone Woburn 246-6

EDWARD E. PARKER,

No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

Literary Notices.

Patriotism, pleasure and profit are the happy ingredients which go to make up the contents of the July number of THE AMERICAN BOY. The splendid cover picture showing a stalwart American Revolutionary soldier standing sword in hand in defense of the Stars and Stripes will excite a real Fourth of July feeling in both old and young. Among the patriotic stories and articles in this number are: Archie Comstock's Celebration; What Has Happened on the Fourth of July; The First Declaration of Independence in America; The Battle of Fort Windy; For the Mikado; A French Frog and an American Eagle; My Four Years at West Point. Larger stories and articles comprise: Life-Savers of the Sea; The Boy Conqueror; Can You Write a Letter? The Orchestra of the English High School of Boston; A Night Alone on the Prairie; University of Pennsylvania Will Try to Make Every Student an Athlete; Freckled Tommy's Joke; Catching a Sea Serpent; Some Four-footed Heroes; How Uncle Sam Collected a Debt; Off Sable Island; A Discussion of Football; Baseball Helps; Standing High Jump. The Boy Mechanic and Electrician tells about Current Electricity and how to experiment. The various departments of Boys are all replete with most interesting information. American Boy Day is also made a feature of the paper. The illustrations number over 100. Subscription price $1 00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mish.

Bent Her Double.

"I knew no one, for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double, and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I can walk as straight as ever. They are simply wonderful." Guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders; at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c.

WINCHESTER.

More of our people than ever are going out on vacation rest and pleasure, and other things.

Aquatic sports on Mystic Lake do not seem to be in the ascendant this year so much as formerly.

Miss Amy Higgins of this town and Mr. Allen P. MacKinnon of Bay State Road are engaged to be married.

Brother Tuck never has the least difficulty in finding objects to kick against. He seems to take an "opposite" view of about everything, and might, with entire propriety, be termed an "off ox."

Our people haven't got over being proud of the 4th of July celebration. It was great, and went to show what Winchester people can do when they set out in earnest to do something. The crowd present was immense.

If newspaper writers are not entirely destitute of influence, that grade crossing, which has been so fatal in the past, will soon be among the things of the past. It is certainly high time that something was done to abolish that "death trap."

They say Medford is hot after abolition of the 5 cent fare between the two Squares in that town. They think the high fare militates against their interests. Perhaps so before "Medford Rum" went into retirement, but what do Winchester citizens want to go to that fine old city for now?

Mrs. Sayward of this village is one of the Directors of the Ladies Squirrel Island Improvement Association. Squirrel Island is a fashionable summer resort near the mouth of the Kennebec River, first opened up as such by wealthy people of Somerset county

A numerously signed petition has been sent to the Metroplitan Park Commissioners praying for a reconsideration of their order to squelch Hillcrest Observatory, which is a choice and dear object to the hearts of our people, and everybody privately prays that the general prayer will be answered. Winchester would hardly know how to keep house without the Observatory. After all, frills and flourishes are sometimes troublesome.

A Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver, by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure, for headache, dizziness and constipation. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store.

The Race He Won.

In the old whaling days a New Bedford captain fell in with a lot of his "townies" in the Pacific, says the Chicago Record-Herald, and after a landing for water on the coast of South America, began a boat race off shore toward the ships. The old skipper kept muttering to his crew to take it easy. The others jeered him as he fell behind, but he took it cheerfully.

"The race I'm after is the race home," he said. He pointed to a little bight in the rocks into which the crew could just see.

"Ever see that rock in there before?" he asked. "No, I guess not. That's a cow whale and her calf up there on the shore. It's her nursery."

When the others were far enough away to give him a clear field he made for the shore. He got the cow and the calf. The others said very little about the race he did not win, for he was the first man back to New Bedford.

Ups and Downs of Santa Cruz.

Probably no other of the West Indian islands has had such a checkered career as Santa Cruz. In turn it has belonged to Spain, which abandoned it; to England and Holland jointly; to England alone; to Spain again, which fell upon the colonists and destroyed or deported them all; to France, which took it from Spain; to the Knights of Malta, who received it as a gift from France; to a private company of adventurers. Then it was resumed possession of by France, but abandoned, so that in 1720 it was uninhabited. Then it became a no man's land until 1727, when France took it again, and presently sold it to a Danish company, which sold it in turn to the king of Denmark. In 1801 England took it once more, gave it back to Denmark, repented and took it away again in a few months, held it for eight years, and then returned it to Denmark, which holds it still.

"HERE IS THE TRAIL."

Signs Used by Indian Tribes and White Hunters.

First among the trail signs that are used by Indians and white hunters and most likely to be of use to the traveler, says a writer in Country Life in America, are ax blazes on tree trunks. These may vary greatly with locality, but there is one everywhere in use with scarcely any variation. This is simply the white spot nicked off by knife or ax and meaning, "Here is the trail."

The Ojibways and other woodland tribes use twigs for a great many signs. The hanging broken twig, like the simple blaze, means, "This is the trail." The twig clean broken off and laid on the ground across the line of march means, "Break from your straight course and go in the line of the butt end," and when an especial warning is meant the butt is pointed toward the one following the trail and raised somewhat in a forked twig. If the butt of the twig were raised and pointing to the left it would mean, "Look out, camp," or "Ourselves or the enemy or the game we have killed is out that way."

The old buffalo hunters had an established signal that is yet used by mountain guides. It is as follows:

Two shots in rapid succession, an interval of five seconds by the watch, then one shot, means, "Where are you?" The answer, given at once and exactly the same, means: "Here I am. What do you want?" The reply to this may be one shot, which means, "All right; I only wanted to know where you were." But if the reply repeats the first it means: "I am in serious trouble. Come as fast as you can."

PROUD OF HIS WORK.

John McCullough Made Chairs Before He Became an Actor.

Of the thousands who admired the acting of John McCullough few were aware that at sixteen he could read, but could not write, and that at eighteen he knew absolutely nothing of literature, perhaps not even the name of the great poet of Avon, whose interpreter he afterward became.

In after life McCullough used to speak gratefully of an old chairmaker, under whom he worked, for teaching him two things—"chairmaking and Shakespeare." In his periods of conviviality the old chairmaker was accustomed to spout Shakespeare to young McCullough, giving a somewhat imperfect imitation of Forrest's acting. It was this that turned McCullough's thought from chairmaking to the stage. Yet in all his after years McCullough was proudest of his early craft. On one occasion, at the height of his popularity, he was the guest of a wealthy Philadelphian. In the midst of the talk after dinner the tragedian glanced at a chair in the room, went over to it and, turning it bottom up, said to his amazed host:

"I thought so! That's one of my chairs!"

And he seemed prouder of the fact that the chair had lasted so long, because it was so well made, than he was of his histrionic success.—Saturday Evening Post.

Customs Red Tape.

Several tins of paint were found among the luggage of an Englishman who was traveling to Monaco. He was in charge of a racing craft and intended to use the pigment to touch up the vessel after its long railway journey. The French customs officials, however, took exception to the paint on the ground that it contained dutiable spirit, whereupon the traveler argued that he intended bringing it back on leaving the country. Asked how he was going to bring it back, he replied, "On the sides of the boat." Even this plea did not suffice, the authorities arguing that the spirit would have evaporated.

The Great Assam Earthquake.

After the great Assam earthquake which occurred on June 12, 1897, the earth tremor went on continuously for several days. It was estimated that there were 200 shocks a day for a few days after June 12, and, though these had diminished to twenty or thirty a day by the middle of July, the people were accustomed for at least two years after the earthquake to a daily shock. These after shocks were the residual effects of the first big disturbance and had nothing dangerous in their character.

Left the World.

The beautiful Mme. X. was greatly distressed a short while since. Her husband had forsaken her, leaving behind him a note as follows: "Farewell, dear Adelaide. I am quitting this world." Two days later the lamented husband returned to the wife of his bosom in the best of spirits. He had been up in a balloon.

Buying, Not Shopping.

Caller—Is your mother in, Ethel? Ethel—No, ma'am; she's downtown. Caller—Shopping? Ethel—Oh, no; I don't think she had time for that. She just said she was going to get some things she needed.—Philadelphia Press.

Shocking.

Mrs. Gramercy—You look awfully worried, my dear girl. Mrs. Park—It's all on account of my stupid maid. She let me go out with Fido when I was wearing the gown that harmonizes with Babette!—Puck.

An Amateur.

Ethel—Are you sure he has never loved before? Edith—Yes. He told me to go round to the jeweler's and pick out any ring I wanted.—Judge.

Every wise man has a parachute of prudence attached to his balloon of enthusiasm.

Cause of the Row.

Mrs. Popley—For goodness' sake, what's the matter with Willie? Mr. Popley (from the bathroom)—Oh, he wants the earth. Mrs. Popley—Wants the earth? Mr. Popley—Yes; at least that portion of it that I'm trying to wash off his hands and face.—Philadelphia Press.

Judging Her Appetite.

Very Stout Old Lady (watching the lions fed)—'Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece of meat for such an animal. Attendant—It may seem like a small piece of meat to you, ma'am, but it's big enough for the lion.

Cultivate the Difficulty.

The way to get to the top is to cultivate the difficult. The way to stay at the bottom is to cultivate that which almost anybody else similarly circumstanced can do as well.—Troy Press.

Everything that is worth thinking has already been thought before. We must only try to think it again.—Goethe.

A Remarkable Dwarf.

Perhaps the most remarkable dwarf on record was Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the little fellow whom Scott introduces in "Peveril of the Peak." He was born in Rutlandshire, England, in 1619.

When eight years of age he was presented by the Duke of Buckingham to Queen Henrietta in a cold pie. He afterward became attached to the court of Charles I. At one of the court masks the king's porter, a man of gigantic size, who used to torment the little dwarf, pulled from one pocket a loaf of bread and from the other Jeffrey, much to the surprise and amusement of the company present. Jeffrey was at this time only eighteen inches in height.

He remained at this stature until he was thirty years of age, after which a curious exception to the laws of growth took place, since Jeffrey rapidly grew to be three feet nine inches in height, whereas most men do not grow a quarter of an inch after the age of thirty. This dwarf had an enormous head and very large hands and feet; otherwise his proportions were symmetrical, and his face was considered handsome.—Youth's Companion.

The Useful Donkey.

In Syria, says a traveler, I saw a donkey put to an extraordinary use. One evening just before the dinner hour in our tent the Arab cook rushed hurriedly out of the door of the kitchen tent with a glass carafe in his hand. He went up to the row of donkeys, horses and packages tethered close by. Seizing the tail of the smallest of the donkeys, he hastily thrust it into the carafe, gave it two or three vigorous turns inside the bottle and then as quickly removed the unconcerned tail. Thus he had cleansed the water bottle for our dinner. It is in Syria also that the strange fashion exists of shaving the donkeys' coats in different ways, much as a lady of fashion shaves her French poodle. A choice breed of donkeys, known as "Bagdad mules," is much cherished in the neighborhood of Damascus. Their long, hairy coat, usually of pure white or pale gray, admits of fantastic clipping.

Money Hotel Cashiers Dislike.

"It is a curious habit the great American public has of wanting the kind of money that hotel cashiers dislike and have the least of," said one of those useful functionaries. "Many are the times each day that I am called upon, by ladies especially, for fifty cent pieces. Quarters won't answer. They want half dollars, though why that particular coin I've never been able to understand. No cashier cares to keep halves on hand, but always maintains a good stock of quarters and dimes, for the reason of their greater convenience. Many of the guests also beg for two dollar notes despite the fact that of all forms of currency they are the most objectionable. We never take them voluntarily and pay them out as fast as they come in."—Washington Post.

Ponderous Handel.

Handel was very large, weighing over 200 pounds. His figure was unwieldy and he rolled from side to side as he walked. His hands were so thick and ponderous that people wondered how he could play the harpsichord or organ at all. His face was red and coarse, with a long nose, thick lower lip and full chin with a dimple in it. His eyes were prominent and eyebrows very full. He was a monstrous eater and at times drank heavily. His conceit was stupendous, and he always entertained the idea that there was no music to be compared to his own. He was boorish in manner, quick in temper, and when irritated would sometimes give utterance to a robust oath in the German language. His contemporaries said he looked like a porter.

Orange Trees.

An orange grove in full bearing is one of the most delightful sights the eye can witness. The trees are a beautiful shape if left as nature made them. The limbs come nearly to the ground, so close that an orange picker goes under the tree flat on his back and often cuts 100 oranges from the tree before he comes out. Oranges are never picked, but are cut off with shears having a spring between the handles. An orange that has no stem on it is considered a "cull" and is not packed by a first class packer.

A Chance For Science.

"Scientists have discovered that a caterpillar can eat 600 times its weight of food in a month."

"Say," replied the dyspeptic billionaire, "I wonder if the scientists have ever done any experimenting in the way of grafting caterpillars' stomachs on other things?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

That Cozy Feeling.

The Visitor—What a delightfully snug little flat you have! The Renter—Isn't it? When we open the door we're in the middle of the room, and when the sunshine comes in we have to move some of the furniture out.—Chicago Tribune.

Anonymous.

A Birmingham churchwarden was reading at a vestry meeting a list of subscriptions to the parochial funds. The list began as follows: "The vicar, a guinea; Mrs. ——, half a guinea; an anonymous donor, myself, 25 shillings."

Irresistible.

She—How do you suppose his Satanic majesty succeeded in tempting Mother Eve? He—More than likely he told her that apples were good for the complexion.

Covetousness swells the principal to no purpose and lessens the use to all purposes.—Taylor.

The Saddest Sight.

"What is the most distressing thing you ever saw in a courtroom?" was the question propounded to a group of lawyers recently as they sat together in the office of one of their number. One told of hearing a judge pass sentence of death on a woman, another told of the scene between a mother and son as she bid her boy goodby for the last time before he started to serve a ten years' sentence in the penitentiary, and as the question went round the circle each related a story of court scenes. Almost the last one in the group said: "Gentlemen, the saddest thing I ever witnessed in a courtroom was when a healthy, strong, handsome man and woman, with a group of bright, intelligent boys and girls, their children, appeared before a circuit judge, the one plaintiff, the other defendant, in a divorce suit. The look of distress on the faces of those innocent children as they sat and listened to the criminations and recriminations of their parents, intent on breaking up what had been a happy home, was the saddest sight I ever witnessed."—Kansas City Journal.

Unhappy Dickens.

Dickens had to confess, after a severe trial of married life, that the skeleton in his domestic closet was becoming "a pretty big one." Then, in 1857, came the crisis.

"Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other," he wrote in a letter to Forster, "and there is no help for it. She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying, but we are strangely ill assorted for the bond that is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. The years have not made it easier to bear for either of us. There is plenty of fault on my side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices and difficulties of disposition, but only one thing will alter all that, and that is the end which alters everything."

Where Silence Is Golden.

This story is illustrative of the absolute silence and loneliness of the typical Australian bush camp:

Two men were camping together, but rarely exchanged a word.

One morning one of the men remarked at breakfast, "Heard a cow bellow in the swamp just now."

Nothing further was said, and they went about their business for the rest of the day. Twenty-four hours later, once more at breakfast, the second man said:

"How d'you know it wasn't a bull?"

Again no comment. Again a pause of twenty-four hours. Next morning the first man began to pack up his "billy" and "swag."

"You going?" inquired the other.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because," said his friend, "there's too much argument in this camp."—Kansas City Star.

Seventeenth Century Wagons.

The introduction of stage wagons in England about the middle of the seventeenth century led to many abuses. In London they were known as "hell carts" on account of the hot time they gave the unfortunates inside. Their drivers were said to be "seldom sober, never civil and always late," and their size—copied by other vehicles—was such that when they broke down all traffic behind "was necessitated to stand stock still on most beastly deep, wet ways till it pleased them to jog on." During the reign of Charles II. parliament passed an act concerning the size of carts and wagons, with extremely heavy penalties for infringements, but when the act came to be applied it was discovered that the model prescribed by it was impracticable to such an extent that the judges gave directions not to enforce the act.

A Browning Enigma.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning has set quite a Homeric problem as to the place of her birth. The Encyclopaedia Britannica gives London, but the Dictionary of National Biography prefers Burn Hall, Durham, and there is an entry in the register of Kelloe church referring to "Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett, daughter and first child of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett of Coxhoe Hall." Browning himself, however, declared that his wife was born at Carlton Hall, Durham. Now, Carlton Hall is in Yorkshire. Finally the authorities are not agreed as to whether Mrs. Browning was born on March 4 or on March 6, but, of course, the outstanding fact is that she was born.—London Globe.

Not Perfect Without Mrs. Kingsley.

Even a brief holiday at the seaside was to Charles Kingsley too long an absence from his wife. "This place, 'tis perfect," he wrote on one occasion, "but it seems a dream and imperfect without you. Blessed be God for the rest, though I never before felt the loneliness of being without the beloved being whose every look and word and motion is the keynote of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar. Fools!"

The Limit to Their Credulity.

Kansas editors are skeptical. An exchange asked: "What do you think of an artist who painted cobwebs on a ceiling so naturally that the hired girl wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?" Most of the editors say that there may have been such an artist, but there was never such a hired girl.—Kansas City Journal.

A Timely Warning.

Jimmy—What's the matter with you? You don't never go in for any fun at all nowadays. Tommy—No, I'm bein' good because I'm goin' to have a birthday purty soon an' I want to git a present. Jimmy—Better be careful an' not be too good or mebbe they won't give you nothin' but a Bible.—Philadelphia Press.

Out of Pocket, Though.

When General Lafayette attended Lamarque's funeral the crowd took the horses out of his carriage and drew him home themselves. "Were you not honored and pleased?" asked a friend. "Very much pleased," replied Lafayette, "but I never saw my horses again."

Appalling Suggestion.

Bride—My dear, this hat has been crushed beyond redemption, and I must have a new one. Bridegroom—Very well, my darling. I'll stop in somewhere on my way home and buy you one. (Bride faints with horror.)

Unanswerable.

Husband—Do you really need a new hat? Wife—I always need a new hat. Husband—Then what's the use of getting this one?—Life.

The Situation.

First Passenger—Are they a happy family? Second Passenger—I'm afraid not. The old man is seasick, but his wife and the girls have mal de mer.—Harper's Bazar.

A Suggestion.

Doctor (to pressing creditor)—If you must bring your bill every day, at least you might come with your head tied up, so that people would think you were a patient!

Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men, wisdom in minds attentive to their own.—Cowper.

True Greatness.

True greatness first of all is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age nor too far before it. It is up with its age and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

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They "Never Have Time."

Here and there and everywhere are to be found the man and the woman who "never have time."

If you are one of those who "never have time," change your ways. Try this: Make up each day a schedule of what you shall do at each hour and do not budge from the schedule. It will surprise you to find how readily you can dispose of a task within a certain time if you convince yourself that you have to. It is the feeling that you must that will force you to do it. Let each item on the schedule be regarded as an inviolate engagement with yourself and do not let the business of one item cut into the time set for the next. These definite engagements with yourself will enable you to have time for work, reading, writing, calling, churchgoing and recreation.

Do not stop to think it over. You will forget about it if you delay. Try the plan at once.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Isabella Color."

"Isabella color" has been described as a dingy whitish yellow. The origin of the term is certainly an odd one, if either of the generally given explanations is correct. According to one story, Isabella, daughter of Philip II. and wife of the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken. Most unfortunately for the royal lady the siege lasted for three years. The supposed color of the archduchess' linen at the end of this trying ordeal is said to have become the fashion. The other explanation is a similar one, but the story is made to relate to Queen Isabella of Spain and the siege of Granada. When we consider the length of time penitential hair shirts were worn in the middle ages, the legend is not so wildly improbable as would at first appear.—London Tit-Bits.

Dr. John Brown's "Toast."

The celebrated Englishman Dr. John Brown, who founded the "Brunonian" system of medicine, was, in addition to being an exceedingly clever physician, a somewhat witty personage. For many years he paid his attentions to a certain lady without meeting with the success he desired, during which time he was accustomed to propose her health in company when called on for a toast. Being observed one day to omit the usual tribute, a gentleman present reminded him that he had forgotten to toast his charmer.

"Why, indeed," said the doctor, "I find it all in vain. Since I have toasted her so many years and still cannot make her Brown, I am resolved to toast her no longer."

A Bear and a Log Jam.

A big log jam that on one occasion blocked an Illinois river was broken in a peculiar manner. A brown bear was noticed by one of the rivermen prowling around the skids and later was observed crawling over the piled up timber. Gradually bruin worked his way down to the key log and attacked it frantically. Instantly the mass of logs broke. The bear was crushed to pieces. Later it was learned that the key log was filled with honey.

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On Wings of Steel

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL

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"Ow! Ugh!" Dorton gave a gasp of pain as his skate struck something snaggily in the snowy ice, then staggeringly recovered his balance, aided by a timely grasp from the fur gloved hand of Dr. Melford, who had been doing a neat outer edge alongside and grumbling heartily the while.

"What rotten luck!" he had been saying every five minutes as the merry skaters whizzed by, always in satisfying pairs. "And we have had our shingles up a whole month in this confounded burg, and still don't know a single, solitary girl in all this giddy phantasmagoria of whirling skaters"—

Then he was interrupted by Dorton's fall.

"Are you hurt, old man? What've you hit?" he demanded, anxiously peering through his frosted glasses at his disabled friend, who stooped painfully to pick up something from the chipped ice before hobbling shoreward.

"Struck?" echoed Dorton, sinking on to a bench under a lamp post and nursing his ankle. "The United States steel trust, I think, by the feel of my foot! Here it is!" And he held up to view the obstruction which had interrupted his fantastic gyrations in the center of the lake where the figure skaters had been performing.

It was a good sized No. 10 boy's skate, of the club variety, and its polished nickel blade shone like frozen moonbeams as he surveyed it critically. Melford glanced at it with interest and put the laconic query:

"Gender masculine, feminine or neutral?"

"Feminine," promptly decided Dorton, holding it closer. "It's got some initials engraved on it—'J. M. T.' No boy was ever so sentimental as that. And no chappie ever wore clubs, so by the process of elimination we arrive at the remaining and only possible sex of Jimty, its owner. And, by Jove, from the size of it, she's no Cinderella ei[illegible] it fits a No. 5 foot, or I'll eat my hat. Girls are so emancipated these days," he went on whimsically, "even their feet are throwing off trammels and spreading out of all"—

"If you have quite finished Sherlock-Holmesing my skate," broke in a high, cool voice out of the black region beyond the rim of light rays from the arc lamp, "will you be kind enough to return it to me?"

"The devil!" ejaculated Dorton under his breath, starting guiltily and dropping the unlucky skate to the ground. It fell clattering under the bench, and the doctor dived after it with ostentatious haste.

"You fool!" he swore in Dorton's uncomfortable ear as he went down on all fours in his quest. "And this was our only chance—first woman's voice that's ever addressed us since we came west. We might have scraped an acquaintance, but now you've made a mess of it."

"Bigger fool you!" Dorton rejoined fiercely, bumping heads with his colleague as he, too, stooped to recover the bone of contention, hoping in some measure to retrieve himself in the eyes of the invisible unknown. "She's not that sort at all. I can tell by her voice."

"Well, even nice girls sometimes under such circumstances"— began Melford in an injured tone, but Dorton cut him short, having found the skate and held it out toward the voice in question. But the young woman belonging to it made no move to recover her property, remaining obdurately in the friendly darkness.

"Will you be so good as to bring it to me?" Her tone was as silvery and distant as the strains from the band stand on the other side of the lake.

"I've got to see her face," thought the big fellow to himself, "and gain time to square myself somehow."

He took a step forward and suddenly measured his full length at her maligned feet, with the skate still clutched in his hand.

"My ankle," he moaned when she bent over him, all womanly solicitude, her momentary pique gone. Only anxiety and pity were visible in her lovely face—quite the loveliest he had ever seen, Dorton thought, as he closed his eyes.

"Oh, I'm afraid he's fainted! He's hurt, and it's my fault!" cried the girl, tearing off her mittens to rub snow on the cheeks that looked so pale in the white light. "Can't you do something for him? He wouldn't have been hurt if it hadn't been for my skate!" she quavered, feeling in some way to blame. "Please go for a doctor."

"I am a doctor—a recent arrival in the city," replied Melford. "If we could get him somewhere and cut his shoe off and bandage his foot"—

"Yes, yes," put in the girl eagerly. "Call a cab and take him to my home. It's just around the lake yonder."

"Janet Tuttle, where are you? We've been looking for you—and your skate—everywhere! Did you find it?"

The girl was still explaining, amid furious blushes, to her friends, who had gathered in a curious circle around her, when, to her relief, the doctor approached and announced that a cabman was waiting.

With the help of Janet's brother, who was in the party, Melford got his disabled chum into the carriage. Janet gave the driver her address and seated herself with a sort of defiant shyness.

At the door of the big house where they drew up her mother greeted, with consternation, her early appearance with two strange men, but this quickly turned to motherly concern when she heard of the accident. She hastened to supply liniment and bandages and hovered outside the closed door of the wide, old fashioned bedroom whither the injured man had been conducted and waited anxiously with Janet while the doctor attended to the injured ankle.

"Now, doc, do be careful," they heard Dorton groan as the door closed, but they could not hear the rather curious dialogue which began a moment later. Melford got up from his task and faced his friend with accusing eyes.

"Paul! You aren't really hurt at all! Say, what's your game anyway?" And he glared at his pseudo patient, who sat in state, propped in pillows. That young man's audacious gray eyes closed gently, while an ingenuous smile wreathed his smooth countenance.

"Sh!" he said. "I'll tell you my game—the old, old game of hearts, and you've got to help me. Mum's the word. There was no other way. Oh, don't look so savage! I mean business." And the level lips spelled grim determination as they also closed firmly.

"You don't mean you want to marry a girl you've never seen in your life before tonight?"

"That's exactly what I do mean," returned the other genially, "if she'll have me."

"Well, I'll be—hanged!" ejaculated Melford, dazed.

"No, you won't—at least I hope not—but that blessed skate will be, and that in the most conspicuous place on our library wall. I said our. Did you notice it?" he ended, with large prophecy in his excited eyes.

"Mighty certain, seems to me," grunted Melford. "You've got to square yourself for that break you made about the size of her feet"—

"By Jove, I forgot!" Paul's face fell, and a haunted look came into his eyes, whereat the doctor said, with sympathetic wonder: "As bad as that already? But I always said that when you did get it you'd have it bad"—

"She'll have to forgive me and marry me. I'll love her so she can't help it! And anyway," he added innocently, his face clearing, "I don't believe that her shoe is more than a four and a half, though she's no Cinderella, I admit, even at that."

"You'll do," grunted the doctor. "Guess you'll get the girl."

All of which rash statements were verified in the course of time.

A Castaway Tragedy.

Beginning due west of Point Conception, on the California coast, and continuing at irregular intervals as far south as the bay of Todos Santos, in Lower California, lie the Channel islands. In this ideal region for the yachtsman, the fisherman and the hunter one comes to feel like a new Crusoe on his primitive isle. And, in very truth, Crusoe's semimythical story was enacted upon one of these same islands, though minus the man Friday and the happy ending. The castaway in this case was a woman, a Danish emigrant, left ashore through some mischance by the crew of a vessel that had sought shelter behind San Nicholas during a storm in the early fifties. For over seventeen years the lone creature lived unsought and forgotten, though the time at length came when on the days the mist clearing north wind blew she could climb to the island's highest point and view the ranchers' herds grazing upon the mainland. And at last, when hope and reason had both long died, the poor, wild, gibbering creature was found in her wolf's burrow among the hills by the advance guard of the otter hunters' fraternity, who had long wondered at the mysterious footprints they marked upon the lonely sands.—Field and Stream.

The Ways of Premiers.

Queen Victoria once wrote to Lord Palmerston, then premier of England, expressing the wish that she could speak from his place in the house of commons. Palmerston replied: "Viscount Palmerston presents his humble duties to your majesty and has had the honor to receive your majesty's communication of yesterday stating what your majesty would have said if your majesty had been in the house of commons. Viscount Palmerston may, perhaps, be permitted to take the liberty of saying that it is fortunate for those from whose opinion her majesty differs that your majesty is not in the house of commons, for they would have to encounter a formidable antagonist in argument, although, on the other hand, those whose opinions your majesty approves would have had the support of a powerful ally in debate."

Disraeli when premier had a more direct way in dealing with women. One of them once attempted to get a certain piece of information from him. He listened to what she had to say and then answered, "Oh, you darling!"

His Serious Offense.

In one of the missionary schools of China the ages of the male students range from nine to thirty-five. Often father and son attend school together and sometimes run a spirited race for the first place in a class. Sometimes family rivalry is productive of dire results. The second master had been a short time at the school when one day he noticed that a boy was absent, and he made inquiries as to the reason.

The following dialogue in Chinese immediately ensued:

Officious Boy—Please, sir, Li Ho Wack isn't well.

Master—What is the matter with him?

Officious Boy—His father thrashed him last night, and he is too bad to come to school today.

Master—He must have committed a serious offense to merit a thrashing. What did he do?

Officious Boy—Please, sir, he laughed when you caned his father yesterday!

Carried It With Him.

A short time ago a burial took place at sea from one of his majesty's cruisers. As there were no leads with the stores large pieces of coal were attached to the body in their place. All the crew were summoned on the quarter deck for the burial. Just as the body was being lowered Pat burst out laughing. Next morning the chaplain sent for Pat and asked for an explanation of his laughter at such a very solemn time. "Sure now," replied Pat, "Oi've heerd o' many a wan goin' below, but Oi've niver seen wan take 'is coal with un afore."—London Tatler.

Cleverly Evaded.

A wealthy Australian squatter in order to protect his six daughters from fortune hunters left his property to them in equal shares, but decreed that if either married without the consent of the trustees she should forfeit her share to her sisters. When the case came up at Sydney it was found that the six sisters had all married without permission, and thus each had forfeited her share in the property to her sisters, a state of affairs which the ladies doubtless considered highly satisfactory.

Neglected Opportunities.

"I wonder," said Farmer Corntossel, who had just returned from a trip to the big city, "why so many young men insist on not gettin' rich."

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"They all want to be lawyers or doctors instead o' bein' restaurant waiters or policemen."—Washington Star.

His Chance.

He (moodily)—Ah, tell me truly, is there anything that hasn't been said already on the subject of love? She (softly)—Probably not, but I am sure, very sure, indeed, everything on the subject hasn't been said to me.—Puck.

The Bright Side.

"I should think you'd feel awfully sad over your quarrel with Mrs. Scaddsworth after all these years."

"Yes, I do. Still there's one pleasant thing about it. Her children are growing up and will soon begin to get married. Of course, after what has happened, I'll not have to give them any wedding presents."—Chicago Tribune.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Some Facts Concerning It That Are Not Generally Known.

Though every schoolboy presumably knows to a nicety where the Cape of Good Hope is situated, there does undoubtedly prevail in less enlightened circles some vagueness of conception as to the exact locality of that celebrated headland. Even the gentle reader is faintly conscious of uncertainty and answers with a briskness not born of conviction: "The Cape of Good Hope? Why, of course I know where it is. Down at the end of South Africa." Gentle reader, you are not very far out, fifty or a hundred miles perhaps. And, as you say, it is not of the slightest consequence from a practical point of view.

The Cape of Good Hope lies at a considerable distance from the end and is, in fact, the middle of the three promontories, severally inconspicuous, which jointly terminate a slender peninsula, some twenty miles in length, forming the barrier between False bay and the Atlantic ocean on the west. These three headlands, lying near together and commonly undivided on a map of moderate scale, are locally designated Cape Point. It was here that Bartholomew Diaz first encountered in full force the prevalent southeasterly gales and denounced the rugged, threatening, threefold promontory under the sounding appellation of the Cape of Storms, to be afterward rechristened by pious, trustful hearts the Cape of Good Hope. The Cape of Storms, the Cape of Good Hope, Cape Farewell! Is there nothing in a name?

TOBACCO HEART.

The Way Smoking Acts Upon and Injures the System.

Are you "learning to smoke," boys? Learning by heart—"tobacco heart?" Read what a doctor says in the Medical Summary and then enjoy your smoke—if you can:

In smoking tobacco we take in carbonic oxide, several ammonias and a very poisonous oil containing nicotine. The ammonias and nicotine are the substances which by acting in numerous directions are so injurious to the system. The ammonias act on the blood, making it alkaline and fluid, thereby impairing its nutritive property.

The stomach is debilitated and dyspepsia induced. The innervation of the heart is disturbed, its action is weak, irregular and intermittent, and faintness and vertigo are the consequences.

Owing to the disturbances in the blood and heart the process of nutrition is slow, and in the young seriously affected tissue is paralyzed and vision is impaired.

Tobacco is essentially a functional rather than an organic poison. It modifies the special energies and not the structure. Tobacco is eliminated by the kidneys and very rapidly; consequently the bad effects quickly disappear under proper treatment if, however, the habit is given up.

Japanese Politeness.

A Russian soldier left behind his brothers in arms. He slowly rose up and faced his captors. They smiled amiably, and, reassured, he pulled off his cap and commenced to fan himself with it. Now, it is a common custom for a Japanese soldier to carry about with him in the hot weather a small fan. On this occasion a fan was forthcoming and handed to the Russian, but he refused to take it, preferring to use his cap. Still, with an amiable smile on his face, one of the Japanese again proffered him the rejected fan, at the same time covering him with a revolver. The captive took the gift without further reluctance.—From Brindle's "With Russians and Japanese."

The Larkspur.

Great vigilance has to be exercised by the antiquarian painter. This was demonstrated by Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema's picture "The Finding of Moses." Looking at the picture, a well known botanist examined with admiration the painting of the lifelike larkspurs which form the foreground, and then, turning toward the artist and congratulating him on the successful rendering, pointed out that larkspurs were of a comparatively recent growth. The painter laughed as he replied, "So I thought, until dried specimens of them were discovered in some of the recently explored royal tombs of Egypt."

Fishy.

Mother (reproachfully, to her small son)—Jamie, where have you been all afternoon?

Jamie (uneasily)—At Sunday school, mamma.

Mother—Then how is it you are wet and smell so of fish?

Jamie (in desperation)—Well, you see, I've been studying about Jonah and the whale, and—well—I guess it came off on my clothes.—Harper's Weekly.

Lack of Perception.

"Dat dog o' mine," said Erastus Pinkly, "keeps on a-tryin' to whup ev'y four footed critter dat comes down de road."

"He must be a fighter."

"No, suh. He ain' no fighter, but he don' seem able to reco'nize de fack."—Washington Star.

The Place For Him.

"Notwithstanding what you say about Kraftie," said Goodart, "he seems to be a loyal fellow. He appears to keep in with his friends."

"He should be kept in with them," replied Crabbe. "Most of his friends are in jail."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Compulsory Greek."

To show you how advisable it is that great attention should be given to the study of Greek I wanted to present "Oedipus Rex" on my London stage. I went to the lord chamberlain to ask his permission. "No," he replied, "certainly not." "But," I answered, "they do it at Oxford." "Yes," said he, "but they do it in Greek and nobody understands it. Play it in Greek and I will give you my permission." That was compulsory Greek with a vengeance.—Beerbohm Tree.

A Grand Canyon Sunrise.

A sunrise in the Grand canyon lasts as long as you please. Each hour is a sunrise for some cavern deeper than the last, and, in fact, there are many where it has yet to rise for the first time since the canyon was made by those ages of running water.—Scribner's.

Forgiving.

Constance was three. Her mother, having forgotten to do something for her which she had promised, said: "Oh, darling, I forgot it! Wasn't it naughty of me?" Constance replied consolingly, "Oh, no, mother, dear; not naughty, only stupid!"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 16.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. liii, 13, to liii, 12—Memory Verses, 4-6—Golden Text, Isa. liii, 6—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We are granted two lessons in this wonderful prophecy of Isaiah, the heart of which, as of all Scripture, is the sufferings of Christ and the glory that shall follow (Luke xxiv, 25-27; I Pet. i, 10, 11). Isaiah is a little Bible, an epitome of the whole, divided into thirty-nine parts and twenty-seven parts, like the books of the Old and New Testaments. It also begins with sin and ends with the new heaven and earth, and the name signifies "The Salvation of Jehovah." If the prophet had actually seen the sufferings of Christ he could not have written more correctly than he has done in this portion, but it was not the prophet, but the Holy Spirit, who wrote through him, and therefore it is so correct, for we firmly and unwaveringly believe that the Holy Spirit wrote all the words of this book, the whole Bible. See II Sam. xxiii, 2; Jer. xxxvi, 4, 6, 8; II Tim. iii, 16; II Pet. i, 21.

That the words "Behold my Servant," with which our lesson opens, refer to Christ is plain from Isa. xlii, 1-4; Matt. xii, 16-21. His exaltation is seen by comparing verse 13 of our lesson with Phil. ii, 9-11, and by reading "startle" instead of "sprinkle" in verse 15 (see Rev. Ver.) we see how His exaltation will affect the nations and their rulers, many of whom seem to know nothing of the coming glory of Jesus of Nazareth.

The marred form and visage of verse 14 make us think of the scourged back, the scourge possibly tearing the face also; the crown of thorns, the pierced hands and feet. Yet who believes it—that is, truly receives it and lays it to heart? (John i, 12.) To how many of those who hear is it the power of God unto salvation? (Rom. i, 16.) This portion of Scripture will be Israel's national confession in days to come, just as chapter xii will be their national anthem, but is it not true of the vast majority of those who have heard of Christ that in their eyes He is still despised and rejected, not esteemed, not desired? When on earth He was truly the "Man of Sorrows," for no one ever had so many or such varied ones, but they were not His except as He accepted them for our sakes.

The griefs, sorrows, transgressions, iniquities, were all ours, laid upon Him and borne by Him in our stead that we might be healed. "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" "He suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (I Pet. ii, 24; iii, 18). The first two sentences of verse 6 any sinner must confess to be true, considering only his own experience, but the third sentence is just as true, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Any sinner who believes God can therefore say: "God laid my sins on Jesus; He was wounded for my transgressions and bruised for my iniquities, and I, receiving Him, am healed with His stripes." "Christ hath redeemed me from the curse of the law, being made a curse for me" (Gal. iii, 13).

Verse 7 not only describes His sufferings before Caiaphas and Pilate, but teaches us how to act when we are oppressed. He left us an example that we should follow His steps, for when He was reviled He reviled not again; when He suffered He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously (I Pet. ii, 21, 23). He was not allowed the semblance of a fair trial. A prison and the law would today protect even a criminal from such treatment as He received, but He was no criminal, even as Pilate repeatedly testified, "I find no fault in Him;" his wife said, "That just man," and even Judas Iscariot said, "I have betrayed innocent blood."

Verse 9 would almost seem impossible of literal fulfillment, but how literal the fulfillment was—a place for His body prepared with the malefactors! But it found a resting place in the tomb of a rich man, where Joseph and Nicodemus placed it, the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. How can any one question the voice of God and the hand of God in all this prediction and fulfillment unless he is totally blinded by the god of this world?

He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand (verse 10). How clear a prediction of His resurrection! For how else could one who died prolong his days and see his seed? The great truth of resurrection is seen in the cherubim of Eden, in Isaac given back to his father, in many an Old Testament type as well as in the plain statement of Ps. xvi, 10. Compare Acts ii, 31. In a completed and glorified church, a redeemed Israel and the earth filled with His glory He shall yet see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and until that consummation the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand, for He shall not fail nor be discourged till He shall place righteousness in the earth (Isa. xlii, 4).

In verse 12 there is certainly an intimation of His sharing His glory with the overcomers, as He afterward said more plainly in John xvii, 22, 24, and in the promises to the overcomers in Rev. ii and iii. So we have in this wonderful portion His humiliation, His sufferings, His death and burial and resurrection, His coming again and His reign over the kings and kingdoms of this world, and as truly as the sufferings have been literally fulfilled, so shall the glory be. Let us walk worthy of God, who hath called us unto His kingdom and glory.

Not Too Much For Our Good.

"Lawd," prayed the old colored deacon, "please give us in dis worl' whar we livin' at all de prosperity we kin stand, but w'en we gits dizzy wid it en goes ter celebratin' too much des send 'long old Br'er Trouble ter make us sit stiddy in de boat, en we'll be mighty thankful!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Accomplishments.

Muggins—My daughter will be a great catch for some one. She can cook or write poetry with equal ease and effectiveness. Juggins—Well, my daughter can write poetry. I never saw her try to cook it, but I'll bet she could.—Cleveland Leader.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

"This is a hard world," growled the chronic kicker.

"That's what!" replied the observant man. "The only thing with which you can make an impression on it is 'rocks.'"—Exchange.

Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant never taste of death but once.—Shakespeare.

When Betty Spoke

By LOUISE J. STRONG

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Betty peeped out cautiously. She would not have them see her for a fortune. Yes, there was Bert, the center of the jolly crowd, and Addie at his elbow. That had been her (Betty's) place for so long that it had come to be considered— And it might have been hers yet if Bert had not— Oh, well, of course she was some to blame. It was not all Bert's fault. She admitted that reluctantly, for Betty thought a good deal of her little self. He was dreadfully provoking, but they would have made up weeks ago if she had not gone to such lengths and reared an impassable barrier between them.

"And that's the truth, Betty Brown!" she apostrophized now. "Why did I do such a ridiculous thing? I might just have said I'd never speak to him again; girls always say that. And I ought to have stopped there, but when he grinned so knowingly, as if there was nothing in that, as there isn't usually, I let it provoke me into declaring that if I ever did speak to him again it would be because I had made up my mind to marry him. Why, it will be the same as proposing if I ever speak to him now, when I've evaded— I can never do it," she sighed.

Bert had not been greatly crushed by her ultimatum. He spoke to her cordially at every opportunity in spite of her nonresponse with something like elated expectancy in his manner that stung Betty to a more determined stubbornness.

"I suppose he thinks I will, but he'll see," she said firmly.

She had persisted in ignoring him icily until at length he seemed to conclude that it was hopeless and avoided meeting her. All the time, of course, Betty had been hoping he would, somehow, make her speak, though she would not have confessed it, nor the disappointment she felt at his finally abandoning his efforts and accepting the situation.

She flirted desperately, which gave her small satisfaction, as it apparently did not disturb him in the least. He flirted, too, and so fervidly that it began to look serious in regard to Addie Stark. Betty felt that she was losing all the fun of life and all the joy as well.

She had simulated successfully a gayety of spirits almost boisterous at the moonlight skating party, but had really been so miserable at seeing those two, Bert and Addie, gliding about, always together, that she had determined not to go to the coasting route. She had refused all offers of escort, but now, at the passing of the gay party, she suddenly changed her mind, whipped on her suit, tucked the becoming cap on her curls and darted after Ned and his chum, who had just started.

"Tagging!" Ned chaffed. But he made no objection, for Betty was as good at coasting as any boy of them, fully as fearless and as fleet footed, and now she rushed with them down alleys, through back yards and over fences, going across lots the nearest way.

Thus when the crowd arrived Miss Betty was triumphantly sailing down the longest, steepest course with the yelling boys, cheered by the mob of town youths usually on the hill.

Most of the girls confined themselves to the short, easy slope at the side, unless in charge of a strong, capable escort.

"It is dangerous, just with those boys, Betty," remonstrated her friend, Alice Hoover.

"And it is unladylike for a girl to go floundering down with a gang of fellows," commented Addie Stark, superciliously.

"You don't dare to, that's all," Betty retorted.

"I'm not the only one. Bert said"—

Bert's appearance cut short the speech, and, laughing shrilly, Betty ran away to the boys and coaxed them over to a still steeper spot, where only the more skillful and daring ventured. Her blood was boiling! So Bert had been criticising her to Addie! It seemed the boldest treachery. As for Addie—the little cat!—she was envious because she had not the courage to undertake the long descent. She looked scornfully over at Bert, taking tame little flights, with Addie clinging to him shrieking in exaggerated fear. Betty knew how he loved the rush of the long hill, with the jounce at the end that sent them flying across the bottom. They had taken it together many times. Now it was unladylike of her, was it—and she with her own brother!

Her indignation grew, and with it her recklessness. Little by little she drew the boys toward the post that bore a danger sign, which marked the limit of the coasting ground. Beyond the post the hill was fine, but at the foot the railroad swung up against it as it curved to cross the river, and it was not easy to see a train till it was close at hand. It was plainly no place for coasting, though a few ventured at times, the spice of danger adding zest to the sport.

Betty had always wanted to swoop down and fly across the track, perhaps catching sight of an oncoming train. It would be thrilling! But she had no intention of undertaking it now, though in the mood to go as near it as possible.

"Look out, Ned!" some one called. "You're getting too close there! Better come back."

"There isn't a bit of danger," Betty laughed as they flashed by.

"But you'd better come over here," Will White urged when Betty and the boys had climbed the hill and were preparing to descend again.

"You're so close now a little bump would throw you on the track. Don't you see that, Betty?" Alice interposed anxiously.

"Oh, Betty wants to show off!" Addie sneered, and unfortunately at the same instant Bert commanded:

"Ned, you boys bring your sleds over here at once! You're foolhardy!"

With scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes Betty snatched a sled and ran to a point directly over the railroad and prepared for a downward flight alone. Command her, would he? Of course he meant her! She'd show him! There was an uproar of warning shouts from the young men and shrieks from the girls, but Betty was too angry to heed. As she started another sled shot down diagonally and midway the hill ran into hers, throwing them both into the deeper snow, where they rolled over and over and brought up at last in a tangle on the brink of a plunge just as a train swept along below.

White and shaking at the narrow escape, Betty took herself off the head of her rescuer, sobbing:

"Oh, Bert, Bert! Have I killed you? At the instant of collision she had seen who it was attempting to stay her foolish flight at the risk of his life. She had been too angry and excited to understand that a train was coming—but she had been silly—so silly!"

She covered her face as Bert sat up, saying as he brushed the snow from his eyes:

"It's got to be soon, sweetheart, so I can take proper care of my wife!"

"But you called me unladylike to Addie, and this would be"—

"It's a mistake. When Addie called you unladylike I said you were just a good, sweet, wholesome girl and no finicky lady," he explained, adding calmly: "They think we are about killed, we are so long stirring. They'll be on us in a minute, but we sit here till we understand there's no going back on what you said. You've spoken to me, you know."

"Y-yes," she admitted faintly.

"And you'll fulfill your word soon? They're most here!"

"Y-yes," she said again, blushing hotly.

And he swung her to her feet as the crowd surged about them.

American After Dinner Wit.

"After Dinner Oratory In America" appears to be one of the subjects forever interesting to the British reader. The manner of it would seem to pique him a little and shock him at the same time. In the Nineteenth Century Daniel Crilly gives some account of the origin of the peculiar American habit of treating serious matters humorously after dinner and contrasts a banquet in New York with, say, a Mansion House dinner in London. He quotes Lowell's ingredients of after dinner oratory. "They are," said Lowell, "the joke, the quotation and the platitude, and the successful platitude, in my judgment, requires a very high order of genius." As an example of American wit Mr. Crilly gives the following:

"I chanced to be in Chicago (said this gentleman at a dinner board to a company of fellow New Englanders) two or three days after the great fire of 1871. As I walked among the smoking ruins if I saw a man with a cheerful air I knew that he was a resident of Chicago. If I saw a man with a long face I knew that he represented a Hartford Insurance company. Really the cheerful resignation with which the Chicago people endured the losses of New England did honor to human nature."

Prisoners of a Great City.

A husband and his wife, respectable looking and well dressed, recently moved into a detached house in the Bronx. They were very quiet and did not mingle with their neighbors, but seemed to enjoy their surroundings, particularly the garden, in which they began work at once.

Of course the neighbors were curious, but all early efforts to find out who the couple were or where they came from proved of no avail. Finally one of the neighbors, meeting the man one day, asked him outright how long he had lived in New York and what his business was.

"Our past is a secret," said the man, "and we are trying to live it down. My wife and I have just completed a long term in prison, and we are now quietly enjoying life."

"Well," said the neighbor, "I am astonished at what you tell me. But I for one do not want to continue to punish those who have paid the penalty of errors in life. What prison were you confined in, may I ask?"

A merry twinkle came into the eyes of the man as he said: "It was a Harlem flat. We were confined there three years!"—New York Press.

Dealing With Bores.

An amusing incident is related of the efforts of certain devotees of cards at a club in New York to rid themselves of unwelcome suggestions as to their style of play vouchsafed by bores who persisted in standing about and looking over the heads of the players.

One evening one of the players, perhaps the most skillful of any of the members of the club, could endure the nuisance no longer. Rising, he politely asked one of the bores to play the hand for him until his return. The bore took the cards, and the player left the room. Soon afterward the second player followed the example of the first. The two substitutes played for awhile without observing the lapse of time. Finally one of them called an attendant and asked:

"Where are the gentlemen who were playing here awhile ago?"

The attendant grinned. "They're in the next room, sir, playing cards."—New York Tribune.

Noted Dead In Trinity Churchyard.

Alexander Hamilton is buried in Trinity churchyard, at the head of Wall street, New York, and the grave is marked by a conspicuous white marble monument near the Rector street station of the elevated road. His wife, who lived until 1854, fifty years after his death in the duel with Burr, is buried beside him. Albert Gallatin, who succeeded Hamilton as secretary of the treasury, lies only a few feet away, and near by is also the grave of Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat. Another famous occupant of Trinity churchyard, whose monument is near the Broadway gate, is Captain James Lawrence of the United States navy, commander of the frigate Chesapeake, who fell in battle with the British ship Shannon June 1, 1813, in the thirty-second year of his age. As he fell upon the deck he cried to his subordinates, "Don't give up the ship!"

A Losing Dream.

"I made a nice idiot of myself the other morning," said the commuter, who is paying teller in a savings bank. "My wife was afraid I'd miss my train, and she got me by the shoulder and shook me, telling me that it was time to get up. I got about half awake, and, somehow, I thought I was at my window in the bank with a long line of women awaiting their turn. The one at the window was handing me a check, and, from force of habit, I said:

"'How much money do you want?'

"You know, most women who present checks want to draw some and deposit the rest. Well, what do you think the wife did? Quick as a flash came her answer to my 'dopy' question:

"'Five dollars will do.'

"She got it, but I hope I won't dream any more."—New York Post.

An Eccentric Painter.

William Willard, well known as the painter of Massachusetts' governors, was very eccentric in his ways. His special aversion was the attempted purchase of his many old relics of furniture by people of wealth. A New York woman visiting in the vicinity of Sturbridge, hearing that the old artist possessed a beautiful colonial mirror and a rare clock, tried to buy them. Mr. Willard seemed to readily agree to the sale, but when asked when it would be convenient to have them packed replied, "Not until after the funeral." "Whose funeral?" asked the visitor. "Mine," replied Mr. Willard, with a chuckle.

An Early Railroad.

An old inventory of the Mohawk and Hudson railroad, now a part of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, dated Jan. 1, 1833, gives the following as the total rolling stock of the road at that time: Three locomotives (the John Bull, the De Witt Clinton and the Experiment), three carriages, accommodating twelve passengers each; nine, accommodating nine each; two, accommodating six each, and three, accommodating eighteen each, a total capacity of 183.—Four Track News.

Sunlight and Eyesight.

Sunlight as distinct from sun heat is of benefit to human eyes. Unless refracted from white cliffs or stretches of sand or by other means, it does not cause any impairment of vision. It is the natural provision of the sense of sight and is in harmony with the natural period for work and pleasure—that is, the day. So soon as we introduce artificial light we deal with that which needs caution. A dim light injures vision because the eye alters its shape to receive the feeble rays. On the other hand, a strong artificial light will produce inflammation of the eye surface and worse.

Nero's Appearance.

In his youth Nero was remarkably handsome, but early in manhood his habits of dissipation made him exceedingly corpulent. To judge from his medals and the descriptions left of him he must have weighed over 200 pounds. His features were regular, but his eyes were so protuberant as to be almost a deformity, and he was nearsighted, so much so that he could not recognize his acquaintances across the street.

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No Reason For Two Trips.

Patrick's wife was "ailing," and Patrick put on his Sunday best and walked four miles to the doctor's house to tell him about her.

"Now," said the doctor, when he had heard all Patrick had to say and had prepared some medicine, "here is something for your wife. I've written the directions on the bottle and I want her to try it faithfully for a fortnight. Then, if it doesn't relieve her, come to me again and I will give you another prescription."

"Now, docther, see here," said Patrick, standing straight and looking grimly at the physician. "If you have your doubts of this curin' Mary, as it's ividint you have by the way you spake, why don't you give me first what you're goin' to give me last?"

Torpedo Boats.

Torpedo boats do not ram the vessels against which they operate; they simply discharge self propelling torpedoes which, if they strike the vessel, explode and sink or otherwise damage it. Then, if not sunk by the enemy's fire, the torpedo boat runs away and after taking on more torpedoes is ready for service again. Torpedo boats are built very light and of enormous speed. They cannot resist gun fire and are easily sunk if hit even by comparatively light shot; therefore they operate to best advantage in the night, so that the threatened fleet has to be very wide awake with its searchlights and its light guns.

An Odd Simile.

A Scotch minister who used similes that would bring home to the rough characters around him the truths he sought to impress was once denouncing the ingratitude of man for all the benefits conferred on him by Providence.

"My friends," he said, "look at the hens when they drink. There's not ane o' them but lifts its heid in thankfulness even for the water that is sae common. Oh, that we were a' hens!"

He Saw It.

"Yes, she's pretty, but a poor conversationalist. She seldom says a word. I can't understand why so many men propose to her."

"I can," sighed Henpeck.—Houston Post.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.41, 9.03, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 26.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham .5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 8.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson)
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Undertaker & Funeral Director
241 Main St., Woburn

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John G. Maguire,
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Meal, Oats,
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Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
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Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
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Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
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NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

When the Light Broke In

By Virginia Leila Wentz

Copyright, 1905, by Virginia L. Wentz

The rusty breasted robins were hopping about the lawn, and the crab apple trees were a splash of pink in the orchard beyond. The narrow beds that bordered the paths in Mrs. Ormsby's garden were gay with tulips and jonquils, and from the leafless branches of the wistaria vine hung delicate purplish clusters of blossoms. A flock of brown sparrows twittered in the cherry trees, a catbird was in the hedge over yonder, and already the wrens were building in the eaves of the summer house.

Somehow the smell of the sweet spring air seemed to have awakened something in Mrs. Ormsby's caller, a girl of six and twenty, as she sat on a rustic chair under the fast silvering maples. It was 5 o'clock, and because the day was so perfect they were having tea served in the garden.

"But, Constance, if I do not love him how can I marry him?" the girl cried impulsively.

Mrs. Ormsby waited for her maid to deposit a plate of thin bread and butter, some cream, sliced lemons and sugar on the little rustic table before she answered.

"Do you remember, Clare, when we were at Mme. Martin's school—dear me, it's eight years ago—an old soothsayer foretold that you'd marry a millionaire? Now, here's Mr. Stanley Hughes, who can give you houses, yachts, automobiles, and who, in the bargain, adores you. Why, to be sure, Clare, you must marry him. He's a good man, and love will come later."

The girl made no reply. She was looking dreamily at the robins and the pink orchard beyond, a mist in her lovely eyes.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Ormsby thoughtfully as she drew the tea, "I couldn't have married without love myself, but you see, my dear, Chester and I are so old fashioned anyhow."

At the mention of the man's name a quick wave of color surged over the girl's face and neck and brow. In the sunlight which came aslant from the west the gold of Mrs. Ormsby's wedding ring scintillated strangely. With a distinct effort Clare withdrew her gaze from its flashing.

"No," she said, pulling herself together, "not lemon, Catherine. Cream, please."

"To know what love is is a miracle, though, after all," pursued Mrs. Ormsby softly as she poured the cream. "Why, I was just a silly girl before I met Chester. Then—life became glorified; it became real!"

The catbird had flown to the cherry trees and had burst out into a passionate bubble of song. Clare's eyes suddenly brimmed with tears. Was it the bird's song or the spring's beauty or her friend's voice?

"Look here, dear," said her hostess impulsively. "I don't want to force your confidence, but I'm sure of one thing—there's been some heart affair in your life that's hurt deep and left you cynical. Tell me about it. Let's see if we can't straighten it out. Oh, Clare, pride is well enough—one can have a certain amount of it and be none the worse for it—but it's deadly to make a pet of it."

"But there's such a thing as righteous pride," flashed Clare. She bent her head and adjusted the emerald fleur-de-lis at her dainty waist; then, rising, she held out both hands to Mrs. Ormsby and laughed. It was her habitual light, pretty laugh.

"I really have to go now, Catherine. You know I told you I could only stay a half hour. But first I want you to promise to forget that I came perilously near being sentimental and old fashioned, forget that I seemed a bit sad. Why, I'm quite happy, on the contrary! I'm going to marry Mr. Stanley Hughes. My wedding 'll be a smart affair; my gown'll be a veritable dream, and my husband 'll be one of the most desirable gentlemen of the season. Humph! Why shouldn't I be happy?"

"Don't go just yet!" pleaded Mrs. Ormsby, not heeding the badinage, but looking straight into the girl's eyes. "Chester's train is due now, and he'll be here any moment. I want you to meet him."

Suddenly, even with the words of her friend, an impulse took possession of Clare. She deliberately seated herself again.

"Catherine," she said whimsically, "my mood's changed. I'll stay, and I'll give you a little of my confidence, if you care. I did love some one once, but—he's married now. It was something like this: Imagine a girl who knew scarcely anything of the world of men or of the things men do to be engaged to—to a man whose name spelled Paradise to her with a capital P. Imagine a friend of that man and of the girl passing a lot of his time with them both. Indeed, he chanced to be such a stanch friend to the girl that he refused to permit her to marry a man not worthy of her, though the man had been his bosom pal"— If that catbird would only stop singing! It made her want to cry.

"Well," continued Clare, "he proved certain things to the girl, and she wrote to the man she loved better than life and told him that really she did not care for him at all—that it had all been a mistake. It saved her pride, but it froze her heart, Catherine."

"Poor, dear Clare," answered Mrs. Ormsby, touching the lace on the girl's filmy sleeve in gentle, sympathetic fashion. "And the man—what did he say to the note?"

"Never answered it," contemptuously. "In fact, the girl never heard from him till she got his wedding cards. You see—why, don't, Catherine—not for me," as Mrs. Ormsby brushed a tear from her eye. "Was I talking like a tragedy queen?"

The maid came down the garden walk bearing a salver with a card on it. Mrs. Ormsby glanced at the pasteboard.

"Mrs. Brownsley, our neighbor across the road. How inconsiderate of her!" she exclaimed. "Wait for me here, will you, Clare? I must see her just for a moment or two."

From around the veranda, down the path that led by the tulip and jonquil beds, came the sound of a man's approaching footsteps.

"Beg pardon," he said, politely retreating as he became aware of the unfamiliar figure, but as the girl turned her face upon him:

"Clare—you! How did you come here?"

For a second Clare gauged him silently. Then, although the sound of his old, dear voice came near undoing her, she answered coldly enough:

"Not so strange as you'd think! Catherine and I went to school together. I'm visiting the Hayes, your neighbors down the road, so I made a point of coming to see her before I left. That's all, except that I once knew you also, and a sudden fancy came to me to stay and see you too."

"To see if the wound you gave my heart had healed?" broke in the man bitterly. "All these years I've suffered—as only a man can suffer who scorns explanations to those whom he feels should be above suspicion. I swore not to ask what you meant by that letter"—

"Tom Bronner can tell you," threw in the girl icily. "For myself, I do not care to discuss the matter."

"Bronner!" The man drew up his hand before his eye, palm outward, as one who has unexpectedly been shot. When he dropped it he spoke unsteadily:

"So it's all been a mistake, sweetheart. Bronner loved you himself. I—I thought he was my friend." As his voice broke he caught the old, tender love in the girl's eyes.

"But, dear," he cried, "of course it was all a lie. And it isn't too late"—

"How do you dare?" cried she, rising in hot anger as he made an impulsive forward movement. "Yes, it's too late—altogether too late. I am going to marry Stanley Hughes, and you—you must be loyal to your wife."

"My—Clare, are you mad?"

"Good!" cried Mrs. Ormsby, tripping blithely down the path. "You and Chester haven't waited for the conventional introduction. That's right, and I know you're going to be good friends. Clare, my husband's cousin, Chester Ormsby." And to her husband's cousin: "Miss Clare Clayton, a school friend of mine. Too bad my Chester hasn't come yet—train must be late. Chester's a family name with the Ormsbys, you know. It"—

Not much wonder she broke off suddenly in her sentence. Her husband's cousin had beseechingly opened his arms, and with a little inarticulate, happy cry Clare had flung herself into them.

The light had broken in.

"The Lost Chord."

Sir Arthur Sullivan was at one time greatly worried about what appeared to him to be a bad inconsistency in "The Lost Chord." Sir John Robinson tells the story: "The words are, 'I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great amen.' Now, amen is a word of two syllables, so that there must have been two chords. He did not notice this, he said, until after the song had been sung in public, and he was terribly afraid he would get laughed at for it. Strange to say, nobody ever seemed to have found it out."

SERMON REPORTERS.

In English Churches They Are Only Admitted on Sufferance.

Some one who evidently speaks from knowledge writes in the Homiletic Review of "The Experiences of a Sermon Reporter." His remarks on the different rules in English and American newspapers on sermon reporting and his statement that it is necessary to verify Scriptural texts are not without interest. Possibly there is a text for a sermon not preached by the preachers in the following paragraph:

Reporters are invariably welcomed to American churches, for American preachers seem fully alive to the value of the advertisement obtained through newspaper notices. Some preachers even maintain their own "press agent" in order to secure the utmost publicity for the occasionally brilliant and, it may be, eccentric statements which they deliver. In English churches the reporter is only admitted on sufferance. Under an ancient law, which has never been repealed, the taking of shorthand notes of sermons is a misdemeanor characterized as "brawling" and punishable by imprisonment. In a few American churches special desks are available for reporters. They are, in any case, treated with the utmost courtesy by the ushers and provided with seats immediately below the pulpit. On a rare occasion in a crowded church a reporter has been allowed to seat himself on the pulpit steps, and on one extraordinary occasion it is recorded that a stenographer was concealed within the pulpit itself.

RABBITS AS FOOD.

Be Sure They Are Young and Then Cook Them With Onions.

Conies, the parent rabbits, were long considered as indigestible, provocative of melancholy—a black meat, breeding nightmares—but young rabbits have long been approved by thoughtful eaters. They were once eaten very young, and Topsell protested quaintly against the practice of cutting them out of the mother: "I trust there is no man among Christians so inhumanely gluttonous as once to devise or approve the sweetness of so foul a dish." Tame conies are not so good as the wild ones, for every creature doth partake in taste of the air wherein he liveth, and the air of the rabbit warren is not favorable.

The hare was praised extravagantly by Horace and Martial, and Apicius gave many recipes for dressing it, but the rabbit was not much esteemed among the Greeks and Romans. Today there are many ways of cooking the latter—brown or white fricassee, young rabbit in curl papers, croquettes, fillets, gelatin, gratin, rabbit pie, pudding, soup, scallops, mince of rabbit au fumet, rabbits a la venitienne, white gibelots, turban of fillets, kickshaws with Italian sauce, and, best of all—how the savor arises as we write!—rabbits and onions. But the rabbits must be young—those whom the gods love eat them young.—Boston Herald.

A DOG IS ALWAYS HONEST.

He Can't Growl and Wag His Tail at the Same Time.

"There is one peculiar thing about dogs," remarked a well known local fancier and huntsman, "and that is you never saw one pant and wag his tail at the same time. A dog is not capable of a double emotion. He can't growl and wag his tail at the same time, for it is impossible for him to be mad at one end and glad at the other.

"If a dog is glad to see his master he will bark and wag his tail. If he wants to get into the house he will paw at the door, whine and wag his tail, but they are all symptoms of one and the same emotion. But if his master opens the door he will cease to show anxiety immediately by whining and will show pleasure only by the wagging of his tail.

"In order to get a man's temper one must watch his eyes, but for a dog's you have to watch his tail. The dog is likewise incapable of deceit, and hence he is nothing of a politician. He deceives no one, not even his master. If he is overjoyed every emotion is indicative of that fact, and his whole makeup gives ample testimony to it. If he is displeased or angered it is the same way."—Houston Post.

Docility In Dogs.

Will people who talk about dogs ever learn to differentiate between intelligence and docility? The word "intelligent" is used almost universally in talking and writing, when people really mean docility—i. e., the readiness of the animal to accept instruction. Now, as in human beings, docility is likely to be an evidence of second rate intelligence, and the degree of intelligence is likely to appear when the animal is doing things on his own hook. It makes no great difference, but to the man who tries to think accurately the constant parade of an obedient animal as one of exceptional mental ability is painful.—Joseph A. Graham in Outing.

Man's Vest.

Man has one purely rudimentary garment. The coat and trousers yield to the ravages of toil and time, but the vest ever preserves its pristine freshness. The history of a man's clothes can be written from the old vests stored away in his wardrobe. The coat he wore at graduation and his wedding trousers become but myths, but he can always show you the vests he wore upon those august occasions. The tailor who invents a style of dress that will omit the vest has fortune and fame in store for him.

His Audience Warmed Up.

Hi Tragerdy—Hamm made his debut as a star last night, and I hear his audience was very cold. Lowe Comerdy—Yes; they were at first. Hi Tragerdy—Ah! Only at first? Lowe Comerdy—Yes; then they remembered they had paid to get in, and they got hot.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Dead Men's Bones.

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "That which I cannot find," was the reply, "the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

"Gie Us a Lead."

Dean Hole in his book, "More Memories," tells an amusing story of how an old woman got the better of her clergyman in an argument. The village churchyard was overcrowded except on its sunless northern side, in which the suicide was buried. One day the vicar, while visiting a poor old woman who was nigh unto death, thought he would try to get her consent to be buried in the roomy northern plot. He began by assuring her that the common aversion to burial in any particular portion of consecrated ground was a silly prejudice and a foolish superstition. Then he besought her, as a personal favor to himself and as an example to others, to permit her body to be buried in the northern plot of the churchyard.

The old woman thought it all over for a few minutes and then answered, "Well, sir, as you seem to think as one part of the churchyard is as good as another and that it makes no difference where we be put, perhaps you'll gie us a lead."

The vicar did not grasp the argument, but he changed the subject.

A Disappointing Celebrity.

An odd impression was that which George Eliot conceived of Schiller after her visit to Weimar with Lewes in the August of the year of "the union," 1854. She was thrilled, she says, by the legend over the poet's old house, "Hier wohnte Schiller," but something in the nature of disillusionment awaited her within. It was very interesting to see his study, left in its original state. But when it came to his skull, "which we saw for the first time, we were amazed at the smallness of the intellectual region."

After that she could take no further pleasure in the contemplation of the too flattering bust and portrait. And then "Rauch told us that Schiller had a 'miserable Stirne'—a wretched forehead," while to complete the destruction of her ideal she heard how "Tieck, the sculptor, was wont to declare that something in Schiller's whole person reminded him of—a camel."—Pall Mall Gazette.

President Hayes' Watches.

President Hayes was in the habit of wearing a cheap nickel watch while in the White House, and much comment was aroused as to the reason. The truth was that almost weekly a deputation of western Indians called upon him, always bringing presents of some kind to the great father. Of course he was expected to give something in return, and the object was to find something cheap and at the same time acceptable. Watches were a novelty to the Indians, and to present a chief with a watch which the great father himself had been carrying always impressed him greatly. Having discovered this and not caring to distribute gold watches or even silver ones, Mr. Hayes hit upon the expedient of buying nickel watches at $36 a dozen and always made it convenient to have one with him against an emergency.

A Norway Legend.

According to a work on Norway, the scantiness of the soil in that country is explained by some of the country people as follows: At the creation of the world the angels whose duty it was to scatter the soil forgot Norway. Seeing this, the guardian angel of the land made complaints to the Creator. What was to be done? Impossible to restart the whole of the creation for the sake of Norway. "Come, my little angels," said he, "look carefully and perhaps you may still find a little earth." The conscience stricken angels swept the floor of heaven, and the little dust they found they gathered in their draperies and scattered over the Norwegian rocks.

Faces and Feet.

An English artist, writing in a London woman's magazine, says:

"I do not know if any one has ever drawn attention to the fact before, that you can generally tell the shape of a woman's foot by her face. There is as much character in a foot as in a hand. You will generally find the round faced, short nosed little woman has the prettiest ankle and foot; the high cheeked, long nosed woman the ugliest. Women with very pretty faces seldom have pretty feet. Nature, somehow or other, compensates its daughters."

Lighting London In 1715.

The question of the lighting of London was settled in simple fashion in 1715. The common council "repealed, annulled and made void all the former acts concerning the lighting of London" as a preliminary measure and then proceeded to enact that "all housekeepers whose house, door or gateway fronts or lies next to any street, lane or public passage or place of the said city shall in every dark night—that is, every night between the second night after each full moon and the seventh night after each full moon—set or hang out one or more lights with sufficient cotton wicks that shall continue to burn from 6 o'clock at night till 11 o'clock of the same night on penalty of a shilling."

Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—MRS. W. J. BROWN, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

THE WORD STAPLE.

How It Came to Be Applied to Articles of Commerce.

The word "staple," applied as an adjective to distinguish certain articles of commerce, had its origin in England in the early part of the thirteenth century. The merchants of the staple were the first and most ancient and were so called from their exporting the staple wares of the kingdom—namely, wool, leather, skins, lead and tin. The king's staple was established in certain towns, and certain goods could not be exported without being first brought to those towns and rated and charged with the duty payable to the king. The grower of wool contented himself at first with the sale of it at his own door or at the next town. Thence arose a class of men who bought it from him and became a medium between the grower and the foreign cloth merchants. In 1319 the company had the legal form of a corporation and was the oldest mercantile corporation in England. Edward II. had for the better collecting of duty on wool ordained that the staple for it should be a certain town in the Netherlands, and Antwerp was fixed upon. It was afterward successively removed to St. Omer's, Bruges, Brussels, Louvain, Mecklin and Calais. In 1353 the staple was fixed at Westminster, which caused so great a resort of traders that from a village it was raised to the dignity of a town. In 1378 it was removed to the place still named Staple Inn, in Holborn. Hence "staple goods" are such as have been duly appraised and have paid the regular customs duties.

MILLET'S INFLUENCE.

A Host of Painters Followed Him In Depicting Peasant Life.

In his own words Millet tried to depict "the fundamental side of men and things." His subject was the peasant life—not the representation of it such as one sees in opera or the pretty, sentimental aspect of it, but the actual drama of labor continuously proceeding through the four seasons, the "cry of the soul," echoing in the hearts of the patient, plodding, God fearing toilers. Everything was typical. We have spoken of his "Sower." Of another picture the critic Castagnary wrote: "Do you remember his 'Reaper?' He might have reaped the whole earth!"

Everything that Millet did was full of a deep seriousness and sincerity. He never was an "easy" painter, so that his greatness as an artist is perhaps more clear in the black and white than in the colored subjects. Certainly in his crayon drawings, lithographs and etchings he proved himself to be one of that limited number of artists who may be reckoned master draftsmen. Moreover, the character that he expresses is of that grand and elemental quality which sometimes reminds us of Michael Angelo.

Millet's influence produced a host of painters of the peasant, among whom the strongest are the Frenchman L'Hermitte and Israels, the Dutchman. These, like him, have represented their subject with sympathy and with understanding also.—St. Nicholas.

The British Speaker.

Not only does the speaker of the house of commons enjoy the material benefits of a lordly residence at Westminster palace, a salary of £5,000 a year, £100 a year for stationery and two hogsheads of claret and 2,000 ounces of plate on election, but he enjoys the less substantial advantage of taking precedence of all other commoners. By an act of 1689 it was provided that the lords commissioners of the great seal not being peers "shall have and take place next after the peers of the realm and the speaker of the house of commons."—London Chronicle.

An Eye Test.

Most people believe that they see the same with both eyes. That this is not the case one can easily convince himself by the following simple experiment: Cover one of the eyes with a hand or a bandage and let the experimenter attempt to snuff out a candle suddenly placed within a few feet of him. He will almost invariably miss the flame, either overreaching, underreaching or putting the fingers too far to the right or left of the flame. With both eyes normal and open the accommodation for distance and direction is instantaneous.

A Curious Tablecloth.

The German emperor owns a curious tablecloth presented long ago by the women of Sleswick-Holstein. It is entirely worked over with moral sayings that include the following: "Do not believe all you hear; do not say all you know; do not do all you would like." "Wilt thou here have spass (fun)—be careful with thy glass." "First weigh and consider, then dare." "German house, German land—guard it, God, with mighty hand." "Contentment is a rare art."

Agreed With Her.

Tramp (at the door)—If you please, lady— Mrs. Muggs (sternly)—There, that will do. I am tired of this everlasting whine of "Lady, lady." I am just a plain woman, and— Tramp—You are, madam—one of the plainest women I've ever seen an' one of the honestest to own up to it.

A Reproof.

"Oh, children, you are so noisy today. Can't you be a little quieter?"

"Now, grandma, you must be more considerate and not scold us. You see, if it wasn't for us you wouldn't be a grandma at all."

His Temper.

Blobbs—Wigwag has a frightfully bad temper. Slobbs—Well, it doesn't seem to make him any more amiable when he loses it.—Philadelphia Record.

His Mistake.

Mr. Slimsky—I don't believe the city water is safe. I notice it has a clouded appearance this morning and tastes sort of—milky—and— Mrs. Starvem—That glass contains milk, Mr. Slimsky. The water is at your left. And, by the way, your board bill was due yesterday.—Cleveland Leader.

It has done me good to be somewhat parched by the heat and drenched by the rain of life.—Longfellow.

Meals In the Dark Ages.

Few references can be found as to the manner in which a meal was served and eaten during the dark ages. As near as we can learn, the soup was put in a big bowl with ears, called a "porringer." There was seldom a spoon for each person. Those who had spoons dipped them into the porringer, and the liquid was carried directly to each mouth. Those who were without spoons drank their soup from the porringer, holding it by one of the ears, or else borrowed a spoon of their neighbor. The meats were placed in a large vessel in the center of the table. Each person present at the meal picked out with his fingers such bits as he desired. One or two knives answered for half a dozen guests. Those who were without knives borrowed from those who had them. As a rule, the guests at table used their own knives. There is no evidence that napkins were supplied to guests at this period. At any rate, no mention is made of them.

Tipstaves.

Tipstaves, otherwise known as "old Charlies," "Bow street runners" and "Tom tits," were formerly used in England by officers of the law, or police in private clothes, to show their authority. They were generally carried up the sleeve or in a pocket conveniently at hand, and the officer would draw his tipstaff and touch the person to be arrested on the shoulder and say, "I arrest you in the name of the king," just as now a policeman produces his warrant. They were generally made of wood, mounted with brass or silver and tipped with a brass, ivory or carved wooden crown, whence the name tipstaff was derived. They varied in size from five to nine inches in length. The men who carried them were also called "Bow street runners." The last survivor died in 1894 at the age of eighty-five.

A Skin Game.

"Things are not always what they seem," said an officer of one of the big leather companies the other day at a gathering of leather men. "Once upon a time there were six good little goats in a field. They died young, like all good little goats with good skins, and the fellow who was responsible for their death shipped those skins to a tannery. When they came out the skin of one little goat was an elephant's hide, that of the second little goat was a monkey skin, that of the third was a sealskin, the fourth a sea lion, the fifth a green frog skin and the skin of the sixth came out a beautiful walrus hide."—New York Times.

Browning and an Umbrella.

A correspondent writes to the London Chronicle that he once came upon Robert Browning in Piccadilly in lively dispute with a stranger who had carried his closed umbrella over his shoulder or under his arm, with the end sticking out. Browning, walking behind, struck down the dangerous point with an energetic stick. "I always do it," said the poet with just indignation and in no measured tones. The man protested aloud, but Browning explained to the gathering crowd and justified himself fully. No one seemed to know how illustrious was the brawler.

A Wonderful Voice.

Lablache had the most magnificent bass voice ever known to the lyric stage. It had a compass of two octaves, from E flat below to E flat above the bass staff. He was a man of prodigious size and strength, and his voice was proportioned to his physical dimensions. Nothing was able to overcome or drown it, and through the tones of the largest chorus it boomed out as lustily as though alone. More than once he broke a window pane by the strength of the vibrations caused by his monstrous voice.

Making Matters Worse.

The English papers tell a quaint story of Lord Leighton, the painter. Two women were looking at his picture of "Helen of Troy." "It is a horrid picture," one remarked to the painter. "I'm sorry, but it's mine," said Sir Frederick, as he then was. "Oh," said the woman, "you don't mean to say you've bought it?" "No; I painted it," was the reply. "Oh," declared the women, "you must not mind what we say. We are only saying what everybody else says."

Glamour of the Footlights.

Mary Anderson Navarro talked also a good deal about the stage and told me that no one who had not lived behind the scenes could have any idea how utterly, hopelessly wearisome it was to live in a world where all things from the sun and the moon downward were shams.—Grant Duff's "Notes From a Diary."

Ardent Lover.

Kloseman—I'm looking for another girl. Object, matrimony. Ascum—Why, I thought Miss Pechis had accepted you. Kloseman—So she did, but the ring I had didn't fit her, so I've got to find somebody else.—Catholic Standard and Times.

His Objection.

"It is too bad that Biggins wastes his time writing poetry."

"I don't mind his wasting his own time," answered the severe man, "but he has no right to waste my time reading it aloud to me."—Washington Star.

A Little Help Wanted.

Old Financier—Young man, you must remember that there's always room at the top of the ladder. Applicant for Job—Um! Would you mind giving me a boost so I can see for myself?—Detroit Free Press.

Life has no blessing like a prudent friend.—Euripides.

Not a Lingering Fault.

"Dear George has only one fault," said the bride of three short weeks. "He is such an awful flatterer."

"That fault," rejoined her elder sister, who had been up against the matrimonial game for three long years, "will gradually disappear as the honeymoon wanes."

"Oh, dear," sighed the bride. "I was in hopes it would last forever."—Chicago News.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1905.

WILL NOT NOMINATE.

U. S. Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts is given the credit for inducing the Boston Chamber of Commerce Reciprocity Committee of 100, the head and moving spirit of which is a leading Democratic statesman, to abandon the proposed folly of presenting candidates for nomination at the coming Republican State convention, and confine their work to securing a Reciprocity and tariff revision plank in the platform. It may be that he is entitled to it; but it is more likely that the Committee, after carefully feeling the public pulse, found that their scheme wouldn't work, and, so, abandoned it voluntarily.

☞ Daniel March, D. D., Pastor Emeritus of the First Congregational church of this city, is 89 years old today, having first seen the light of day at Millbury, Mass., on July 21, 1816. The following brief sketch of the Doctor's public career is taken from a Boston paper's account of the celebration of the 87th anniversary of his birthday, two years ago, and is probably somewheres near correct: Dr. March entered Yale College in 1834, graduating in 1840. For a period of three years he was Principal of the Fairview Academy in Connecticut. After a course in the Yale Theological School he was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in Cheshire, Ct., April 25, 1845. He later accepted a pastorate in Nashua, N. H., and came to Woburn in October, 1856, as pastor of the First Congregational church. In 1862 he accepted a call to a church in Philadelphia. Returning to Woburn in 1877, he remained till 1894, when he resigned the pastorate of First church. Dr. March has crossed the Atlantic seven times and has toured the world. He has published eight volumes, besides many sermons and addresses. His many friends in this city are congratulating him today.

☞ Mr. Reuben C. Clark of Berwick, Maine, after using, with marked success, soapsuds made of old fashioned soft soap, several years, for the destruction of tent caterpillars and currant worms, says the Somersworth (N. H.) *Free Press*, lately experimented with the wash on the gypsy and browntail moths with some gratifying results. In no instance was the caterpillar seen to move after being hit by the soapsuds, but in every case it soon dried up and blew away. Soft soap is the product of strong ash lye and grease; is inexpensive; and use of the suds is not dangerous, as in case of paris green, and some other alleged moth exterminators. Mr. Clark's success with the suds leads him to hope that others afflicted with the gypsy and browntail will try his remedy, and report to him the results of their experiments.

☞ Now we are to know all about the gypsy and browntail moth. Last week the Medford *Mercury* began a series of illustrated editorial articles on these pests of humanity "for the purpose of maintaining an educational campaign" for their destruction, which cannot but prove of intense interest to a suffering people. Whole broadsides of pictures of "horrible examples" were produced by the *Mercury*, which were explained by expert remarks that read like novels, only more so, if anything We have no doubt at all but that the articles will make an end of the moths and the trouble they cause wherever they are read and the pictures seen.

☞ As a military school the Westfield Muster was not a great success; indeed, it did not begin to compare in this respect to last year's camp. So far as teaching men much about real war it was pretty near a total failure, although General Miles pretended to think otherwise. There was a marked lack of discipline all the week, but there was no such disgraceful conduct on the part of officers and men as the Boston papers tried to make out. The boys had a good time, but their stock of military knowledge was not materially increased by their participation in the Muster.

☞ "Medford Past and Present" is a beautiful souvenir volume of 175 pages, splendidly illustrated, issued by the Medford Publishing Company and published by the Medford *Mercury*. It is the official souvenir of the recent celebration of the 275th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Medford, and a handsome and valuable publication.

☞ We thank Representative Herbert S. Riley, Esq., for a bound copy of the address of Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, U. S. S., delivered before the Massachusetts Senate and House of Representatives, Jan. 19, 1905, in memory of his late colleague, Hon. George Frisbie Hoar, U. S. S.

LOCAL NEWS.

— Henry L. Andrews is taking his vacation.

— B. H. Nichols and family are at their farm in Hope, Maine.

— Organist Hood of First church and wife are in Rhode Island this week.

— Officer Michael Hickey is patroling Officer O'Neil's Main street beat.

— Police Officers O'Neil and Tarr started on their vacation last Monday.

— "Charley" Buckley can stand the veto of his proposed medal if the others can.

— Bertha Dean is engaged to teach school in New Hampshire the coming year.

— The South Border Athletic Club will hold their sixth annual lawn party tonight.

— Mrs. S J. Carswell of Pleasant street is spending the summer at Marblehead Neck.

— Some Warren ave. people have been camping on the Concord River this week.

— Charles Munroe, Jr., and John H. Sweetser are camping on the raging Shawsheen.

—Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— There is a good prospect for additional patent leather factories at North Woburn.

— Miss Mary Prior and Miss Sarah Waterman have been spending the week at Carver.

— Sherman Sanborn, son of the Doctor, goes to North Danville, N. H., for his vacation.

— Miss Josephine Whitcomb is entertaining Miss St. Claire Van Antwerp of South Dakota.

— Miss Josie Randall of Worcester and sister visited friends on Arlington Road on Wednesday.

— Edward Banwell, keeper at Towanda Clubhouse, is taking his vacation at Eastport, Me.

— Miss Gertrude Wood started last Monday for Vermont, where she will stay for a week or ten days.

— Henry Grothe, traveling salesman for the American Tobacco Co., was out on vacation last week.

— Dr. Josiah Peet Bixby and family are rusticating among the granite hills of lovely New Hampshire.

— It was about as uncomfortable at the beaches as farther back in the country during the heated term.

— The weather last Sunday was just charming—a delightful letup in the great heat of the previous 8 days.

— We think it will be freely admitted that Mayor Reade is a record breaker on vetoes of Council orders.

— Helen Sylvester, the youthful actress, dancer and elocutionist of this city, is visiting at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, of the "Tom" Lawson Western missionary party, returned last Monday evening.

— The family of Mr. Frank B. Richardson of Mishawum Road go to Provincetown next week for an outing.

— Nothing is heard concerning Old Home Week hereabouts, and it opens for visitors a week from next Sunday.

— Mr. John S. Wheeler of 23 Kilby street visited his brother at Stowe a few days since, and enjoyed his brief outing.

— There were heaps of suffering humanity in this city last Monday night, if all the stories about it were true.

— The 3d and 4th Parts of the Johnson Genealogy, by Judge Edward F. Johnson, have been written and printed.

— Miss Grace Buck of the Public Library force takes her vacation delights at Provincetown on the tipend of Cape Cod.

— Miss Mabel Weldon of Chelsea, formerly of this city, is spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Sullivan of this city.

— Architect Cook gave definite figures of the cost of the new schoolhouse at the B. P. W. meeting last Monday evening.

— Mrs. Frank Kellogg and Miss Mary S. Kellogg of New York were the guests of Miss Hosmer of Pleasant street Tuesday.

— Any one who thinks it is not hot would change their mind if they could see the small million of men and boys at Horn Pond every night.

— Trolley trips to the beaches are quite the fashion with Woburn people just now. With thermometers at 90 in the shade seabreezes are delicious.

— It is said that Fred Davis will have for a Democratic opponent in his race for the Legislature a present member of the Board of Public Works.

— Dogdays will open up for business next Tuesday. But they can't give us weather much harder to endure than that which July has already furnished.

— Miss Helen Beadle of Groveland is visiting relatives here this week. She was promoted to the Junior Class of the Groveland High School last month.

— The Scandinavian Free church will not close during this vacation season. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Hallmitz, will remain at his post during that period.

— Mr. Eustace Cummings and family are at North Strafford, Vermont, where it is their intention to remain until about the first of next November.

— Judge Johnson is putting in some leisure time with his family at Rockport. In the meanwhile Judge John G. Maguire occupies the Bench of the District Court.

— Lawyer John P. Feeney got back from the Elk convention at Buffalo, N. Y., several days ago. He is about ready and will soon enter on his vacation pleasures.

— Burlington people have taken time by the forelock and are to hold their Old Home week on July 24, a week in advance of the official date for opening the Week.

— The family of Hon. George F. Bean are at their summer home in New Hampshire, where they usually remain until about the time of the opening of our public schools.

— Gage & Co. are now giving great bargains in summer weight goods, and this is exactly the right time to buy. Flint says everything is going dreadful cheap to reduce stock.

— Mr. Edgar Thompson, a prominent railroad man of Chicago, and wife have been visiting his mother, Mrs. Leonard Thompson of Warren avenue, and other relatives here.

— An incident brought to mind just now what Walpole, the great English statesman of other days, once said to his attendant: "Don't read me history, for I know that *can't* be true."

— William Evans was prostrated by the heat last Tuesday morning. He is 78 years old, and had walked from Stoneham in the heat when overcome. His case was not a serious one.

— Mrs. Josephine Hayward, President of the Woman's Club of this city, has accepted several invitations to lecture before literary societies and clubs during the approaching autumn.

— Mr. Charles A Sturtevant, an old and respected resident of Woburn, but whose home is now at Haverhill, gave the JOURNAL office a brief call last Monday. He is bright, well and happy.

— The people of Medford are in a peck of trouble over an increase of $3 on $1000 in their rate of taxation. It is $21 this year. Woburn Assessors don't do business that way—they reduce the rate.

— Mr. James H. Ramsdell, agent at the B. & M. Cross street station, died suddenly of heart disease about noon last Monday. He was old, and it was thought that the intense heat hastened his death.

— The shortest, quickest and pleasantest route from Boston to the Adirondacks is by the Boston & Maine's New Lake Placid and Saranac Lake service, inaugurated this season. It is growing rapidly in popularity.

— Ald. Connolly heads the Literary Bureau of the City Council. He writes a slicker order for an appropriation than any other man in the business; likewise, tougher propositions for Mayor Reade to run up against.

— Capt. John P. Crane don't occupy his fine Warren avenue home hardly long enough to get acquainted with his neighbors. He goes to famous Poland Springs, Maine, in a couple of weeks to spend the hot weather.

— Engineer Charles Chase, wife and grandchildren returned from their New Hampshire outing of a couple of weeks last Saturday, and the first above named took his engine on the B. & M. Monday morning last past.

— A large barn on the P. G. Hanson estate on Lexington street, owned by Mrs. P. G. Hanson, filled with hay, was totally destroyed early last Tuesday evening. The distance of the barn from a hydrant made playing on the fire by the firemen difficult.

— The intense heat has troubled the baseball fans, for not a word of it had been heard for two weeks until last Wednesday, when the Woburn grocer clerks defeated the grocer clerks from Jamaica Plain at the Park.

— Chauncy Strout, son of Mr. Howard Strout, is visiting his relatives at the residence of J. Fred Brown, Arlington Road. He is employed by Mr. F. F. Putney, a prominent business man of Putney, Georgia.

— On invitation of Water Commissioner Hayward the Board of Public Works went to Boston this week to visit the International Electrical Exposition at Mechanics Building. It was a fine show of electrical novelties.

— It is reported that the machine-shop of J. T. Freeman & Co. has ceased to do business. The establishment has been in existence many years and for a long time built all the machinery for the leather factories in Woburn, and had a large trade in the West.

— A finer piece of paint and brush work than that just completed by a half a dozen artists on the Railroad station canopy, which runs from Church avenue to Pleasant street, it would be hard to find. Mr. James Callahan, the gateman, considers it a genuine work of art.

— By invitation from their "hello girl" friends from Chelsea, who they rescued from the effects of a severe thunder shower at Horn Pond woods recently, the "Big Four" of the South End Social Club went down there last Sunday evening and had an exceedingly good time.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 34 at 9 P. M. last Tuesday, was for a fire which destroyed a barn on the P. G. Hanson estate on Lexington street. The alarm from box 44 at 1.10 Wednesday afternoon was for a fire which slightly burned the railroad bridge at Montvale.

— The manager of the Woburn branch of the Boston Flower Mission, carried on under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., respectfully invites all who have flowers to spare to donate some of them to the mission. Please send them to First church vestry Friday afternoon.

— Moore & Parker, newsdealers, had a great frolic last Tuesday. Early in the morning they dropped trade like a hot potato, donned their best bib-and-tucker, and hied away to Nantasket Beach, there to attend the Suburban Newsdealers outing, and eat clams. Oh! but it was fine!

— Trolley parties have been frequent this week. The S. of V. Club went to Revere Beach; Post 161, to Salem Willows; Montvale Chapel parish to Revere Beach; Miss Tebbetts's big female party to Salem Willows; and so on to the end of the chapter. Supt. Gray gave them all a good ride and a plenty of it.

— The St. John's Baptist church Sunday School picnic to Milliken's Grove yesterday was a large affair. Two or three trolleys were crowded with men, women, children and baskets of eatables, and a merrier crowd never went out of this city on a gala-day time. The children were especially happy, and all were jolly.

— Rev. Dr. March, after a brief physical indisposition, returned to his workroom in First church annex yesterday morning. He came down town from his boardinghouse on a trolley which, we suspect, was in the nature of a crucifixion to his feelings, for his custom is to walk both ways, unless the weather is unusually severe.

— The heaviest thunder storm of the summer occurred on Friday evening, July 14, but not so much rain fell as on some former occasions. The lightning was uncommonly sharp and thunder heavy, but no damage was done by it here. In Boston and other places not far away the lightning played havoc with buildings and things.

— A smart young fellow by the name of Warren Teel, whose home is at Davenport, Iowa, a lovely city on the banks of the Father of Waters, so named by Keokuk, Chief of the Sacs Indians, whose home was up and down that side of the Mississippi River, while Black Hawk and his tribe of Winnebagoes occupied the Illinois side, has placed us under everlasting obligations to him for a batch of late Iowa newspapers. Thanks.

— Mr. Walter Widgery has returned from Antrim, N H.

— Sir Reynard is killing a great many Burlington hens and chickens.

— Joseph E. Sawtelle of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is visiting relatives and old time acquaintances in this city.

— Deacon J. Francis Woodbury of Millbury, Mass., who married Miss Emma Simonds, daughter of Abel Simonds, late of Burlington, died on Sunday evening, July 16.

— Nothing was done towards awarding contracts for building the new schoolhouse at the meeting of the Board of Public Works last Monday evening.

— Burbank W. R. C. 84 has a membership of nearly 100, and every-one of them is a good worker for the Order. As auxiliary to Post 33, G. A. R. their services are above price.

— Fruitade at Robbins Drug Company's store, 5 cents a gobletful, is the favorite hot weather drink just at the present time. Carter of North Woburn, who leaves his home trolley every evening for some of it, says it is a long cold draught, and that is what hot people long for.

— The man who took the contract to haul away the James R. Wood house on Salem street wishes now that he hadn't. He has got into trouble with men, trees, and things which he would like to get shut of. Tuesday morning's Boston *Journal* had pictures of the house, obstructing trees, Sumner Richardson, and the whole thing.

— Many people have derived a great deal of cool comfort from the contents of druggist Brooks's soda fountain in the last couple of weeks. As compared with some others, his store itself has felt more like a cold storage room than anything else. With the fountain in full operation and zephyrs playing around, Brooks's is a lovely spot while the mercury outside is capering up and down between 85 and 95 degrees.

— Judging from an advertisement published by A. Herbert Holland, Clerk and Treasurer, in this issue of the JOURNAL, the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank is a corporation composed of good men, and a directorate equally strong and trustworthy. Mr. Charlie A. Jones, who has the reputation of being a firstclass financier, is President; and A. Herbert Holland, who has been connected with the Bank several years, and in every way a capable young man, is Clerk and Treasurer. The institution is sound and prosperous.

— On motion of Com. Kennedy at a meeting of the Board of Public Works last Wednesday evening, the offer of Jackson & Son of Brockton, they being the lowest responsible bidders, was accepted and the contract to build the High schoolhouse awarded to them. Com. McHugh's attempt to stave off action on the bids was defeated 3 to 2. Mayor Reade will ask the City Council for additional funds with which to complete the work, and it is expected that his request will meet with favorable response, now that the erection of the building is a foregone conclusion.

— Lyceum Hall Association are going right to work to make the changes in their Hall demanded by the laws of the Commonwealth to allow it to be used as a theatre. It will be ready for all comers long before the fall amusement season opens. Mr. Winthrop Hammond of Worcester, an officer, and General Manager of the Hall heretofore, was here last week planning for the changes and improvements contemplated and arranging for them. It is a fine large Hall, and much in demand for the presentation of plays, parties, shows, concerts, and assemblies.

— Wakefield, Melrose, Saugus, etc., are having a tussle with the Boston & Northern Street Railway Co. over the question of transfers between those towns which the Company threaten to abolish. The people there are up in arms and have appealed to the State Railroad Commissioners to put their foot down on the proposition. To make matters worse the Company propose to raise the fare from Boston to Melrose Highlands and Wakefield, which the public do not propose to stand. They say the service over there is worse than it was in the old horse car days.

— A break in the hot wave Wednesday evening was welcomed with open arms by everybody. It was the 12th day of the hottest term that has ever been known in this section of country, and the suffering it had caused had been intense. Nights brought little or no relief to sizzling humanity, and when the fresh cool wind struck here about supper time on Wednesday and continued through the evening everyone rejoiced and was exceedingly glad. There were no deaths from the heat here, and but few prostrations, nor were these of a serious nature. But yesterday was another hot one, although a more comfortable air prevailed.

— The Divisions of the Boston & Maine Railroad System are doing a great business these times in conveying people on their outings to the oceanside, mountains, country cottages, and forest camps all over Northern New England. Their trains reach every desirable summer resort in that section of Uncle Sam's domains, seaside and inland; and not only so, but it is a comfort and a blessing to ride on them in such hot weather as has prevailed of late. Nothing is spared by the Company that tends to enhance the comfort of the traveler; the trains are fine and fast. And they are carrying more passengers this year than ever before.

— Chairman George Buchanan of the Woburn Board of Health has tried the gypsy moth soapsuds remedy, recently discovered and successfully tested by Mr. Clark of South Berwick, Maine, mention of which is made in another column of this issue of the JOURNAL, and found it a dead-open-and-shut on the caterpillar. Mr. Buchanan has studied the animal root and branch, and is the best posted and most reliable moth authority in this city; therefore, his late experiments with the soapsuds may be implicitly depended on, as thorough, scientific, and decisive. We surmise that those people who are fighting the gypsy may interview Mr. Buchanan on the soapsuds remedy to their advantage.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR

CLOTHES

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Manufactured in our own work-rooms on the premises.
Single-breasted and double-breasted sack suits in

Worsteds, Cheviots, and Blue and Black Serges

For outing wear and for the hot months we offer

Flannel Coats and Trousers

MEN'S AND BOYS'

HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET

BOSTON

— Dea. Charles Richardson and wife have arrived at Seattle and are visiting Mrs. Charles M. Howe, his sister.

— Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus F. Reed of Brattleboro, Vermont, are visiting the family of Mr. W. F. Estabrook, whose wife is Mr. Reed's sister. They have come to the right place for good entertainment, but it does seem as though some of the weather this week must have been a serious drawback to their comfort, coming, as they did, from the breeze swept hills of the fine old Green Mountain State.

— The funeral of Mrs. Rebecca A. McDonald, who died at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. DeLoriea at Marblehead Neck on Thursday, July 13, at the age of 75 years, was held in the parlor of the First Congregational church, this city, at 3 o'clock last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Dr. Norton, pastor, conducted the religious exercises, and the church's Quartet sang pieces appropriate to the occasion. The Tripps had charge of the funeral arrangements. The deceased was the widow of the late Major James W. McDonald, a Veteran of the Civil War, a well known and respected citizen of Woburn, whose death occurred several years ago, and the mother of Mrs. DeLoriea. She was an excellent woman, and enjoyed the esteem of many friends.

— A considerable number of Woburn people are having a good time at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Prout's Neck, Scarboro, Maine, the gentlemanly proprietors of which popular hostelry are Ruggles & Turnbull, both respected citizens of Woburn some years ago. No rarer, fairer or finer spot for comfort in hot weather than Pine Point can be found on the Maine Coast, which is the very Garden of Eden of summer resorts, unapproachable by any others in the known world Just at present we are enabled to chronicle the presence at Lookaway Inn of the family of John R. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Ward W. Hart, Almy Carter, an officer at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and very likely several others. For real comfort Pine Point is far preferable to Old Orchard.

— Magnus Gabriel Noren, 15 years old, died of lockjaw at the Massachusetts General Hospital last Sunday morning, caused by a pistol shot in his hand on the 4th of July. The wound had healed and no trouble was anticipated from it, but on Thursday of last week symptoms of the fatal disease appeared and he was taken to the Hospital, where he died, as above stated. He was a graduate from the Cummings Grammar school last month, where he was one of the brightest scholars, and universally liked by teachers and pupils. He was a promising athlete, and a musician of remarkable ability for one of his age. Funeral services were held on Tuesday at the residence of his father 48 Garfield avenue. It was attended by the Cummings School in a body, by whom great respect was paid to the memory of their late schoolfellow.

— The gypsy caterpillar has a plenty of cheek, to say the least. Some weeks ago the Board of Health, in regular session assembled, issued a ukase that outlawed the two families of moths and legally condemned them as private and public nuisances. The ukase provided for severe penalties for neglect to obey its provisions by the inhabitants of this city. Instead of striking terror to the hearts of the moths, the action of the Board only emboldened them to mightier deeds of havoc among the foliage, and urge them on to greater activity in their work of destruction. In the mean time the inhabitants lay supinely on their backs, figuratively speaking, and let the critters go it. But that wasn't the worst of it. In pursuance of the Board's ukase Clerk Lynch had explanatory and warning placards nailed up all over the city, so that even they who run might read the new law. Now comes the strange part of the story. What did the moths do? how regard the Board's ukase? With utter contempt! They turned up their noses, and sneered, and kept right on sawing wood. Lynch had one of the placards nailed up at the junction of Main and High streets. A few days ago a prominent gentleman, who is always hunting for trouble, went along and took a look under the placard. The sight nearly paralyzed him, for on the under side of the card were not less than 300 gypsy caterpillers, stretched out, closely packed, and enjoying life to the limit! And, mind you, on the other side of the same card was the ukase of the Board of Health, in substance at least! If these 300 caterpillars had been found on the under side of almost anything else nothing would have been thought of it; but no; they covered one side of the identical piece of pasteboard that the Health Officers had used to publish their order on; in utter defiance of the order; regardless of the high power that issued it; or the speech of people! A more barefaced case of contempt of public authority it would be hard to scare up anywhere outside of Woburn.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

City Council.

There was a light attendance at the meeting of the Board of Aldermen last Monday evening, due probably to the intense heat that prevailed.

The only sensational move in the meeting was the veto of Mayor Reade of the order adopted at a previous session which appropriated $25 with which to purchase a medal of merit to be presented to Mr. Charles P. Buckley, driver of Hook and Ladder 1, for heroism displayed at the time of the runaway of the Hook and Ladder team on Montvale avenue some weeks ago, and reasons given for the message. Ald. Lang, author of the order, got hot over the veto and let on quite vigorously. The message went over for a week.

Appropriations of $6,500 for repairs of schoolhouses; $6,000 for repairs of hose houses; $3,000 for sidewalks and edgestones; $750 to exterminate moths; $800 for city ambulance, had each a second reading and laid on the table until next Monday.

The Finance Committee reported an appropriation of $5000 for the Highway Department, which was given a first reading.

A resolution to petition the Metropolitan Park Commissioners to extend the Park System to Woburn, was adopted.

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris, is, that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vanleer, Tenn. "I had a cough, for fourteen years. Nothing helped me, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which gave instant relief, and effected a permanent cure." Unequalled quick cure, for Throat and Lung Troubles. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c and $1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

The Figures.

The Board of Assessors have completed the task of writing up their books and figuring the tax rate for 1905, in good season, and kindly opened them for inspection. From them the following figures are taken by courtesy of the Board.

A reduction of the taxrate to $19 will be gratifying to property owners, and was something of a pleasant surprise. The loss on valuation does not strike one as quite so agreeable as hoped for. The gain in real property is about $85,000 less than the loss on personal; and the loss of 65 polls may mean a decrease in our population.

The taxes are:

City	$121,732 00
City	45,583 80
Executions Burke	1,071 50
Executions Burgess	450 00
State Tax	13,880 00
County	11,396 00
Sewers Metropolitan	11,024 37
Metropolitan Parks	5,238 71
State Highways	161 65
Overlays	2,020 85
	$212,498 88
St. Water	1,330 70
	$213,829 58

Rate $19.00.

	Real	Personal	Polls
Ward 1	$1,925,554	$368,262	717
Ward 2	1,585,980	618,164	802
Ward 3	1,351,530	136,496	717
Ward 4	1,759,765	416,899	718
Ward 5	735,995	325,305	345
Ward 6	977,090	83,732	515
Ward 7	526,845	14,903	277
	$8,862,759	$1,890,761	4091

Total Valuation, $10,753,520 Gain on Real, $38,422
Loss on Personal, $123,261 Loss on Polls, 65

Trolley Excursions.

Special Trolley Excursions, with reserved seats and through cars to seashore resorts along the North Shore are becoming quite a fad. The Boston & Northern Street Railway Company is always new and original in its ideas, and these trolley trips will no doubt prove very popular. Last Saturday afternoon at 2 P. M. special cars left the corner of Portland and Hanover streets, Boston, for Salem, Salem Willows, and Marblehead. Every seat was taken and many had to resort to the regular cars. These trips will now be run every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9.15 A. M. and Saturdays at 2 P. M. weather permitting. On Tuesdays and Thursdays at 9 A. M. the special cars will leave for Gloucester and around Cape Ann. This is one of the most delightful trips in eastern Massachusetts. A stop will be made at Pigeon Cove for dinner. From Land's End the most eastern point of the Cove, glimpses may be had on a clear day of the New Hampshire and Maine coasts.

All information and folders describing these exursions as well as tickets for the round trip, may be obtained at the Passenger Department, 309 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Bent Her Double.

"I knew no one, for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double, and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I can walk as straight as ever. They are simply wonderful." Guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders; at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c.

Sunday School Term at Northfield.

EAST NORTHFIELD, Mass., June 19.
The Massachusetts Sunday School Association will hold its second Summer School of Methods for training Sunday School workers at East Northfield, Mass., from July 22 to 30. It is the only really technical school of its kind in America. The work will include the study of pedagogy, drawing, map making, history, story telling, discipline, and psychology. All of the classes are to meet in the mornings and afternoons thus giving the evenings free. During the last five days of the school the International Conference of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions will be in session and the Sunday and evening platform meetings will be open to the students of the School of Methods. At the last session of the school the students have the privileges of the Northfield Seminary building, Camp Northfield, or the Hotel Northfield. The school although held in Massachusetts includes both New York and New England.

By Trolley and Boat to Bass Point.

We are all familiar with the pleasure of a trolley trip; how many have combined a trolley and boat trip? Take a trolley to Lynn Square all cars connect with boats on the popular Lynn & Nahant line to the Point. The delights of an ocean trip through Lynn Harbor along the Nahant reservation by the new $100,000 State Bath House to the most popular resort on the coast will fill the days pleasure. Always cool, always something doing. Band concert afternoon and evening two strong vaudeville shows. Sheafs' relay theatre presents a strong bill afternoon and evening. Deep sea fishing another attraction. A new innovation. The boat line have started to issue a round trip ticket with coupon good for any of the 4 attractions at the Point which is sold for 25 cts. at the wharf at Lynn.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that the following is a true list of the members of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation date as June 30, 1905:—

William T. Grammer	Everett P. Fox
Samuel Cook	Luke W. Fowle
John R. Carter	Julius F. Ramsdell
Charlie A. Jones	Elwyn G. Preston
Edward D. Hayden	Herbert B. Dow
John Winn	Henry M. Aldrich
John W. Johnson	Daniel W. Bond
Fred J. Brown	Joseph F. DeLoriea
George E. Fowle	Winthrop Hammond
Edward J. Gregory	John Maloney
William Beggs	Fred E. Cottle
Lewis W. Thompson	William P. Chute
Edward E. Thompson	Henry H. Leathe
Squire B. Goddard	Frank B. Richardson

Attest:

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., July 11, 1905.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that at the Annual Meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation held June 30, 1905, the following named persons were elected to the office specified and have duly qualified as such officials:—

PRESIDENT,
Charlie A. Jones.

VICE PRESIDENTS,
John Winn John R. Carter William Beggs

CLERK,
A. Herbert Holland.

AUDITORS,
Fred J. Brown, Elwyn G. Preston

TRUSTEES.

John Winn	John W. Johnson
William Beggs	Lewis W. Thompson
Edward E. Thompson	Elwyn G. Preston
George E. Fowle	Fred J. Brown
Squire B. Goddard	Luke W. Fowle
Herbert B. Dow	Joseph F. DeLoriea
Henry M. Aldrich	Julius F. Ramsdell
Charlie A. Jones	Fred E. Cottle.
John R. Carter	

The Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank at a meeting held June 30, 1905, elected the following officers who have duly qualified according to law:—

BOARD OF INVESTMENT,

Charlie A. Jones	Squire B. Goddard
John Winn	Herbert B. Dow
John R. Carter	Luke W. Fowle
William Beggs	Julius F. Ramsdell
Lewis W. Thompson	

TREASURER,
A. Herbert Holland

Attest:

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., July 11, 1905.

HOT WEATHER DISINFECTING.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Is the most economical and effective household disinfectant, deodorant and cleaner.

At all dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c. and $1 00

☞ Look for above Trade Mark on all packages.

M. J. MULKEEN,

Notary Public

Justice of the Peace

— AND —

General Steamship Agent.

White Star Line, Cunard Line, American Line, Atlantic Transportation Line, Dominion Line, Holland American Line, Leyland Line, Red Star Line, Anchor Line, Allan Line.
Drafts at the lowest rates.
Pension Vouchers promptly and carefully executed

OFFICE: 480 Main Street.

RESIDENCE: 106 Pleasant Street.

WOBURN

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—5th Sunday after Trinity. 7 P. M., Evening Prayer.
Music by Vested Choir.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "Shall We Pray?"
No Sunday School.
6.15 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Evening Service. A Sermon in Story.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Christ the Light of the World."
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., preaching by the pastor.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Love."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.30.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Married.

In Winchester, July 12, by Rev. H. J. Madden, Bernard J. McLaughlin and Mary E. Cogan, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 14, Abbey H. Butman, aged 60 years.
In this city, July 15, Mrs. Nichia B. Barnum, aged 74 years, 4 months, 8.
In this city, July 17, James H. Ramsdell, aged 77 years, 6 months, 20 days.
In this city, July 17, Eliza A., wife of Edmund B. Crosby, aged 57 years.
In Boston, July 16, Magnus G. Norin, aged 15 years, 4 months, 15 days.

Forced to Starve.

B. F. Leek, of Concord, Ky., says: "For 20 years I suffered agonies, with a sore on my upper lip, so painful, sometimes, that I could not eat. After vainly trying everything else, I cured it, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's great for burns, cuts and wounds. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; Only 25c.

The Camp a Success.

We are glad to know that the big encampment of the militia was a success, and that it ought to be repeated in its essentials once in two or three years, if not every year; this on the authority of Lieut. Gen. Miles, who certainly ought to be regarded as a man who knows what he is talking about. And it is pleasant to feel that "the entire militia of the State is fully equipped for any service during the spring, summer or autumn months in any part of the country." That shows that our military system must have been pretty effective for a number of years.

But there are several matters yet to be cleaned up in connection with the camp. One is the rowdyism of some of the men in Westfield, another the looting of a whip factory there, and still another the hoodlum outbreaks on one of the trains coming home. Until discipline is applied to those offenses, the mobilization cannot truly be said to have been successful.—*Boston Journal.*

A Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver, by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure, for headache, dizziness and constipation. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James P. Mooney to Nellie S. Shaw, dated October 29th, A. D. 1892, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2154, Page 116, which mortgage has been duly assigned to John G. Maguire by said Nellie S. Shaw by assignment dated July 8th, A. D. 1905, recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, August 12th, 1905,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the easterly side of Eastern Avenue, containing four thousand five hundred and fifty one (4551) square feet, being lot number 63 on a plan of the Highland Park Lots owned by Leonard H. Allen and L. W. Fowle, drawn by George F. Hartshorne, C. E., dated January, 1890, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at a stake at the northwesterly corner of the premises on said Eastern Avenue and distant one hundred seventy-one and four-tenths (171.4) feet southerly from the southerly line of land of Theodore L. Pierce, measuring on said Eastern Avenue; from thence the line runs southerly on and by said Eastern Avenue fifty-six and one-tenth (56.1) feet to a private way shown on said plan designated as Fowle street extension; thence turning, the line runs easterly by and with said private way eighty-one and fifty-eight one hundredths (81 58-100) feet to lot No. 50 on said plan; thence turning, the line runs northerly on and by said lot No. 50 fifty-six (56) feet to lot No. 62 on said plan; thence turning, the line runs westerly on and by said lot No. 62 eighty and ninety-six one hundredths 80 96-100 feet, to the point of beginning; together with the right to use said private way in common with others for all proper purposes of a street or passageway; being the same premises conveyed to said James P. Mooney by Leonard H. Allen by deed dated September 28th, 1891, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2145, Page 519.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, Mass., July 10, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick J. Guerin to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated August 11th, 1904, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3118, Page 127, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, the twenty-ninth day of July, A. D. 1905,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Charles street in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, containing two and one-half acres, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Charles street; westerly by land formerly of Henry Wendall, by land of Clara S. and Maria E. Carter, and land formerly of Walter Wyman; northerly by land, now or formerly, of Morrill Wyman; easterly by land, now or late of said Morrill Wyman, and by land of the City of Woburn, known as Woodbrook Cemetery; being the same premises conveyed to said Patrick J. Guerin by Helen M. Thompson et al. by deed dated August 9th, 1904, to be herewith recorded.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens.

$100.00 will be required at time of sale; the balance within ten days upon passing papers at office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
By John C. Buck, Treasurer.

Woburn, Mass., July 5th, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Hugh Billingsly of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to William H. Richardson of Arlington, in said County, dated June 1st, 186[illegible], and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 1094, Folio 131; and for breach of the condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction in said Woburn, upon the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, the first day of August, 1905, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:

"Two certain lots of land, with the building thereon standing, situate in the southerly part of Woburn aforesaid, being lots numbered three and four on plan of land belonging to L. G. and W. H. Richardson, surveyed by Josiah Hovey in May, A. D. 1869, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Westerly by Arlington street; southerly by Belmont street; easterly by lot No. 2; and northerly by land of Abbott, and containing about fifteen thousand three hundred square feet;" being the same premises conveyed to said Hugh Billingsly by L. G. and W. H. Richardson by deed of warranty of even date with said mortgage.

The building formerly on said premises has been destroyed.

Said premises will be sold subject to all tax titles and tax sales, and to all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any.

$100.00 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

FLORELLA A. WELLS,
GEORGIANNA SQUIRE,
Executrices of the Will of the Mortgagee, William H. Richardson.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Lucinda E. Webber, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased, have been presented to said Court, for probate, by Marcus H. Cotton, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of July, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

GO TO Bass Point

Ideal Resort for a Day's Outing

BY BOAT FROM LYNN

FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square. Round Trip Ticket with coupon good for all attractions 25c. For Sale at Lynn Wharf.

TUTORING

In Grammar and High School requirements.

SUSAN E. TIDD,
Woburn, Mass.

192 Salem street.

FRED GOWING
"OSTEOPATH"

Residence: - 6 Wyer's Court,
Woburn, Mass.

P. O. Box 375.

Hay For Sale.

Good English Hay. Free delivery in large or small lots.
Apply at 71 Wyman street.

E. C. COLMAN.

To Let.

One tenement of 6 rooms at 37 Salem street, 10 dollars per month. Also, one tenement of 6 rooms at No 4 Court street, 10 dollars per month.

E. H. RICHARDS.

BOYS' PLAY SUITS

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.

Our New Drink SHRUB
Most popular thirst quencher in Woburn
Long Glass 5c.
Drawn from the only sanitary fountain in this section.
Whitcher's PILL BOX
The Drugstore where you buy what you ask for at the lowest prices.

ESTABLISHED 1884
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FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
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WINCHESTER.

Judge Littlefield successfully engineered his first trolley excursion last week. His party went to Salisbury Beach and had a great time.

The Selectmen have made a move towards getting rid of the grade crossing by petitioning the Superior Court to go ahead and abolish the "death trap."

Seems to me there was never such a going away from home to seek comfort at the seaside among our people as there has been this month. Everybody appears to be leaving.

An "inspired" article in the *Star* declares that the opposition move against Congressman McCall in this District has "died out." Mebby so, and then again mebby not so.

Our people are working hard to save Hillcrest observatory, and have resorted to petitions to save it. The Park Commissioners desire to gain public sentiment on the question, hence the prayers of our people. It would be a pity to lose the observatory.

Whitfield Tuck does not favor the nomination of A. S. Hall for the Legislature this fall. Mr. Tuck is a "reformer," and, as such, kicks over all sorts of traces. But he makes things lively for the newspapers, and is therefore a boon in vacation time.

I'm glad to be able to record the fact that everybody and the women folks are fighting the gypsy and browntails here. It is a regular warfare. So far, the moths appear to be considerably ahead in the game; but there is money left yet in the Town treasury, and there is no knowing who will conquer in the fight.

Theodore Price Wilson, son of the proprietor of the *Star*, himself connected with that excellent paper, a bright, steady going and popular young man, was wedded to Miss Marion Drew Hatch, a leading society young lady of this place, on Monday, July 10, 1904. The wedding was a private one, as newspaper men are notoriously modest on such occasions. Price is a prominent clubman, is much respected and a favorite wherever known. The happy pair went away on a wedding trip, and are to settle down in Winchester on their return.

THE VEILED PROPHET.

He Was the Most Noted Impostor of the Middle Ages.

The celebrated "veiled prophet" of history was a Moslem fanatic whose real name was Haken Ibn Hashem. He was born about the middle of the eighth century and became the most noted impostor of the middle ages. He pretended that he was an embodiment of the spirit of the "living God" and, being very proficient in jugglery (which the ignorant mistook for the power to work miracles), soon drew an immense number of followers around him. He always wore a gold mask, claiming that he did so to protect the mortals of this earth, who, he said, could not look upon his face and live.

At last, after thousands had quitted the city and even left the employ of the Caliph al Mohdi to join the fanatical movement, an army was sent against the "veiled prophet," forcing him to flee for safety to the castle at Keh, north of the Oxus. Finally, when ultimate defeat was certain, the prophet killed and burned his whole family and then threw himself into the flames, being entirely consumed except his hair, which was kept in a museum at Bagdad until the time of the crusades. He promised his faithful followers that he would reappear to them in the future dressed in white and riding a white horse.

FABLE OF THE PANSY.

The Family of Six That Is Contained In the Flower.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals.

The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair; the two small, gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large, gay petal is the wife, with two chairs.

To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man, with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bath tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother.

A Double Presentation.

John Kendrick Bangs once ran across a gift copy of one of his books in a secondhand bookshop, still having this inscription on the fly leaf: "To his friend, J. G., with the regards and the esteem of J. K. Bangs, July, 1899." Mr. Bangs bought the copy and sent it to his friend again with a second inscription beneath, "This book, bought in a secondhand bookshop, is re-presented to J. G. with renewed and reiterated regards and esteem by J. K. Bangs, December, 1899."

The Same Thing.

"What makes you think you have great business ability?" laughed the successful business man. "Why, you've never made a dollar!"

"But you forget, dear," replied his energetic wife, "that I made you!"—Detroit Free Press.

Playing Indian.

Mamma—Playing Indian is so rough. Why are you crying? Have they been scalping you again? Spotted Panther, alias Willie—No, mamma. We have been smoking the pipe of peace.—Stray Stories.

A Remarkable Sundial.

At the Eutaw entrance to Druid Hill park, Baltimore, stands one of the most remarkable sundials in the world. The time in many parts of the world is shown whenever the sun in shining. It is easily possible almost at first glance to read the time within two or three minutes, while closer acquaintance with the dial enables the correct time to be read to the minute. The base is of carved bronze. The instrument was presented to the park by Peter Hamilton, who designed and made it entirely of stone.

Talked Just Like a Man.

Miss Florence Marryat, the novelist, daughter of Captain Marryat, had some mannerisms of her own. The following anecdote is told by William Downey: "'Here's a letter from Florence Marryat,' said Mr. Tinsley, the publisher, to me one morning. 'She wants me to buy a new three volume novel from her. If I'm out of the way when she calls you can talk to her.'

"I asked how I was to recognize her. 'You'll recognize her easy enough,' said Mr. Tinsley. 'She is a tall, striking looking woman, and she'll talk to you just like a man.' A few days later a tall lady called. I fancied she might be Miss Marryat. She looked around the office, and then, addressing me, she said, 'Is Bill in?'

"To this I replied that Mr. Tinsley was not in. Could I do anything for her? 'I must see Bill himself,' she said. 'Tell the old bounder I called.' 'You're Miss Marryat?' I ventured. 'Yes. But stop! How the dickens do you know I'm Miss Marryat? I never saw you before.'"

The Sword of a Knight.

The sword of a noble knight was mentioned almost as often as himself in the songs of the troubadours of the middle ages. In the olden time this trusty weapon was named and personified as accomplishing countless brilliant deeds. In the proverbs of all nations it is spoken of with reverence and trust. It represents the rank and renown, the heroism and honor, the glory and greatness, of nations in the past. One of the first weapons made by man, it became his most important arm and auxiliary of warfare. It has always been the visible badge of birth, bravery and freedom. To surrender it was to admit defeat and disgrace. So long has it been the constant companion of rank and valor that it has acquired a dignity of its own. Like no other weapon, it has a quality entirely distinct from its character as a blood shedder. In England even at the present day the sword alone is considered adequate to confer knighthood.

The Banana.

The prohibitionist looks on with favor, for it does not mix with alcohol, and some think the habitual use blunts the longing for firewater. Thus Captain Parsons of the English-West Indian line says that since his seamen and stokers have been allowed to help themselves freely to the cargo of bananas they have not wished so much rum. There is a trace of copper in the banana, and deep thinkers believe this is beneficial to the human clockwork.

The taste for the banana is not acquired. As Mr. Crichton-Browne exclaims in a burst of Ciceronic eloquence: "An appreciation of it is not reached through slow stages of diminishing repulsion, but comes at the moment of first introduction. The infant absorbs it greedily; children devour it with delight; the adult does not despise it, and the edentulous octogenarian blesses its agreeable tenderness."—Boston Herald.

Costermongers In Morocco.

In Morocco the costermonger recommends his wares by pledging the credit of a saint: "In the name of Mulai Idriss! Roast chestnuts!" "In the name of our Lord Mohammed Al Hadj! Popcorn! Popcorn!" "In the name of Sidna Ali-bu-Rhaleb! Melons! Nice, sweet melons!" "God is gracious! Beans! Fried beans!" "There be no might nor majesty save in Allah! Water! Cool water!" These and the like are heard at every turn. Even the auctioneer who is calling out the price of a slave or the bids for a Rabat carpet is careful to interlard his professional talk freely with allusions to his Maker and the plethoric roll of Moorish saints.—London Times.

Overdue and Missing.

The word "missing" applied to a ship brings all hope of safety to an end and settles the loss of friends ashore and of the underwriters, says Mr. Joseph Conrad, writing in the London Mail. But the word "overdue" only strengthens the fears already born in many homes ashore and opens the door for speculation in the market of risks. Within the memory of the present generation a missing ship has never been known to turn up. But the name of an overdue vessel, trembling, as it were, on the edge of the fatal heading, has been known to appear as "arrived."

Shed Her Teeth.

A passenger on an English railway train pulled the "communication cord" the other day and stopped the train. When the guard came to the compartment in which the cord had been pulled he found a distracted woman passenger. She had been looking out of the window and had dropped her false teeth. She wished to go back and find them.

How He Extricated Himself.

She—Would you have me believe I am the first girl you ever proposed to? He—Goodness, no! I suppose I've asked a dozen. She—And they all refused you? He—Of course. Every one of them knew I was head over heels in love with you. She—You dear boy!—Boston Transcript.

Out of His Line.

Miss Goitall—Did you attend the german last night? Mr. Fudge—No. I can't speak the language, and I knew I should not enjoy myself.—Success Magazine.

Educated.

Gayboy—Do you know anything about betting on horse races? Gayman—I know all about it. I've quit.—Chicago Tribune.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false.—Addison.

"The Delight of Mankind."

Titus, the Roman emperor, was entitled "the delight of mankind." Titus' beneficence was unbounded, and it so happened that during his brief reign there was the most urgent need of its exercise. In the first year occurred the great eruption of Vesuvius, overwhelming Herculaneum and Pompeii and ruining numerous other towns and villages. The next year a fire broke out in Rome, which raged three days, causing great destruction, and in the tracks of these calamities followed a dreadful pestilence. Titus dealt out gifts with lavish hand to the houseless and ruined sufferers. He even despoiled the palaces of their valuable ornaments to obtain money for distribution and schemed and planned to furnish occupation for them. He was now the idol of his subjects, the "love and delight of the human race," but, unfortunately for that part of the human race over which he ruled, in the commencement of the third year of his reign he became suddenly ill and died at his patrimonial villa in the Sabine country.

A Scotch Collie Story.

A story of a Scotch collie is current on the Derbyshire border, according to the Dundee Advertiser. A farmer in the Peak district, having purchased a small flock of sheep in the lowlands, drove the flock the whole way from Scotland to his farm in Derbyshire with the aid of a collie dog which was lent to him by the Scotch farmer from whom he purchased the sheep. "When you get to your home with the sheep," said the Scotchman, "let the dog fill his belly; then tell him to go home." The Derbyshire man duly arrived at his farm with the sheep and was so pleased with the collie dog and its performance that he decided to keep it a few days before sending it back. One day he was away from home during the whole of the day, and on returning in the evening he found that the Scotch collie was missing and also the flock of sheep. In a few days tidings came that the dog had arrived at his Scotch home and had brought the sheep back with him.

Breaking It Gently.

He is a rather serious minded boy who has more sense of responsibility than many grown persons. So when he was sent to his grandmother's to break the news of her aged sister's death he did so with much gravity and no little self importance.

"Now, Alfred," his mother said, "you mustn't tell grandma suddenly, because it might shock her, even though she knew Aunt Martha was ill. Tell it to her gently."

"All right," assented Alfred, starting out on his mission with mingled solemnity and eagerness.

Arrived at his grandmother's house, he greeted her with a sober "Hello!" and then proceeded to "break the news" by saying:

"Aunt Maria's dead, grandma, but you mustn't feel bad, 'cause she was pretty old, anyhow. You'll be the next one, I s'pose."—Brooklyn Life.

Not Mere Curiosity.

The world has a store of pleasures in waiting for the unaccustomed traveler. Sometimes, indeed, they may be mostly in anticipation, as was the case with Amos Riggs of Plumtown.

"How d'ye do?" said Mr. Riggs cordially to the stern visaged man who was his seat mate in the car on the occasion of Mr. Riggs' first trip to Boston. "Now what might your name be? Do you live in Nashuy or beyond?"

"I should like to know what business it is of yours where I live or who I am?" said his companion crossly.

"Well, now, it ain't any partic'lar business o' mine, strictly speaking," said Mr. Riggs mildly, "but it's jest like this: I've got a cousin up in Canady that I've never seen, and I've always thought I might come upon him some time jest by asking folks their name and so on."

Tides and Storms.

When a tempest is approaching or passing out on the ocean, the tides are noticeably higher than usual, as if the water had been driven in a vast wave before the storm. The influence extends to a great distance from the cyclonic storm center, so that the possibility exists of foretelling the approach of a dangerous hurricane by means of indications furnished by tide gauges situated far away from the place then occupied by the whirling winds. The fact that the tidal wave outstrips the advancing storm shows how extremely sensitive the surface of the sea is to the changes of pressure brought to bear upon it by the never resting atmosphere.

Green.

Owing to its derivation the word "green" was originally applied to the color of vegetation, but not to the color of the sea. No application of "green" to the color of the sea is quoted before Chaucer, but as early as the year 700 it was used for vegetation. The word is akin to "grass" and "grow," which verb originally belonged to the vegetable world alone. Vegetables "grew," but animals "waxed." "Green" comes from an Aryan root, "ghahr," meaning to be green or yellow, and "yellow," "gold" and "yolk" come from that same root.

Tapioca and Pearl Tapioca.

Tapioca is manufactured from the plant called in Brazil manioc, in Peru yucca and in the West Indies cassava. When the true starch is separated from the root it is placed on hot plates and while it is heating is stirred with an iron rod. The starch grains burst, and the whole agglomerates into small, irregular masses. Pearl tapioca is not a product of the plant at all, but of potato starch.

American, All Right.

A countryman registered at a hotel in Kansas City the other day. He did not explain on what "plan" he purposed to become a guest.

"European or American?" asked the clerk.

The guest looked surprised. "American," he said emphatically. "Born and raised up here in Platte county. I don't look like no foreigner, do I?"

A Different Meaning.

Beaks—What brought on old Wilkin's paralytic stroke? Peaks—I didn't know he was afflicted with one. Beaks—But you just told me he was paralyzed. Peaks—Quite true; but I didn't say he was suffering from a paralytic stroke.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Doomed.

"He'll never reach the top in his profession."

"Why, he believes he's there now."

"That's the very reason that he'll never get there."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A good action is never lost. It is a treasure laid up and guarded for the doer's need.—Calderon.

An Error In English.

Even the greatest authors now and then make a little slip in their English. Thus Sir Walter Scott in his "Legend of Montrose" has this sentence: "But ere Montrose could almost see what happened Allan McAulay had rushed past him." The "almost" should come before "ere" in order to express the author's meaning.—St. Nicholas.

Lucky Man.

He (a former suitor)—So you are married after all. You told me once that you never intended to belong to any man. She—Well, that remark still holds good. "But your husband?" "Oh, he belongs to me."

Spanish Proverbs.

A Spanish proverb says that "he who makes himself all sugar the flies will eat up," but another observes, "He who makes himself all vinegar will never catch any flies."

There would be more excitement in the world if fish and hailstones were as big as the stories told about them.—Washington Post.

The First French Navy.

Away back in the eighth century Charlemagne had organized a sort of coast guard by enrolling all the seaboard population who lived within one and a half miles of the shore, but with the dismemberment of the vast Carlovingian empire all dreams of naval greatness were dissipated. Long afterward Charles V. built some military nefs on the Atlantic, and Louis XI.'s galleys chased the Barbary pirates who infested the shores of the Mediterranean, but it was Francis I. apparently who first conceived the idea of a war fleet, purchased and equipped from the royal treasury.

He converted the small fishing village of Havre into a fortified port, which speedily attracted commerce to the mouth of the Seine, and he projected a scheme—which he did not live to realize—for the construction of an oceanic navy under canvas. "Fleets were massed in the Mediterranean," writes Mr. Norman in his "Corsairs of France," "and for the first time in history a French squadron, passing through the strait of Gibraltar, defeated an English fleet off Brest, and then, moving round to the eastward, drove off the blockading squadrons of Henry VIII. from Boulogne."

An Eloquent Criticism.

Theodore Thomas, in conducting an orchestra, seemed impassive, imperturbable. A writer in the Outlook commenting upon this says that he was apparently without passion or feeling, yet the appearance was not reality, and at one of Mr. Thomas' rehearsals it was fully contradicted.

At a certain point in the symphony the orchestra was playing in perfect time and tune, but with a certain mechanical effect which no one had noticed until Mr. Thomas suddenly rapped the music stand before him.

The orchestra stopped. Then with his hand he imitated the action of an organ grinder.

With only a word to indicate the bar at which the orchestra was to take up the music, he struck the rack before him for attention, and with a movement of his baton gave the signal.

The orchestra repeated the passage he had criticised by dumb show, and this time it played with spirit and fire.

A Silent Land.

In the rainless interior of Australia there is a silence of the grave. This deathlike silence has a peculiarly depressing effect. If two men are camped and one of them goes to a distant township to get provisions while the other remains behind to look after the camp, the man who is to remain says to his mate in forcible gold fields language, "Now, Bill, don't you be long away. You know what kind of a place this is to live in by yourself." If his mate is away for two or three days, the silence gets upon the man's nerves, and in the end he shouts in order to make a noise, and then he is afraid of the sound of his own voice.

Cinnamon.

Ceylon provides us with the bulk of our cinnamon, which is the aromatic bark of certain trees common to that island. The trees are never allowed to grow higher than ten feet. During the season of harvesting, of which there are two a year, the branches of three to five years' growth are cut down and the top surface of the bark scraped away. Then the bark is ripped up longitudinally into slices, which when exposed to the sun to dry curl up into quills. In the course of drying the oil, upon which the aroma and flavor depend, is diffused throughout the bark.

Origin of Graft.

Municipal corruption of various kinds is generally indicated by the word "graft." The origin of this term is obscure, but it is believed to have arisen from dishonesty in lowlier spheres. Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms defines "grafting" as pocket picking, and Hotten's Slang Dictionary suggests that the slang use of "graft" might be a corruption of "craft" or a generalization from the special work of gardening.

Moisture and Temperature.

A cubic foot of air at the temperature of zero (Fahrenheit) can contain only .5 of a grain of water vapor; at 32 degrees it can hold 2.13 grains; at 65 it can contain 6.8 grains, and at 98 it can hold 18.96 grains of moisture in suspension. These figures go to show that summer air can hold at least nine times the quantity of dampness that air can when reduced to the temperature of freezing.

A Long Nose.

In a village in Maryland an old deacon in shaving himself on Sunday prior to church time made a slight cut with the razor on the extreme end of his nose. Quickly calling to his wife, says the Philadelphia Ledger, he asked her if she had any court plaster in the house.

"You will find some in my sewing basket," she said.

The deacon soon had the cut covered. At church in assisting with the collection he noticed every one smile as he passed the plate, and some of the younger people laughed outright. Very much annoyed, he asked one of his assistants if there was anything wrong with his appearance.

"Well, I should say there was," answered the assistant. "What is that upon your nose?"

"Court plaster."

"No," said his friend; "it is the label from a spool of cotton. It says, 'Warranted 200 yards.'"

Plucky Oglethorpe.

Of General Oglethorpe, the founder of the state of Georgia, Boswell, Dr. Johnson's biographer, relates this story: "When a very young man, only fifteen, serving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was sitting at table in company with a prince of the house of Wurttemberg, who took up a glass of wine and by a fillip made some of it fly into Oglethorpe's face. The young soldier was in a dilemma. He durst not challenge so distinguished a personage, yet he must notice the affront. Therefore, keeping his eye fixed on his highness and smiling at the time, as if he took what had been done in jest, Oglethorpe exclaimed, 'That's a good joke, but we do it much better in England.' Whereupon he flung a whole glassful of wine in the prince's face. The affair ended in good humor."

The Abashed Shark.

In a recent article on Americans an English writer gives the following as a characteristic American after dinner story, its subject being a politician in bathing: "All at once a shark, a man eater, was coming the other way and swam up squarely in front of him. They eyed each other for a moment, and then the shark—blushed and sped away."

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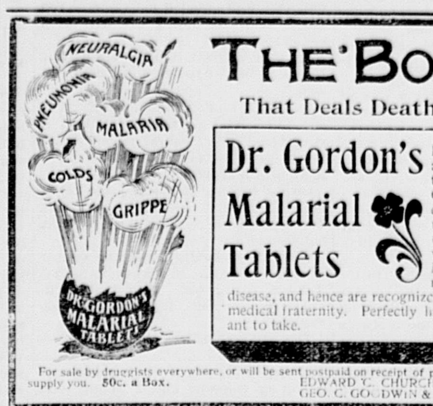

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The Old Man Cactus.

Nature indulges in an occasional joke. There is found growing in the desert region of North America a species of cactus known to botanists as Pilocereus senilis, or the "old man cactus." There is in this plant a wonderful resemblance to a human head covered with gray hairs. The plant is slow of growth, and small specimens are more frequent than large ones. The plant is covered with long white hairs, which completely hide the body or stem of the plant. These hairs are frequently gathered into locks, adding to the resemblance of the frowsy head of an old man. Plants known to be twenty-five years old are but a few inches in height, yet specimens are found which are twenty-five feet tall and a foot in diameter, representing, it is believed, the growth of several hundred years. In these gigantic specimens of "old man cactus" the term "old" is quite the most appropriate part of the title.

His Seidlitz Powder Cartridge.

How a man's life was saved by a common seidlitz powder is described by a German physician, Dr. Franck, who was called to treat a man who had swallowed a large piece of tough meat which stuck in his gullet. As it was impossible to dislodge the meat by natural means and as the patient's condition was critical, the doctor tried the efficacy of the gas which is generated when the constituents of a seidlitz powder are mixed. He directed the man to swallow the two halves of one of the powders separately, and the resulting pneumatic pressure, aided by the man, who shut his mouth and closed the nasal passages, was sufficient to drive the piece of meat out of the gullet into the stomach.

Making Wives Happy.

"It seems to me that the way to make a woman happy is to give her all your sympathy and affection," says Dr. Edward Brooks in Rochester Herald. "As for overlooking any faults, a man ought not to see any faults in his wife. If it does happen that there are a few very patent ones—and I suppose there are some women who are not exactly angels—a man ought not to see them any more than he sees the spots on the sun when it is shining brilliantly in the heavens, and he ought to remember that no matter what disillusions he may experience after marriage it was he himself who undertook the responsibility of taking to himself a young woman that he promised to love and honor."

Hidden Treasure In England.

In England when hidden treasure is found the law requires the coroner to hold an inquest over it. Formerly it was a coroner's duty to hold an inquest in case of a burglary. A statute of Edward I. decrees that "when coroners are commanded by the king's bailiffs or by the honest men of the county they shall go to the places where any be slain or suddenly dead or wounded or where houses are broken or where treasure is said to be found and shall forthwith command four of the next towns, or five, or six, to appear before him in such a place."

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My Lord and His Daughter

By CONSTANCE TYLER

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Mr. Thomas Hope of Chelmsford was not only the proprietor of Hope's bank, the owner of three or four factories and the recognized business head of the town, but he was president of three or four societies and charities and of high standing as a church member. Whatever Mr. Thomas Hope said or did was always the correct thing. He and his wife could have existed without Chelmsford, but had they departed for other climes that town would have died—socially.

It happened that Mr. Hope had to make a trip to Paris in financial interests. He spoke to no one on his way over. Several strangers dropped remarks to which he could have replied consistently, but he held himself aloof with true British reserve. When British reserve has money behind it, it is a stone wall. Mr. Hope might have replied to an earl or a lord had such a personage addressed him and had he been certain that there was no imposition. The banker shuddered as he looked over the common travelers.

Mr. Hope was not impressed with Paris. He had been there before. It was his duty to impress Paris instead, and when he departed, after a stay of three or four days, he felt sure that he had done so and was very complacent over it. This self complacency served to a certain extent to thaw out his reserve. That is, he deigned to show himself among his fellow passengers on the boat instead of locking himself up in his stateroom, but at the same time he let it be seen that his dignity was not to be trifled with.

Suddenly something happened to the great man. A good looking young woman approached him and, addressing him as "My lord," asked the privilege of speech. Never before in his life had he been addressed by a young woman—a strange young woman. His dignity would have received a fatal shock had she not used the prefix. His flattered vanity offset the shock. His wife had several times averred that he looked like an earl, and now here was living proof that she was right. He put up his eyeglass and gave the young woman a critical glance and indicated by a cold bow that she might proceed.

She had a story to tell. She was an English governess who had passed the last three years in a Parisian family. As she had great property expectations the family wanted her to marry one of the sons. Because she would not—because she had said that as an English girl she would not marry an enemy of her country—she had been charged with purloining certain articles of jewelry and driven from the house. The incensed family might even seek her arrest.

It was a pathetic story, with many embellishments, and Mr. Hope's heart was touched—his British heart. It wasn't touched because the young woman was good looking, but because she had continually addressed him as "My lord" and had appealed to him as the British lion itself. She wanted his protection while landing. That French family might have set the minions of law at work and she might be arrested and haled back to Paris and thrust into a dungeon for years without trial. Under the protection of "My lord," what officer of the law would dare look twice at her? If they looked many times it would mean war between the two countries.

Thomas Hope listened, was flattered, and his iron bound dignity became as putty. For the first time in twenty years he had some human feeling about him. He came out of his shell and discovered that there were joints in his backbone. Had that young woman made the mistake of appealing to him as "Mr." or even as "Viscount" her petition would have been ignored, but that little trick of "My lord" worked like a miracle. She should land under his protection, and if interfered with grim war and all its horrors would burst on the country within two hours. Thanking him over and over again and with tears in her eyes as she repeated her thanks, the young woman returned to her stateroom and made some trifling changes in her attire. Shortly afterward the boat reached its dock on the English side of the channel.

Mr. Hope was ready to rise to the occasion, and the girl walked ashore leaning on his arm. He had a cane in the other hand, his monocle in his eye, and he walked erect. He was the British empire!

While the baggage was being inspected there was a delay—that is, others were delayed. As for Mr. Hope and the young woman hanging on his arm, they walked up to a customs inspector. A card was produced and thrust into his hand, along with a Bank of England note, and there was no inspection of the woman's four trunks. It never occurred to "My lord" that a girl flying from enemies would hardly have four great trunks along with her. He saw them loaded into a van which was suspiciously convenient and was about to hand his protege into a cab and resume his interrupted dignity when they were approached by a common looking British subject with what looked like a warrant in his hand.

"Excuse me, please"— he had begun when Mr. Hope interrupted him with:

"Sir, are you addressing me?"

"Y-yes, sir. I have here a warrant for the arrest of"—

"A warrant, sir?"

"Yes, sir. A warrant for"—

"What have I to do with you and your warrants, sir?" thundered Mr. Hope.

"But I"—

"That is enough, sir! There is my card. I will communicate with the government at once regarding this outrage. I will see whether British citizens must submit to such humiliation while traveling about in a peaceful manner."

"But may I ask, sir"— persisted the officer as he nodded his head toward the young woman.

"You may, sir," replied Mr. Hope, rising to the occasion. "This young lady is my daughter, sir!"

"Then I beg a thousand pardons—a thousand pardons, sir," said the abashed officer.

The cab drove off. Mr. Hope raised his hat in answer to the smile and the "God bless you," and he never, never again saw the distressed English governess who had been obliged to flee from the enemies of her country. He resumed his dignity and boarded a train for home, and to make up for having temporarily thawed out he greeted Mrs. Hope with a grunt as he arrived.

Three days later a man who would not be denied had an interview with him in his private sanctum at the bank. The great Mr. Hope met him with a glare and a frown and began to read him a lesson on his impudence in interrupting business men when they were engaged in financiering the government of Great Britain. But at the end of a very brief quarter of an hour the banker was a much humbled man. He learned that he had assisted a noted character to escape with four trunks full of plunder from a daring Paris robbery and that he had lied to do it. Not only did the breath of scandal menace his name, but the law was after him in several directions. Even being Mr. Hope of Chelmsford would not save him.

Mr. Hope had to go up to London, accompanied by his solicitors. He had to tell his story to police officials and others and submit to criticism. He had to advertise a reward for the capture of the young woman, and he had to sign statements and affidavits until he was tired of them. Being the great Mr. Hope he managed to get his neck out of the noose after much bother, but the authorities did not succeed in arresting his "daughter."

Answering the Emperor.

The following story of Kaiser William II. and one of his generals is told by a biographer of the German emperor:

At a review in Berlin the kaiser impatiently reprimanded old General von Meerscheldt for losing his wits at a critical moment.

"If your majesty thinks I am getting too old, I beg of you to allow me to resign."

"No, no," replied the emperor. "You are too young to resign. Indeed if your blood didn't course through your veins quite so fast you would be a more useful army leader."

On the evening of that day the kaiser and the general met at a court ball. The general was talking to some young ladies.

"Ah, Meerscheldt," cried the emperor, "that is right. Get ready to marry. Take a young wife, then that excitable temperament of yours will soon vanish."

The general bowed low as he retorted:

"I beg to be excused, your majesty. A young emperor and a young wife would be more than I could possibly stand."

Why the Bears Fought.

C. M. Russell, the western painter, tells an amusing story of a bear fight which he thinks is funnier than any humorous sketch he has ever seen portrayed on a vaudeville stage. He had been out with a guide all day, and toward evening they saw far down the road two bears sauntering along quite oblivious of the presence of human beings, as the wind was in the wrong direction. Russell and his guide quickly jumped behind a small thicket, and when the bears were within shooting distance the painter let fly and struck one of them fair in the side. The shot stunned the animal for a moment, and he was under the impression that his mate had struck him a terrific blow when he was not looking. As there appeared to be no reason for this chastisement, he proceeded to retaliate by attacking the other bear. About this time the guide took a shot at the assaulted animal, with the result that the brute was infuriated and imagined he had been struck with undue force by his comrade. Upon this the two bears set to and had a terrific fight.—Success Magazine.

A Close Bargain.

The reputation held by Mr. Cobb of Canby for making the closest bargains of any man in the region was sustained during the summer by his dealings with several of his neighbors from the city.

"Mr. Cobb," said one of these neighbors whose orchard was in need of pruning, "the man says he must have a longer ladder than mine, for when he's finished the orchard I want him to trim that scraggly elm just this side of the apple trees. Have you a ladder I could hire?"

"Um-m, well, I s'pose I hev," said Mr. Cobb grudgingly as he turned his lean face half away from his visitor's gaze. "I've got one, but it's kind of loose j'inted toward the top. I'm not cal'latin' to put any repairs on to it, for I don't ever go clear to the top myself. I'm willin' to let ye take it, but I shall hev to charge ye thutty cents, I guess, on account of the resk of your man's breakin' through the top rungs, he bein' so much heftier anyway than I am, and along of not intendin' to have it hired out, as a rule."

Church Weddings and Cards.

While it is a popular custom to issue cards of invitation to attend a church wedding, it is entirely contrary to the teaching understood to be implied by the church edifice. No private family has a right to issue invitation to the House of God to witness the performance of a rite within the said house as though for the time being the latter had been given over to them for their own particular use. A wedding in a church is not a private, but rather a public rite, at which any parishioner who wishes may be present without an invitation from any one. God's house is at all times a public place of worship, the very spirit of which is utterly opposed to cards of invitation.—Church Eclectic.

The Great Salt Lake Bridge.

The longest bridge in the world stretches across Great Salt lake. It was constructed at an enormous cost to save time and money. Before the bridge was built the railroad skirted the north end of the lake. Now it cuts off forty-three miles of road and runs directly from Ogden to Lucin. The cost of this remarkable bridge was $5,000,000. The piles were brought from the Oregon and Texas forests. By placing all the piles together they would measure nearly 600,000 feet. There are more than eleven miles of permanent trestling, nearly the entire length being under water, which is from thirty to thirty-four feet deep.

Beginning of the Trouble.

"Yes," said Breezem, who happened to be in a reminiscent mood, "during my younger days I sowed the wind, but later"—

"Well, what happened later?" queried Mrs. Breezem.

"I married you," continued the alleged head of the matrimonial combine.—Chicago News.

Sound Reason.

"Lend me your umbrella, dear. It's raining, and I've got to go to the vestry meeting again tonight."

"But, John, why don't you take the one you've been carrying for the last week?"

"What, to the vestry meeting? Why, that's where I got it."—Philadelphia Press.

CHINESE MUSIC.

What Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity, Knew About It.

The remarkable extent of the knowledge possessed by Dr. William Whewell, at one time master of Trinity, Cambridge, is well illustrated by the following story, taken from the "Life and Work of Dr. Momerie."

Two of the younger dons, growing rather jealous of the master's reputation for omniscience, determined that they would discover something of which he knew nothing. They pitched upon the subject of Chinese music. How should he know anything about it? They did not, so they went to an encyclopedia and read the subject up.

The next time they met Whewell at a dinner party they led the conversation gradually in the direction of music, when they began to discourse upon the music of the Chinese and gave out all their recently acquired information.

Whewell was silent, much to their satisfaction. Evidently he knew nothing about the matter. But just as they were beginning to rejoice in their triumph he said:

"Might I ask, gentlemen, where you got your information?"

"Oh, yes," they replied. "We picked it up out of such and such an encyclopedia."

"Ah," said Whewell, "I was thinking so. I wrote that article thirty years ago, and it's full of mistakes."

THE ELECTRICITY HABIT.

There Is One Thing In Its Favor—It Is Usually Beneficial.

"Of all the habits the one that sticks closest to a fellow is the electricity habit," said a young doctor. "The drink habit and the cocaine habit are mere summer fancies compared with it. But there is one thing to be said in its favor—it is usually beneficial. The electricity habit is contracted just like any other habit. A few currents are administered during an illness. They strengthen and stimulate, and the first thing the patient knows he finds the tonic indispensable. Even after he gets well he craves the treatment. I know one young woman who makes a fair living by calling at the homes of electricity victims and dosing them with a few shocks from a galvanic battery. Most slaves to the habit have their own batteries, but they are afraid to apply the treatment to themselves. That is practically a groundless fear, for there isn't one chance in a thousand of a person giving himself an overdose. Still they prefer an experienced hand to manage the current. Not all the electricity fiends are invalids by any means. Many of them are now as well as they ever were, yet they have become so addicted to the habit that they require the weekly, semiweekly or possibly daily electric thrills to tone them up."—New York Post.

THE KISS IN THE TUNNEL.

The Way a Man Had Revenge For an Act of Discourtesy.

"Courtesy always pays; discourtesy never does," said a famous Frenchwoman. "Let me tell you a story of an actual happening:

"Two women occupied a compartment in a railway carriage with one man, a stranger. They were extremely rude to this man. In whispers that he could overhear they criticised his costume, his figure and his manner. He, to be revenged, did a singular thing.

"The blackness of a tunnel enveloped the car, and under cover of the darkness the man kissed the back of his hand loudly and repeatedly. Then when the train entered the light again he looked from one woman to the other with a significant smile.

"They exchanged glances of suspicion.

"'Was it you he kissed?'

"'No; of course not. Was it you?'

"And neither lady would believe the other's denial, and each in her inmost heart believed the other had encouraged the kiss. The man looked cool and complacent. When finally he rose to go he said, lifting his hat with a jocular air:

"'Have no fear, ladies. I shall never tell which of you it was.'"

The Sago Plant.

Sago is a nutritive, farinaceous substance obtained from the pith of several species of palms growing in such hot countries as Java and Sumatra. The stem, about fifteen to twenty feet long, is cut into pieces and the pith dug out and placed in a vessel having a sieve bottom. Water poured into the sieves washes the flour thus exposed into a second vessel. When the water is poured off and the residue becomes dry it is known as sago flour. The pith left behind forms what is known as common brown sago.

Revised Version.

"It's curious that women are never great poets or great musicians," said Mr. Meeker.

"What did you say?" asked his wife belligerently.

"I was merely remarking that women are too sensible to squander their energies on poetry and music to the extent that some men do."

His Terrible Accident.

Admiring Young Listener—And how did you lose your leg? Old Salt—Well, young man, one night in the dog watch, while I was carryin' the baby jib, I stepped on a starboard tack, and blood pisin ensooed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Permanent.

Jokoe—Charlie told me she made a regular fool of him two years ago. Jinks—Well, hers is thorough workmanship, for the job seems to be permanent.

Mercy turns her back to the unmerciful.—Quarles.

Making It Plain.

Sapleigh—Oh, I say, Miss Hammerton, why is it that you are always out when I call? Miss Hammerton—Because I'm foolish, I suppose. Sapleigh—I—er—beg pardon! Miss Hammerton—Well, you know the old saying, "A fool for luck."

Sleep.

If the muscles are not tired, there cannot be a full demand for sleep, unless, of course, the brain has been overworked. Healthy bodily exercise, carried to the point of rendering rest sweetly welcome, is one natural means of promoting sleep.

Won Over.

Lawyer—I'll be frank with you. You can't break your father's will. Client—I'll be frank with you. I can't pay you unless it can be broken. Lawyer—I'll go you one better. We'll break that will.—Cleveland Leader.

Never strike a man when he is down. Ten chances to one he will get up again.—Detroit News.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 23.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. lv, 1-13. Memory Verses, 6-8—Golden Text, Isa. lv, 6—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The salvation of Jehovah includes an absolutely perfect righteousness for the whole nation of Israel and for all nations, and it can be obtained only from God Himself. "Their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord." "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength" (liv, 17; xlv, 24). When the kingdom comes Israel shall be a righteous nation, their king shall reign in righteousness, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, quietness and assurance forever (lx, 21; xxxii, 1, 17). As to every individual now the need is just the same—righteousness, without which we can neither see nor enter the kingdom of God (I Cor. vi, 9; Matt. v, 20).

Whether it be an individual or a nation, the great need before God is righteousness, and it can only be obtained from God Himself, whom we saw in our last lesson providing it in the sacrifice, the death and resurrection of His Son. God made Him to be sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, and there is no way to receive this righteousness but by believing—that is, receiving (II Cor. v, 21; Rom. x, 4; Gen. xv, 6). We must receive it as Adam and Eve did the coats of skins, and then we can sing: "He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness" (Gen. iii, 21; Isa. lxi, 10).

This beautiful lesson today, like last week's lesson and all prophecy, primarily concerns Israel, but there is always an application for all people at all times. Let us lay it to heart.

The first three verses show how vain are the efforts of man to obtain that which God gives freely. No one can satisfy the soul but God Himself, and all souls are consciously or unconsciously thirsting for God. The majority do not labor and spend money and sometimes pray and read the Bible and give to the poor and try to do good in order to find peace, but they seek in vain. That which the soul thirsts for is not found except by hearing the voice of God and coming unto Him and receiving freely that which is represented here by wine and milk and fatness. Note carefully the following texts: Ps. xlix, 6, 7; John iv, 10, 14; v, 24; Rev. xxi, 6; xxii, 17; Rom. iii, 24; iv, 5-8; Song v, 1.

The sure mercies of David include all the kingdom promises to David to be fulfilled in his son risen from the dead, even in Christ. Compare Acts ii, 29-36; xiii, 32-39. When He shall sit on David's throne at Jerusalem and reign over the house of Jacob, the faithful witness, the leader and commander of the people, a righteous king and a righteous people, then shall nations run to Israel because of the Lord their God in their midst. See how plainly this is stated in the following passages as well as in verse 5 of our lesson: Isa. ix, 1-5; lxii, 1, 2; Jer. iii, 17; Zech. viii, 22, 23; Rom. xi, 12, 15; these and many others.

Verses 6 and 7 may be applied universally. We are all by nature wicked and unrighteous and have our own ways and thoughts, which we must forsake if we would turn to the Lord and receive His righteousness, and it must be honestly and whole heartedly (Jer. xxix, 13) lest a time may come when, having refused to hear His voice when He called, we may seek in vain (Prov. i, 23-33). There are exceeding abundant grace and pardon for all who turn to Him now (I Tim. i, 14; Isa. i, 18) and the assurance that no one who comes to Him shall ever be cast out (John vi, 37), but the persistent rejection of His mercy can only end in eternal torment. Why should we tolerate or indulge in our thoughts when His, which are all thoughts of peace (Jer. xxix, 11), are as far above ours as heaven is higher than the earth?

Verses 10 and 11 ought to give perfect rest to every sower of the incorruptible seed of the word of God, for here is the blessed assurance that it will never return to Him void, but always accomplish His pleasure and prosper in the thing whereto He sends it. When the devil sowed his tares he went his way perfectly sure that the tares would grow, and yet there are many Christian workers with less confidence in the word of God than the devil has in his tares, for, having sowed the seed, they seem to feel that they must somehow get it into the soil and see it sprout right on the spot. While we are always to look for and expect results, I do not find that we are authorized to try to force matters, but rather rest on the assurance that God will see to it that our labor is not in vain.

The last two verses of the chapter tell of Israel's future glory and of the time when the curse shall have been removed from the earth and thorns and thistles grow no more, for as truly as our Saviour wore the crown of thorns so surely shall the whole creation be delivered from the bondage under which it has groaned ever since sin entered and enjoy the liberty of the glory of the children of God (Rom. viii, 21, 22). The kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy shall not only reach all people, but even all creation, and so shall the name of the Lord be magnified in all the earth. "The Lord will be magnified from the border of Israel," "For from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same My name shall be great among the gentiles, * * * saith the Lord of Hosts" (Mal. i, 5, 11). Let us now hear and lay all this to heart and give glory to His name (Mal ii, 2).

Italian Brigands.

A German gentleman was one evening riding along the public highway near Imola when his horse threw him and bolted. He picked himself up and lighted a match to see what time it was, but found that his watch had stopped. Just at that moment two bicyclists hove in sight, and he went forward, making signs for them to stop, but the men pedaled furiously of sight. About two months after the gentleman was reading an account of travel in Italy when he came across the following passage:

"One evening we had an adventure with a brigand. We were bicycling near Imola, when an individual in a long dusty cloak suddenly sprang from the ground and with a small lighted torch, which he flourished with furious gestures, demanded our watches. We with great agility, but by the skin of our teeth, avoided the ill intentioned fellow and, shouting that we had no watches, made off as fast as we could. Whether followed or not we did not wait to see."—Rome Letter to Pall Mall Gazette.

KEEN SENSE OF SMELL.

Chamois Can Wind a Hunter Over Half a Mile Distant.

Judging from his failure to distinguish objects, such as a man's head or hand, as long as they are motionless, I should say that the organs of vision of chamois are scarcely more acute than those of human beings. On the other hand, their sense of smell is quite extraordinary; hence the wind is by far the worst enemy of the hunter. The shifting eddies and currents blowing now this way, now that, now up hill, now down, multiply tenfold the chances in favor of the game.

I have often asked friends of mine who have hunted in various countries as to the distance at which deer and other wild animals can scent a human being, and most of them seem to be agreed that they will wind you more than a mile off. I have certainly seen chamois over half a mile distant make off in alarm when they could not possibly have seen anything to disturb them. It is curious, too, how much more the hunter's odor seems to terrify them than the mere sight of him. In the latter case unless you are quite close they whistle and move off quietly, turning round every few hundred yards to look, while if they get your scent they will throw up their heads with an expression of utter disgust that is highly diverting and without hesitating a moment gallop away at top speed.—Longman's Magazine.

THE SPONGE FISHERS.

Process by Which Their Crop Is Prepared For Market.

As soon as the sponges are brought aboard they are thrown in heaps on deck near the scuppers, where the barefooted sailors tramp and work out the ooze; then, strung on lines, they are soused over the side and trail overboard some ten hours during the night. To break and separate from them shellfish and other parasites they are beaten with heavy sticks on deck or on the reef rocks off Tripoli, and after being well soaked in the sea again many are bleached by being immersed in a tub of water containing a certain solution of oxalic acid, from which they emerge a yellowish color, care having been taken to avoid burning them.

Often great strings of sponges bleaching and drying in the sun cover large portions of the standing rigging of deposit boats when in port. When dry they are worked up in sand, then packed in boxes ready for shipment. A quarter to a third of the crop is sold direct from Tripoli, mainly to England and to France and Italy. The bulk of the crop, unbleached and unprepared, is taken at the close of the season to the islands from which the boats came, where long experience, manipulation and cheap labor prepare them for the European market.—Charles Wellington Furlong in Harper's Magazine.

DID HER BIDDING.

His Brave Attempt to Pass For an Old Married Man.

"Now, Henry," said the bride, "I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride. I am going to act exactly as if I were an old married woman. So, dearest, do not think me cold and unloving if I treat you very practically when there is anybody by."

"I don't believe I can pass for an old married man," said Henry. "I am so fond of you that I am bound to show it. I am sure to betray myself."

"No, you mustn't. It's easy enough, and I insist that you behave just like all old married men do. Do you hear?"

"Well, darling, I'll try, but I know I shall not succeed."

On the first evening of their arrival at their hotel the bride retired, and the groom fell in with a whist party, with whom he sat playing cards till 4 o'clock in the morning. His wife spent the weary hours in weeping.

At last he turned up and met his grief stricken bride with the hilarious question:

"Well, ain't I doing the old married man like a daisy?"

She never referred to the subject again, and everybody in future knew that they had just been married.

Song of the Flame.

Fire can be made to sing. A writer says: "Take a lighted candle and blow gently against the flame. You will hear a peculiar fluttering sound. The fluttering sound is fire's first attempts at music. Instead of the unsteady breath of our lips let us employ the steady blast of a blowpipe. Instead of the pale and flickering light of a candle let us use the bright and ardent glare of a chemist's lamp. When you have a lamp and blowpipe you can make fire sing in earnest."

United.

English Rector (to parishioner)—Good morning, Thompson! I hear you have a son and heir. Parishioner—Yes, sir; our household now represents the United Kingdom. Rector—How so? Parishioner—Why, you see, I am English, my wife's Irish, the nurse is Scotch, and the baby wails.—Harper's Weekly.

Light on Ma.

Little Brother—Mr. Poseyboy, won't you go and stand before the window? Poseyboy—Certainly, my little man. But why? Little Brother—Oh, ma says she can see through you. I want to see if I can.

Best and Next Best.

The best thing on earth is a good woman, and the next best thing is a good dinner prepared by a good woman.—Winchester Sun-Sentinel.

All the gestures of children are graceful. The reign of distortion commences with the introduction of the dancing master.—Reynolds.

Trained.

"Don't you think her husband is naturally a gentle, patient man?"

"Sometimes I think he is and sometimes I think she's got him scared."—Houston Post.

Slap an extinguisher upon your irony if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it.—Lamb.

Do Not Sleep on the Left Side.

There is little doubt that an immense number of persons habitually sleep on the left side, and those who do so can never, it is said, be strictly healthy. It is the most prolific cause of nightmare and also of the unpleasant taste in the mouth on arising in the morning. All food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation which is anything but conducive to sound repose. The action of the heart is also seriously interfered with and the lungs unduly compressed; hence it is best to cultivate the habit of always sleeping on the right side.

The Saving Sign

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HE CALLED ROSELLAN

By JOANNA SINGLE

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Rosellan's father stormed in the time honored fashion, her mother soothed her a little and tried to soften the situation, but she agreed with her husband that their one fair and cherished daughter should not become the wife of John Barry. The girl herself, flushed and lovely, declared that she would marry him, that she loved him and that her life would be ruined without him.

"But, my dear daughter," said her father, "John is just out of college, and he has studied too much—run all to one sort of brains, and he's not fit to battle with the real world. And, besides, he is your cousin."

"Four times removed," remarked the girl quietly.

"But still your cousin," continued the vigorous old gentleman, who hated the thought of giving up his daughter to any man, but had decided that she must some time marry, and that the man must be Gilbert Crane. "And we all know that John has nothing in particular and that you have always had everything you want."

"I don't want anything but John. He has himself, his ability," she put in proudly. "We have cared for each other always."

"Oh, the ability to write a decent article or even a popular novel! What does scribbling amount to? He has nothing till that old great-aunt of his dies." The father looked fondly at the daughter, so like him in feature and spirit, though what he counted firmness in himself seemed rank obstinacy in her.

"Father," the girl protested, "I would listen to you if you had advanced one valid reason for separating us. He is not cousin enough to make one grain of difference, and the fact that he is not well is only another reason why I should go to California with him till he is rested and can begin work on his book." The old man drew the girl to his knee, and the mother wiped her eyes.

"Look here, child, we have a reason. We have had a talk with John and his mother, and Dr. Simpson. The plain truth is that he has symptoms of consumption. You know what that may mean"— Rosellan clutched his arm.

"It is not true! He would have told me first of all! He is only tired out. I will send for him and see, and if it were true I should take care of him."

"You don't know what you are saying. Even if we had so little sense, do you suppose John himself would expose you to even a possible danger like that? He said last night"—

"I had a right to be there! And he never let me know!"

"Wait, dear," said her mother. "We love you too well to— John knows his duty. His going to California"— Rosellan sprang up and faced them.

"I shall go, too!" she declared.

"Dearie," her mother spoke, "he left you this letter. He"—

"Left me a letter! Why, where is he?"

"He went to California this morning. It was for the best"—

"Without telling me or saying goodby? You must have made him do this! But no, you couldn't do that! It is his own fault. It means that he—doesn't care as he said he did." She stood looking at them.

"Rosellan," pleaded her mother, "he did the right thing." But the girl took John's letter from her father's hand and left the room.

"Well," old Roger Howard said to his wife, "it's hard on her at first, and John certainly did the square thing, but she's young and the separation may turn her heart toward Gilbert, as we have always planned."

And Rosellan, in her own room, was reading her lover's letter:

Rosellan, dearest, you know I love you. That is why I am leaving you this way. I think I could not bear to say goodby; it would be cruel to us both. Privately I myself cannot think that I am anything worse than run down from mental overwork and neglect of physical exercise, but all our relatives and Dr. Simpson seem to see a danger to the very shadow of which I will not expose you.

So I am off to my Aunt Eunice. It would be brutally unfair to hold your heart to a pledge I may never be able honorably to redeem. Therefore, dearest, I set you free. Try to be happy and forget. I have promised your father not to write. It seems best, though you know it breaks my heart. You know, too, that I would let no obstacle but this come between us. I wish it was decent to ask you to wait till I find whether I may not yet be in shape to make a home for you, but it is not.

It is hard not to kiss you goodby, and I never loved you as I do now in giving you up. Yours always,

JOHN BARRY.

But all Rosellan said to herself was:

"He does not love me or he could not leave me."

That one wakeful night that followed seemed to change Rosellan utterly. She forbade her parents to mention John's name and seemed suddenly to have grown from girl to woman. She accepted invitations everywhere and was welcomed as an acquisition at social functions, but beneath the blossoming brilliance lay an undoubted hardness. She hated it all. Gilbert Crane she ignored so absolutely that sheer self respect obliged him to withdraw his wooing. Even her father saw there was no hope for his cherished plan. But this was not the worst.

Three or four months after John's departure Rosellan began a marked flirtation with Steve Golden, a wealthy, dissipated man of forty. He was evidently infatuated with the girl, and she let him follow her about till her father remonstrated.

"Father, you put your hand on my affairs once. I warn you not to do it again." And somehow he dared not.

Rosellan kept even her mother at a distance and was in a continual whirl of parties and dances, the gayest of the gay, and Golden, confident and dashing, was always in her wake. He had bought and was refurnishing one of the handsomest houses in town, which further alarmed her parents.

One January afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Howard returned from an afternoon function to find their daughter standing in the hall in her traveling suit.

"What is it?" they both asked in the same breath. She handed them a telegram:

Los Angeles, Cal.
Miss Rosellan Howard, Des Moines, Ia.:
Doctors have given me up. If you want to see me, come. JOHN BARRY.

"You need not say anything," she announced, though neither of them had spoken, "and if you want to help me, mother, will you see that a few of my things are packed? I shall start this evening."

The train seemed to crawl; minutes seemed hours and hours days. Plain or mountain, stream or lake, the landscape seemed dull and dreary. The girl lived years on the trip, and as she read and reread John's farewell letter, which she had kept, her resentment and distrust died away, her girlish faith in him returned, and she saw only the real love and the self abnegating honor of the man.

As the train pulled into Los Angeles she remembered suddenly that she did not know his aunt's street address. How would she find him? Would she be too late? Dazed and weary, she emerged from the car into the brilliant California sunshine and stepped down, half blinded, into a crowd of strangers—and John Barry's arms. He was brown, vigorous and smiling. Quite unabashed, he kissed her, and they seemed suddenly to be all alone.

"What does it mean?" she gasped. He laughed.

"The doctors have given me up—discharged me—cured, of what I never had, and I wanted you—I"—

"You might have written and not—not frightened me so." She choked back the tears. "You knew I cared or I wouldn't have come."

"I know, sweetheart. We will have a wedding this afternoon. I had to telegraph for fear you would have one without me." She turned and looked at him in astonishment.

"I didn't want Golden to get you," he explained.

"Did you think he ever would?" she asked indignantly. "I simply wanted to bring father to his senses."

"Well," John answered slowly, "you succeeded. Just look at this." He handed her a crumpled telegram:

Des Moines, Ia.
John Barry, Los Angeles, Cal.:
If you want to marry Rosellan, for heaven's sake do it before Steve Golden does.

They both laughed.

"You see," he said, "if I had started to go to you, you might have taken him before I reached you, so I called you across the continent, and Aunt Eunice has divided up with me. She says she would like to be worth at least half as much to me alive as she would be dead, so we can live here."

Rosellan considered.

"John," she said softly, "I haven't a white dress to my name."

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New England Justice.

Ebenezer Snell, the grandfather of the poet William Cullen Bryant, is described as a good type of the New England farmer, in whose nature Puritanism, with its stern rigors of conduct and conscience, was overlaid with many of the amenities of Yankee humor. Bryant preserved several anecdotes of his grandfather, one of which, quoted by Mr. W. A. Bradley in his biography of the poet, may serve to indicate the way in which he exercised his humor, and also to show the patriarchal conception of justice that was held in a remote New England community at the end of the eighteenth century.

My grandfather, said Bryant, once found that certain pieces of lumber intended by him for the runners of a sled and called in that part of the country sled crooks had been taken without leave by a farmer who lived at no great distance. These timbers were valuable, being made from a tree the grain of which was curved so as to correspond with the curve required in the runners.

The delinquent received notice that his offense was known and that if he wished to escape a prosecution he must carry a bushel of rye to each of three poor widows living in the neighborhood and tell them why he brought it.

He was only too glad to comply with this condition.

Outrageous.

Miss Listener—Then you didn't join that philanthropic organization? Mrs. Chatterbox—No; when I intimated to the ladies that I wanted to do something for charity one of them suggested that I might begin by holding my tongue.

Working Up.

Elsie—Your Uncle Harry seems awful young to be a doctor. Willie—Yes, he ain't a real growed up doctor yet. I expect he's only 'tendin' to children yet, so' to get some practice.

Excuses don't pay back borrowed cash.—Louisville Herald.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1905. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 35.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.12, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 26.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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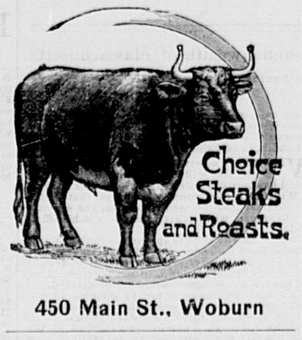

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Her Sandalwood Box

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

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"This is the first one he wrote me after—after"—

"After he asked you to marry him," said Wilmot grimly. "I know."

Elizabeth faltered a little. "If you would rather not"—

"If you would rather not?" said the man, so they read on.

There was no heading to the boyish scrawl, no date, and the paper was yellow with much handling:

"How did we do it, little girl? I'm lord o' the earth tonight. Is it only five hours since I left you? I'd swear it was five centuries. I'm in my room, working, but at what I don't know. Your face comes between me and the white paper—between me and the foolish, pounding keys—between me and all the world else. Ah, dearly beloved, your eyes when I kissed you, and the maddening tilt of your chin! Pen and ink's but a poor thing, after all. I write down words that mean the world and all, and they come out black, buggish things on a shiny white sheet. I'd like to write to you in forked lightning on a giant rose leaf. Good night, my piece o' the world!"

"What was his work?" asked Wilmot, with husky irreverence.

"Stories and verses. He wrote." Elizabeth laid the letter gently on the coals and drew out the next.

"There are not many," she explained. "It was only a month, and we—we saw each other so often—and I kept only the letters from that one month."

Wilmot nodded in silence.

"You are the funniest child," said the next letter. "When I think of the way I love you—it seems absurd. One ought to give you a doll or a picture book. Well, I have given you my life for the one and my heart for the other, haven't I? I'm not laughing, littlest—at least I'm only laughing that you may not know what a powerful pull you have on my heartstrings. I got a check this morning for a story I'd almost forgotten about. That's why I'm sending you a rose. It's the first thing I've bought with the money. I'm working hard on the play. It's going to be a great thing some day, and you—no, I mean we—are going to be proud of it. We'll go to the theater tonight, littlest, and burn up some of the new check."

"How old were you then?" asked Wilmot.

"I was eighteen," Elizabeth answered dreamily. "I'm twenty-five now, you know."

The letter burned slowly, and they read the next in silence.

"Sweetest," it said, "I've been ill the last two days or I'd have seen you. I've been seeing you anyhow in the shadows of the room and the window curtains and a lot of other silly places. I was out of my head, they tell me. Feel sort of crazy now." The letter was blotted, and the writing a mere scrawl. "That big blot is where I dropped my head just now, because I was too tired to hold it up any longer. I must get back to the play tomorrow; losing too much time. Lord, how my head aches! Oh, littlest girl, I want you!"

"He was only a boy," said Elizabeth, "just a year older than I"—

"Go on," said Wilmot tensely.

Elizabeth turned over the next letter, and a withered rose fell into her lap from the infolding leaf of a torn programme.

"We went to the theater," she explained, touching the flower with gentle fingers, "and I wore the rose on my gown. It was red."

"You like red roses best," said Wilmot jealously. "Was it always so, or did you begin then?"

"I—I suppose it was then," she admitted gently. "He always sent them to me."

Wilmot started up suddenly. "I can't stand much more of this," he said. "Did you ever care for me at all?"

"Don't be angry"— Elizabeth laid a hand on his arm and drew him back. "There isn't much more, and—I think if I didn't love you I couldn't show the letters to you at all. Wait till the end—you will understand."

She laid the dead rose on the fire with the torn programme. The next was only a line or two on a narrow card.

"Flowers he sent me," Elizabeth said, "because he wanted to come that night. And this"—she glanced over a half sheet of rough paper closely covered—"he wrote to thank me for a book I sent him." She looked up at Wilmot. His eyes were dark and inscrutable, but he was white to the lips, and she hurried on.

"There's only one more to read—these are just cards that came with flowers or books."

She laid them on the fire and smoothed out the paper that had lain clinched in her hand so long.

"Is that the last?" asked Wilmot, with dry lips. She nodded, and he bent to read it.

"You are right," it said, "quite right to break with me. There are a thousand reasons why you should, and the one reason why you shouldn't, my love, is a very worthless reason. I don't blame you for not considering it. I knew it must be a mistake—you were not for me. You always gave me your cheek to kiss—and I didn't want your cheek"—

"You see," Elizabeth whispered, with a little catch in her voice.

"You never really cared for me, littlest—never cared; that is, as you can care—as you will care some day for the man who is to come to you.

He need not be jealous of me, sweet, when he does come. Your love for me was a child's love that he will not want, and that you will not give him. I have had my divine day, and it is over, but no matter who comes—in spite of the man who is to win where I have lost—you will remember—I claim that, littlest, for my right—you will remember when you love him that I taught you how. I should not write so, perhaps, but there are times when a man must speak what he knows. Keep the few things I have given you. Don't send them back to me. Put them in the sandalwood box and shut their memories in with them. I shall keep your letters. God knows they're few and cold enough.

"Oh, littlest girl, I'd never let you go in this world—if"—

Elizabeth's hand slipped softly into Wilmot's, where it rested on the arm of her chair. They sat in silence while the last letter flared up, then sank and crumbled.

"I think," at last she said softly, "that he was right. You need not be jealous of him. I was a child then. I am another self now. When you came in I had been reading his letters, and somehow in the dusk and quiet I had slipped out of myself back into the little girl he used to love. My mind was full of him and of that little girl, and I couldn't readjust things at once. Then when you used his very words—it was—it was like a ghost. You see, don't you, dear? I'm not disloyal to you. It was just that I remembered, as he said I would."

"I understand," said Wilmot, holding her close. "I was a jealous fool, but you must admit that it was disconcerting to come in and find you reading over another man's letters the night before our wedding."

"It was silly, I suppose," Elizabeth admitted, "but I couldn't help it—and you understand."

"Where is he now?" asked Wilmot, kissing the soft wave of her hair. "You won't grow to care for him again, will you?"

"Oh, Will, hush!" the girl whispered, her cheek against his coat sleeve. "He's dead, dear. He died that year. Didn't I tell you at first? I thought you understood."

The sleet rattled angrily against the window pane, jarring the quiet of the shadowy room, and the fire sank and darkened.

"'You will remember when you love him,'" quoted Wilmot softly, "'that I taught you how'—poor beggar!"

It Was Hard on the Family.

Modern methods of dealing with contagious diseases are a severe trial to many an old fashioned person who in childhood lived through epidemics of various kinds.

"I thought your grandson was looking pretty peart again after his illness," said one of the residents of Canby to Zenas Sprawle, "but it struck me the rest of you looked kind of wore out. I s'pose he was pretty sick for one spell there."

"No, he wa'n't," said Mr. Sprawle stoutly. "There never was a thing the matter of him exceptin' a sore throat 'bout same as I've had dozens o' times, toweled my neck up for a night or two an' come out all right. But my son's wife she had that city doctor to him, an' he made out 'twas one o' them itises an' had him an' his ma quarantined off from the rest of us.

"He had the full use of his legs, an' the way he run over that floor above our heads was enough to wear out a hen. An' when he was able to be moved they had that part o' the house fumigated. It laid the foundations for a stomach trouble with both Marthy an' me, that fumigation did, an' I don't know as the smell will get out o' my clothes enough for me to go to church this whole winter. Get me in a middlin' warm place and that fumigatin' essence begins to try out o' my overcoat same as if 'twas karosense. I guess there's reason enough for Marthy an' me to look wore out."—Youth's Companion.

The Lions and the Lamb.

Some 300 years ago King James I. of England visited the lions then kept in London Tower, the show from which is derived "the lions" in the sense of the sights of a place. The king had had an arena built on to their cages for fights with bears, dogs and bulls, but the two lions that entered it on this day simply stood blinking. Two "racks of mutton" and "a lusty live cock" were successively thrown to them and devoured. "After this the king caused a live lamb to be easily let down unto them by a rope, and being come to the ground the lamb lay upon his knees, and both the lions stood in their former places and only beheld the lamb, but presently the lamb rose up and went unto the lions, which very gently looked upon him and smelled on him without sign of any further hurt." However, a lion and mastiff fight that followed was better "sport."

The Ice of Greenland.

The largest mass of ice in the world is probably the one which fills up nearly the whole of the interior of Greenland, where it has accumulated since before the dawn of history. It is believed to now form a block about 600,000 square miles in area and averaging a mile and a half in thickness. According to these statistics, the lump of ice is larger in volume than the whole body of water in the Mediterranean, and there is enough of it to cover the whole of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with a layer about seven miles thick. If it were cut into two convenient slabs and built up equally upon the entire surface of "gallant little Wales" it would form a pile more than 120 miles high. There is ice enough in Greenland to bury the entire area of the United States a quarter of a mile deep.

Enthusiastic Bird Architect.

The process of the building of a bird's nest is always interesting, and the most wonderful of all nests, those of the weaver birds, can always be seen in the making by any one who will buy a few males of the African red billed weaver, which cost about half a crown each. This is a little bird much like a small hen sparrow, with a bright red bill and decked in the breeding season with a pink cap and breast and a black mask. He is an enthusiastic architect and in France is always sold as travailleur, the worker. Even in the cage he will weave any fibrous material in and out of the wires till they are covered, and in an aviary he will construct beautiful round nests with the greatest enthusiasm, pausing occasionally to swear at fellow craftsmen who presume to criticise his efforts or cast a larcenous eye on his materials.—London Express.

His Voice Needed Filing.

There is a young medical student living in Westport who has decided not to speak to a girl he knows. He was calling on the young woman recently, and during the evening he volunteered to sing. When he had concluded his song he turned to the girl. "I'm thinking of taking voice culture," he said. "Do you know of a good teacher whose charge is reasonable?" "I know the very one for you," she replied. "His name is Taylor. Give me a card, and I'll write down his telephone number for you." The young man gave her the card. Next day he called Taylor up on the telephone. "Is this Mr. Taylor, the vocal teacher?" he asked. "The what?" came over the wire. "The vocal teacher." "Naw," was the reply. "I don't teach nothin'. I file saws."—Kansas City Times.

The Scared Hero.

The man who goes down with his engine in a wreck is considered worthy of great commendation, when the truth is, as all railway men are aware, that the unfortunate in such cases lost his nerve at the critical moment and hesitated to jump. When an accident is impending the cool and collected engineer shuts off steam, applies the brakes and opens the valves, all of the actions taking a few seconds. Then he looks out for his own safety. Another man becomes so frightened in the presence of great danger that he does nothing, not even the possible, and he is the person likely to wear a martyr's crown.—Locomotive Engineering.

Malleability of Gold.

The malleability of gold is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,000,000 parts and a cubic inch into 9,523,809,523 parts, each of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye. A grain and a half of gold may be beaten into leaves of one inch square, which, if intersected by parallel lines drawn at right angles to each other and distance only the one-hundredth part of an inch, will produce 25,000,000 little squares, each of which may be distinctly seen without the aid of a glass.

A Physician In Every Menagerie.

All animal keepers are supposed to study the needs and ailments of the animals under their charge, and they understand the best methods to coax their dumb friends into submission; but, in addition to these keepers, every circus and menagerie has one or more physicians who prescribe for the sick animals. An imported wild animal is too valuable to lose without an effort to save its life, and all that science knows is brought into requisition to cure it of any complaint.

Wouldn't Gild the Pill.

"So she [illegible] going to keep the ring, even though the engagement is broken?"

"Yes," answered the gloomy young man, "and that isn't the worst of it. She didn't even condescend to tell me that polite story about cherishing it as a memento of a very dear friendship."—Washington Star.

Top and Bottom.

"My friend," said the long haired passenger to the young man in the seat opposite, "to what end has your life work been directed?"

"To both ends," was the reply. "I have the only first class hat and shoe store in the village."

A FAMOUS OLD BRIDGE.

It Is Curiously Decorated With Historic Pictures.

Few places in Switzerland are more interesting than the historic old city of Lucerne, at the junction of the river Reuss and Lake Lucerne, memorable for its historic associations with the heroic legends of William Tell.

Across the river are two wonderful wooden bridges, the Muehlenbruecke, or "Mill bridge," with its quaint pictures of the "Dance of death," and the Kapellbruecke, or "Chapel bridge." This chapel bridge was constructed as long ago as 1333 and for nearly 600 years formed the chief avenue of traffic across the broad but sluggish stream. Anciently the bridge extended its zigzag shape to nearly twice its present length and reached as far as the Hofkirche, or cathedral, whence its name, the Chapel bridge.

In the center of this covered wooden bridge stands the famous octagonal Wasserthurm, or water tower, where in olden times the municipal treasure was stored. For ages it was also used as a prison and among the dungeons as a torture chamber.

But the most unique feature of all consists of the curious pictures in the roof of the bridge. These old pictures—sixty-nine of them—are painted on triangular wooden panels which fit into the pitched roof of the bridge. One after another they tell the most salient facts of Swiss history or portray events in the life of the tutelar saints of the town, St. Leodegar and St. Maurice.—New York Tribune.

TAFFY CANDY.

Why It Becomes White Through Pulling and Working.

You have often wondered and have even gone so far perhaps as to ask your scientifically inclined friend why candy or taffy made from brown sugar or even molasses becomes white by pulling and working. The question is not a hard one to find an answer for, provided you look in the right place, but it is ten chances to one that you have never seen a solution of the enigma in print.

First, the exposure to the air and the friction evaporate the sirup, which contains most of the coloring matter, and facilitate the oxidization of the carbon in the sugar, which is always white. Sugar contains eleven atoms of oxygen to twelve of carbon and eleven of hydrogen. The sirup drained from this same sugar in the refining process not only contains more or less of coloring matter, but has a smaller proportion of oxygen to the amount of carbon.

Still another reason why taffy is whitened by the pulling process is because it is in effect similar to crushing. Pure, clear rock candy, when crushed, has its powers of absorbing light destroyed or greatly impaired, the pulverized portions reflecting all the elementary colors in each ray, which, of course, results in the eye receiving the impression of white light.

Humanity In Prison.

It is true there are peculiar specimens of humanity in prisons—cranks, freaks, degenerates and hardened and vicious characters—but so are there all these outside the prisons mixed in with the other people of the world in the different grades of society. The deliberate professional criminal, with peculiar and pronounced characteristics and forming a different type of man and woman, is too infrequent to constitute a definite class unless he, with many others not in prison, be considered as a member of a diseased class in humanity. Those who do not agree with this impression and persist in believing that there is a distinct, typical criminal class must, if they study society and also become familiar with the inmates of our penal institutions, admit that only a small portion of the class are confined therein.—C. E. Ordway in Atlantic.

Human Nature.

"We tried a new experiment in our town," said the man with silver rimmed spectacles. "We thought that the tendency to vanity was so great that there ought to be some reward for people who were capable of standing aside and rejoicing in the success of others. So we organized a society and arranged for the presentation of modesty medals."

"How did it work?"

"Badly. As soon as a man won one of the medals he would swell up and get so proud that we'd have to take it away from him."—Washington Star.

The Turkish Postman.

Postal conditions in the interior of Turkey are still in a patriarchal stage of evolution. When a postman arrives in a village on muleback he distributes the letters in a public place, giving each his own, and then putting the undelivered ones into the hands of relatives or acquaintances of those to whom they are addressed. Yet it is said that 99 per cent reach their destination.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."—MRS. J. H. FIFER, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

IMPROVING HER SKIN.

One Searcher After Beauty Tells of Her Experience.

"I wish the papers would quit publishing these articles that tell you how to be beautiful," says a young matron. "I was fairly content with myself till I began to read them. I had an average good skin, too, but I've steamed it and creamed it and massaged it till it's a wreck. I've been for two weeks trying a new beautifier for it. I've been rubbing my face with slices of onion. It makes your eyes water, and it gives you an unattractive perfume, but the article said it would produce the soft, velvety skin of a child, and I kept it up. Yesterday my husband rose in his wrath.

"'What on earth makes you rub your face with onion?' he said. 'Wouldn't limburger cheese do for a change? Why wouldn't potatoes or asparagus do as well? Does it have to be onion?'

"'It does,' I said.

"'You'll have to show me,' said he. 'Let me see the article that turned your brain. I don't believe it says onions. I believe it says any vegetable you happen to have in the house.'

"This made me furious, and I brought out the article. What do you think it said? It didn't say onions. It said cucumbers. I knew it was something you put vinegar on. That's how I happened to get mixed. After this I'm going to let my face alone, but I shan't hear the last of that onion beautifier till I die."—Washington Post.

LANDSCAPE ART.

The Work of Le Notre, Europe's Most Famous Gardener.

Although Le Notre's life was a long and a busy one, he could not possibly have designed all the gardens with which his name is now associated, more or less correctly. The list is an astounding one, ranging as it does from Aranjuez and La Granja in Spain to Wilhelmshohe and Oranienbourg in Germany, from the villas Albani and Pamphili in Rome to Hampton Court and Kensington gardens in England. But, directly or indirectly, he is responsible for the spirit of all these designs, as he created a school of outdoor art, which, modified and adapted to suit various conditions and climates, spread over the civilized world and is the foundation of all the landscape art of today. It was he who first released gardens from their mediaeval swaddling clothes, widened their narrow borders, did away with their childish decorations of fantastically clipped trees and made them instead dignified parts of a splendid whole. To some people his gardens do not now seem attractive on account of what is called their severity and coldness, but we must remember that they were entirely appropriate to the places for which they were designed and perfectly fitted for their uses and are consequently artistically admirable.—Beatrix Jones in Scribner's.

CRIMINAL INSURANCE.

Receivers of Stolen Goods Usually Carry on the Business.

"Criminal insurance," said a detective, "is the insurance that thieves and blacklegs take out in case of arrest. For instance, you are a second story man. You make about $2,500 a year, the average second story man's income, and you carry an insurance of $1,000, for which you pay the big premium of $125 a year. Now, if you are arrested, the insurance company steps forward and hands you $1,000. Thus you are able to get the best of lawyers for your defense.

"Receivers of stolen goods are usually rich, and it is these men as a rule who carry on the criminal insurance business. I know of a criminal insurance company in Philadelphia, another in New York and a third in St. Louis. The policies run from $100 up to $5,000, and the premiums are always enormous. This is because the danger of arrest is so great.

"Besides the criminal insurance concerns I know of a curious beneficial organization that is conducted among the criminals of Illinois. Each member of the organization pays in $1 a week, and in case of imprisonment his family receives $5 weekly as long as his sentence lasts."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Reminder.

It is amusing at times to notice the efforts which railway porters make to extract tips from passengers.

The following took place at a large station in the north of England: A porter had been attending to the luggage of a tourist and, not receiving the expected donation, addressed the gentleman as follows:

"Beg pardon, sir, but if any one asks what you gave me what shall I tell him?"

He got his tip.—London Mail.

Its Possibilities.

A man "who knows it all" was not in the least surprised when he heard of a motor car which could be turned at will into a bedstead or grand piano. He said he knows a man who turned a motor car into a telegraph pole, a ditch, a fence and a horse all within a few hours.

No Tick.

"Why don't you wind that clock and set it going?" asked a bad customer at a country store.

"The clock is a sign," said the grocer, and the customer studied it out for himself before he left the store.

Probably.

"Your trouble, madam," said the physician, "seems to be due to an excess of adipose tissue."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton. "I wonder if that is what makes me so awfully fat?"

English Fish Laws.

Fish, because of its tendency rapidly to decompose, holds a peculiar position among foods. In England it is the subject of a special act of parliament. So long ago as 1698 men knew the evil consequences resulting from eating mackerel of uncertain post mortem age, so they passed an act providing that except during the hours of divine service this fish could be sold on Sunday. That act has never been repealed.

AMIABILITY.

One Need Be Neither Weak Nor Stupid to Have This Quality.

By a process of false reasoning amiability has been connected both colloquially and in writing with weakness and stupidity. Strength and ability insure it to no one; consequently, says that hasty judge, the public, it usually exists without them. Nothing was ever more untrue. Stupid people and weak people may be—they very seldom are—amiable by nature, but they are the only people for whom it is nearly impossible to cultivate amiability. It is very difficult for a really weak man to be sweet tempered.

The first thing which the person who desires to be amiable must determine to do is never to produce fear among his own surrounding—to be willing, in a social sense, to let every one off, so that no one regrets too bitterly having said a foolish or ill judged thing before him, but comforts himself with the thought that it is forgotten; never, that is, to lower any one in his own esteem. The second is not to differ about matters of no importance, not to debase sincerity into contradictoriness, and not to set for other people a standard which it is unreasonable to suppose, from previous experience of their characters, that they will ever reach. The third is never to let his good principle interfere with some one else's harmless privilege, to remember that praise is a positive necessity to the spiritual and mental development of the young, and that injudicious blame acts as a blight.—London Spectator.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

When You Go to Work Take the Whole Man to the Task.

Only fresh, spontaneous work really counts. If you have to drive yourself to your task, if you have to drag yourself to your work every morning because of exhausted vitality, if you feel fagged or worn out, if there is no elasticity in your step or movements, your work will partake of your weakness.

Make it a rule to go to your work every morning fresh and vigorous. You cannot afford to take hold of the task upon which your life's success rests with the tips of your fingers. You cannot afford to bring only a fraction of yourself to your work. You want to go to it a whole man, fresh, strong and vigorous, so that it will be spontaneous, not forced; buoyant, not heavy. You want to go to your work with creative energy and originality—possessed of a strong, powerful individuality. If you go to it with jaded faculties and a sense of lassitude after a night's dissipation or loss of sleep, it will inevitably suffer. Everything you do will bear the impress of weakness, and there is no success or satisfaction in weakness.

This is just where a great many people fail—in not bringing all of themselves to their task. The man who goes to his task with debilitated energy and low vitality, with all of his standards down and his ideals lagging, with a wavering mind and uncertain step, will never produce anything worth while.—Success.

Flying Fish.

Flying fish are very voracious. In their turn they are preyed upon by barracudas, sharks, dolphins, billfish, redfish and a hundred and one others. Nature has colored the flying fish protectively. The back is a deep blue, merging into the blue of the seas they frequent, so that they are invisible a few feet below the surface, while the underneath is a dazzling white, and to a fish that looks upward must merge into the light falling on the sea. In addition they possess the unique power of flight. Flying fish are about seven inches long, and the spread of wings is about equal to their length. The "wing" is of thin, gauzy substance, having stiffening sinews, like the fiber of a leaf, to strengthen it.

The Lilac.

Like the tulip, the lilac is believed to have come westward from Persia via Turkey in the sixteenth century. Its name is Persian. In the English language the color is called after the tree, but the tree originally received its name from its color since it is clearly traceable to certain Persian and Sanskrit adjectives meaning "blue" or "indigo colored." The "lilaj" of Persia was the indigo plant. Probably the first mention of the lilac in English is in Bacon's essay on gardens. He favored the spelling "lelacke."

Mixed History.

Around the great striking figures of history the small boy weaves curious answers. "Moses' mother pitched his little cradle within and without with pitch and left him there in the pool of Siloam, but when the daughter of Solomon got the green leaf from the dove she hastened and brought food convenient for him, and the babe crowed thrice and grew up in her court."—Agnes Dean Cameron in Century.

How He Proposed.

It is told of Oliver Wendell Holmes that after many futile attempts to propose to the lady of his choice his courage failed. They were walking one pleasant afternoon on Boston Common and, coming to where the path separated, he asked, "Which path shall we take?" "This one," she replied, turning toward it. "For life?" he asked. And she said "Yes."

A Palpable Hit.

Osmond—Well, thank heaven, you've never seen me run after people who have money. Desmond—No, but I've seen people run after you because you didn't have money.

It is not necessary to tell all we know, but it is necessary to know all we tell.—Schiller.

The more erroneous a fool's judgment the more firmly he holds it.—Balthasar Gracian.

They Were Playing Together.

He (referring to music)—Don't you think I'm slow and a little too soft? She (absently)—Yes. But, then, you have wealth and position, and that counts for something.

Receiving a new truth is adding new sense.—Liebig.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1905.

THAT SETTLES IT.

Last Monday a committee of 15 Democrats of various stripes, who had been chosen a couple of weeks previously for the purpose, waited on Governor Douglas with a view of inducing him to reconsider his determination to refuse another nomination for Governor by his party. He gave out word some time ago that he would not run for a second term, but apparently the leaders did not believe him, but sought, more or less honestly, to get him to go back on his word, and lead the Party to defeat next November.

Headed by Hon. John R. Thayer of Worcester the committee repaired to the Governor's rooms and made known their errand. They were well received and attentively listened to. They wanted Mr. Douglas to accept another nomination and told him the reason why.

But the effort to induce the Governor to change his mind was unavailing, and the committee were obliged to leave with a flat refusal from Douglas to make another run for the office.

The Governor's decision will be likely to cause trouble in the Democratic camp.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the Republican State Committee held on July 21, it was decided to hold the Republican State convention in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Oct. 6, next.

Congressman John W. Weeks of Newton was selected for Chairman; and Congressman George P. Lawrence for Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions.

Caucuses to choose delegates to the convention are to be held on Sept. 26.

Reciprocity and Tariff Revision are to have a fair shake in the platform. Foss and Whitney (Democrat) are satisfied with the layout.

☞ In view of the approach of the day when the Woburn public schools will begin the work of another year, the following extract from an address delivered by President Eliot of Harvard University not long ago would seem to be timely and appropriate:

"An all-important function of the teacher is the helping forward of the brightest children. Our schools tend too much to become machines with an average product; the bright are held back, the dull are pressed forward. What a hideous injury to bright children—almost as bad as the injury which a Labor Union works on the brightest members of the craft—the compelling them never to do their best. You can hardly do a greater injury to a human mind than that."

☞ Henderson Point, anciently known as "Pull-and-be-damned," on the Kittery side of Portsmouth (N. H.) harbor was blown to pieces by a 36-ton blast of dynamite at 4 p. m. last Saturday, in the presence of many thousands of people who came from far and near to witness the feat. Nearly three years and $750,000 in cash had been spent by the U. S. government in preparing for the blast. It was a complete success, and Henderson Point will no longer remain a danger to navigation in passing from Portsmouth to the sea, or from the sea to the Kittery Navy Yard.

☞ It appears to be settled that Curtis Guild, Jr., is to be the Republican candidate for Governor this year, and nearly as certain that Eben S. Draper will be nominated for Lieutenant Governor. In selecting the balance of the ticket only one contest is expected, that for Attorney General.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Miss Tidd—Tutoring.
W. Fred Davis—Citation.

— Mrs. Henry Martin Eames is visiting friends at Fitchburg.

— Ald. W. R. Lang is a guest at the finest hotel in Weirs, N. H.

— W. R. C. 84 ran a trolley excursion to Revere Beach yesterday.

— Mr. A. B. Tabor and family are at Ipswich for rest and pleasure.

— Daisy Holdridge is enjoying her summer outing at Block Island, R. I.

— Miss Abbie Soles has returned from a vacation outing at Hancock, N. H.

— Harold Pushee is vacating at Lake Chauncy, Westboro, for a couple of weeks.

—Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Miss Whitney of Kansas City, Mo., is visiting her cousin, Miss M. Louise Bacon.

— Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Cummings are at Bath, Maine, on vacation pleasures bent.

— Aberjona Colony, I. O. P. F., are to take a trolley trip to Revere Beach on August 2.

— The moth is no respecter of persons. The quality on Warren avenue have them now—thick.

— Miss Helen Beadle returned to her home in Groveland last Monday after what she said was a pleasant visit.

— After the first Sunday Rev. Dr. Norton and family are to pass the month of August at Mt. Vernon, N. H.

— Patrick Higgins was struck by a Reading trolley at Walnut Hill last Saturday evening and quite seriously injured.

— All members of the South End Social Club are requested to be present at an important meeting to be held next Monday night.

— Mr. Edward T. Brigham, of Thompson's hardware store, and wife are to take their vacation comforts at Bridgewater, N. H.

— During the month of August Annie B. Seeley, teacher in the Highland school, will make her home at North Conway, N. H.

— Edward F. Wyer and W. W. Crosby are to attend the meet of the American Canoe Association at Sugar Camp, N. H., in August.

— One day last week Mr. Samuel Leeds attended the reunion of the 11th Mass. Regiment Association at Salem Willows, and had a fine time.

— His mother, sister, Mrs. Fowler, and nephew Wilford Fowler, of Oxford Furnace, N. J., are visiting Policeman Clarence H. Kean and family.

— The Merrimac Chemical Co. are rushing their new buildings. The increasing business of the Co. demands their completion as soon as possible.

— Supt. Gray of the Woburn Division of the B. & N. Street railroad is still trying to persuade his Company to restore the through trips from Woburn to Lowell. May he succeed.

— Free candy is the watchword at the Robbins Drug Co. store. To-morrow evening the lucky holder of a certain ticket will get free a 2-pound box of fine chocolates. See ad.

— Crovo keeps abreast of the times as a fruit purveyor for the people of this city and vicinity. He keeps a full supply of the very best that the Boston market affords, and sells it at fair prices.

— Misses Dora and Mildred Knapp gave a select banjo and guitar party at their home on Pleasant street last Tuesday evening. Mr. Harry Parker was one of the artists whose names appeared on the programme.

— Miss Mary Feeney, stenographer in the Boston office of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company, and her companion, Miss Grace O'Leary of South Boston, are at Christmas Cove, Maine, for the outing season.

— Lawyer Fred Davis thinks some of spending a few days at Rangeley Lakes, Maine, where the blackflies are thicker and more vicious than at Flagstaff, where he has done his loafing for two or three years past.

— Hon. William F. Davis, wife and Lawyer W. Fred Davis, go to their regular summer resort at Long Pond, Flagstaff, Maine, on Aug. 19. They dote on that rare and beautiful section of Maine for vacation comforts.

— A light and gentle rain refreshed vegetation somewhat last Monday evening. It was a welcome visitor, for it would be hard to name anything that a properly constituted human constitution likes more than a gentle summer rain.

— Rev. N. E. Richardson, pastor of the Woburn Methodist Episcopal Church, is visiting his home in Wisconsin. Next Sunday Rev. A. A. Wright, Dean of the Boston Correspondence School, will preach at that church.

— Miss L. Mertena Bancroft, the Boston and Woburn pianoforte instructor, went away on her vacation last Tuesday. She was accompanied to N. H. by her friend, Miss Thompson of Medford. Their return may be looked for about Oct. 1.

— Mr. B. T. H. Porter, the old and successful insurance man, and Mrs. Porter, after an entirely satisfactory visit at Canaan, N. H., and an equally agreeable one at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine, have returned to their happy home in this city.

— Miss Grace W. Heartz, Assistant Principal of Brewster Academy at Wolfboro, N. H., returned with the *Herald* party, of which she was a member, from the Lewis and Clark Exposition last Sunday evening greatly delighted with the trip and visit to Portland.

— Last Monday Fire Chief Littlefield transferred Patrick Flaherty from Hose 1 to be permanent driver of Hose 5. Cunningham will drive Hose 1. The former has been connected with the Fire Department for the last 15 years, and is a good man.

— Mr. Alexander Ellis, 81 years old, has been a resident and business man of Woburn 55 years. He is still an everyday worker and can handle as many groceries as the youngest and best of them. He has a host of friends who hope he will live and enjoy himself until he is 100 years old.

— J. M. Ellis, the contractor, is forging ahead in good style on the foundation of the new schoolhouse. When completed it will be as fine a job of stonework as was ever executed in these parts. He is not only noted for good honest work, but takes a commendable pride in this particular contract.

— Willis Buckman's grocery teams are evidently popular all over town. They are seen not only in the Highlands, where his store is, but in other sections of the city, and are familiar objects at the residences of the best families. Buckman has always been liked as a grocer, and never more so than now.

— Those who are interested in the Boston flower mission are doing quite well in their donations this season. The Woburn branch, under the management of the W. C. T. U., which meet in the Congregational vestry every Friday afternoon to receive and forward contributions, are grateful for the aid that the community are giving them in the good work.

— Now that the City Council have adjourned to almost the middle of September a feeling of security pervades this community which approaches closely to absolute repose. While the members are away squandering their salaries at summer resorts the sovereign people hereabouts feel perfectly easy in their minds.

— Representative Herbert S. Riley returned a few days ago from a vacation outing at North Conway, N. H., where he met the old and eminent painter, Benjamin Champney, and viewed with sorrow the "abandoned farm" of the late Thomas Emerson there. He found Mr. Champney in the best of health, and busy cultivating his thrifty garden.

— No wonder the B. & N. Woburn conductor didn't know that there is a Church avenue in this city, for, as strange as it may seem, there is no sign bearing its name on either end of it. The conductor wasn't to blame for taking the young women to North Woburn in a vain search for Church avenue, but the city authorities are greatly in fault for their omission to have it properly and conspicuously labelled. The Chairman of the Board of Health, who lives on that pleasant and populous avenue, should see to this business.

— Rev. Thomas F. Shannon, pastor of St. Xavier church in Philadelphia, an uncle of Mrs. Dr. Conway, formerly of Woburn, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. James W. McDonald in this city, the former being a niece of his. He will remain here until about the time the McDonalds leave for their New Hampshire summer home.

— Church choirs and clergymen are taking their vacation and, although there is a lull in religious services, enough good people are left to hold the common enemy at bay. It calls for greater activity on the part of churchmen and women, but they are equal to the task, and the flocks will keep their heads above water during the absence of the shepherds and singers.

— Copeland & Bowser, leading dry goods merchants, are cleaning out their summer stocks preparatory to filling up with fall ones. To expedite the business they are offering goods at greatly reduced prices, a fact which those in need should take prompt advantage of. There is no sort of doubt but that Copeland & Bowser are offering rare bargains in all kinds of dry goods.

— Mrs. Sarah L. Simonds, a most estimable lady, who enjoys the esteem of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, celebrated the 75th anniversary of her birthday at her home, 2 Arlington Road, one day last week. Grandchildren and greatgrandchildren, for whom an entertainment was given, and quite a party of friends, attended the celebration which Mrs. Simonds greatly enjoyed.

— Mr. Heber B. Clewley has written, and the *Suburban Life* has published, a highly entertaining description of his pigeon houses on Pleasant street, this city, which article he styles, "A Business Man's Successful Squab Plant." His establishment is complete in every particular, and his business in squabs is flourishing. To visit the post and take a good look at the pigeons is well worth anybody's while.

— The Boston *Herald* has assigned its best reporter, Mr. Thomas J. Feeney of this city, to the duty of recounting daily the work, for its columns, of the Japanese and Russian Peace Plenipotentiaries at Kittery Navy Yard, with headquarters at the famous old Wentworth House, where the Peace dignitaries are to live during the progress of their negotiations. It is an important assignment.

— The advent of dogdays last Tuesday, July 25, was signalized by no especial meteorological features, or any change that called for particular comment. They slid in and took their allotted place in the calendar without fuss or feathers; but it should not be argued from this that the reign of the Dogstar may not, between this date and Sept. 5, when it closes, treat us to some hot and trying days.

— Last Sunday's Boston *Post* contained a lifelike pictorial representation of Senator Cottage, Atlantic Hill, Nantasket, where our friend, Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, Winchester, is taking comfort, as he has done for several summers past. He has got the notion into his head that Senator Cottage beats them all as a seaside resort, and no others need apply, so far as he is concerned.

— The hearing by the State Railroad Commissioners on the petition of the Boston & Northern Street Railway Co. to abolish transfers in the towns of Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Melrose and Malden, and thus increase the fare between those towns and Boston, was postponed to Sept. 7. The people are up in arms against the proposed change. If the petition is granted it will increase the fares 50 percent.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney and family of Warren avenue left here last Saturday for Old Orchard, where they will pass their vacation, as they have done for some summers past. Old Orchard is their favorite seaside resort. Mr. Feeney stopped off at Portsmouth long enough to witness the 40 ton dynamite blast in the channel there and write the story of it for the Boston *Herald*, and then proceeded to Old Orchard for a fortnight's rest.

— Mr. James W. McDonald and wife go to their summer home at Salisbury, N. H., about Aug. 1, for a month's vacation. Some Boston friends of theirs are to be of the party. They have tried Salisbury for several seasons past and prefer it to any other N. H. resort. Mr. McDonald is a busy man at piano tuning and teaching when at home, and a month's outing does him good. He will come back rested, refreshed, and ready for work.

— The Boston *Herald's* Lewis & Clark excursion party arrived in Boston last Sunday perfectly delighted with their Western trip, and the fine manner in which they were treated by the *Herald* managers. They were at Portland, Oregon, four days, which was ample time to take in the whole Exposition, and the balance of the trip was devoted to touring the country. Miss Beatrice A. Grant, our High School teacher, speaks in the highest terms of the grand *Herald* outing.

— Mr. F. F. Putney of Putney, Georgia, has been here this week visiting his wife, who has been stopping with her sister, Mrs. Fred Brown on Arlington Road several weeks, and other relatives, among whom is a sister at Acton, his former home. Mr. Putney has large business interests in Georgia which usually compel him to curtail his visits to the North, but on this one he and Mrs. Putney have planned to do some pleasure touring of the country before returning to their Southern home.

— Croquet seems to be regaining its former status in the field of outdoor games, and bids fair to recover its old time popularity. Tennis and golf saw their best days two or three years ago and from the topmost wave occupied at that period they seem to have steadily declined ever since. They never saw the time when as much merit could be claimed in their behalf as for croquet, and the rage for them, backed by fashion, was inherently temporary, and flashy. Croquet is a great lawn sport, and its return to the place formerly occupied by it in public esteem is in the highest degree gratifying.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR

CLOTHES

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises. Single-breasted and double-breasted sack suits in

Worsteds, Cheviots, and Blue and Black Serges

For outing wear and for the hot months we offer

Flannel Coats and Trousers

MEN'S AND BOYS'

HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET

BOSTON

— Lewis W. Patten is visiting relatives and friends in this city.

— Miss Williams of the City Treasurer's office is away on her vacation.

— Mrs. James Begley is visiting her old home at Vezie, on the Penobscot, Maine.

— In about a fortnight or 3 weeks from now the political pot will get to boiling in great shape.

— After the shower last Wednesday afternoon no balmier air ever laid outdoors. It was delightful.

— Miss Ellen M. Dow and sister are nicely settled in the William Winn house on Pleasant street. It is a fine residence.

— Comrade Rufus Whitten escorted W. R. C. 84 on their trolley trip to the beach yesterday as guide, counseller and friend.

— Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds have returned from a visit to their daughter in New Hampshire to their home on Church avenue.

— Commissioner Peter McHugh of the Board of Public Works is away on his vacation, and the Board's business is temporarily suspended.

— Mt. Horeb Lodge Free Masons are planning to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the organization of the Lodge early next December.

— Miss Anna Cummings, bookkeeper for the coal dealers Cummings, Chute & Co., has returned from a trip and tarry in New Hampshire.

— The story that the trolley line between this city and Lexington is to suspend operations has been officially denied. Cars are now running as usual.

— The alarm from box 67 at 6.30 Thursday morning was for a fire that considerably damaged the woodshed of Arthur B. Wyman corner of Main and Francis streets.

— Mr. John Adams, cutter at the merchant tailoring establishment of Gage & Co., is away on his vacation. His outing includes New York and other seaport places.

— Judging from the way they act, it is fair to presume that a large number of people haven't got it through their heads that Woburn stores close on Wednesday afternoons.

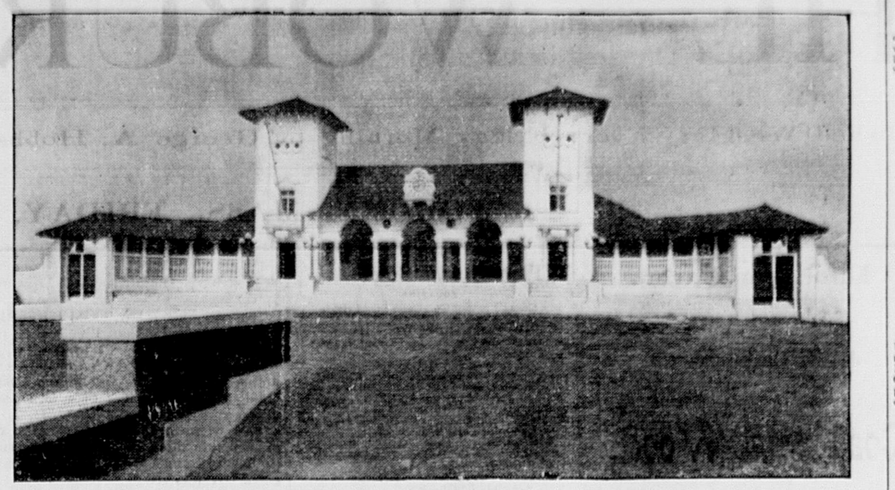
— Miss Tidd advertises for tutoring engagements, for which she is well qualified. She offers a good opportunity for students to get ahead in their work at reasonable cost.

— Major Hall and the moths are having it nip and tuck down on the Unitarian meetinghouse green. As a pillar of that church the Major deems it incumbent on him to keep the trees on the lawn free from the pest, and, in return, the pests act as though they thought he was trespassing on their preserves; and with those conflicting views dominant the fight goes bravely on. The Major invents some new engine of destruction nearly every day, but the moths are still there and doing a remarkably fine business at the old stand.

— Several Woburn people went to Kittery, Maine, last Saturday to witness the 40-ton dynamite blast that ripped Henderson Point (called in olden times "Pull-and-be-d—d") from its granite foundation, and hear the noise. The Point, running out into the channel between Kittery and Portsmouth, has always been an obstruction to navigation and often made the passage of vessels dangerous, so much so to U. S. ships going and coming from the Kittery Navy Yard that the government took hold a year or two ago to destroy it.

— J. W. Smith of Boston, Section Director of the New England Section of the U. S. Climate and Crop Service, in his weekly report ending July 24, says: "Crop conditions throughout New England advanced with the season the past week and, on the whole, are decidedly favorable. The weather was favorable for growth and, as a general rule, for harvesting. Haying in certain localities suffered to a limited extent from showers of the 17th, 18th and 19th, but not seriously. Corn made rapid growth, as did all garden truck. Grains show very well, and indications generally point to a good yield."

— The concert given by the Woburn Brass Band last Friday evening was a grand musical treat. In perfect time and tune a dozen popular and classical pieces were played, with which a vast crowd of people were delighted. For more than 20 years the Woburn Brass Band and National Bands have alternated in giving weekly summer concerts on the Common, and there has never been a season when they have attracted larger audiences, or were more highly appreciated, than this year. They are a credit and help to the city, and it behooves our business men to contribute liberally to their support.



THE NEW STATE BATH HOUSE, NAHANT BEACH, MASS

Nahant, the oldest, watering place on the North Shore, has now direct connection with the great electric system of New England.

This new electric road to Nahant, with the beautiful new Bath House, located on one of the finest sand beaches on the North Shore, affording excellent and unrivalled facilities f r delightful surf bathing, will be an attraction to pleasure seekers who are ever on the search for novelty. This new State bath house is now a reality, and was opened to the public for business on July 10. It is fully equipped. The building provides for the accommodation of 515 bathers, 300 men and 215 women. The dressing rooms are in yards on either side of the main building. From each yard, entrance to the beach is made through a subway, and from which to the sandy beach there is a plank walk. The first floor of the administration building is about five feet above the level of the street, and there are the suit and check rooms on the street level. The basement is provided with emergency and hospital rooms. There are hot and cold water baths, tool houses, coal shed and other equipments.

During the extreme warm days and nights no more refreshing and delightful trip can be made than along this narrow strip of land, projecting fully five miles into Massachusetts Bay.

At Bass Point, the invigorating coolness of the atmosphere, the boldness and picturesqueness of the magnificent array of cliffs, and the illusion of being by the open sea, are among the characteristics which will attract thousands. The new line has a double track, is perfectly equipped, and connects at Central square, Lynn, with the cars of the entire Boston & Northern system.

— Mrs. George A. Simonds and daughter of Arlington Road are spending their vacation in New Hampshire. Mrs. Susan Simonds is at Winchester.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Cummings of Cleveland avenue, have removed to Keene, N. H., where Mr. Cummings is employed as draughtsman by the Boston & Maine Railroad.

— Last Tuesday an engineer made a professional examination of the Lowell & Boston street railroad from here to Billerica. The object of the survey was not disclosed.

— Chester R. Fowle of this city and two companions were the first pedestrian party to reach the summit of Mount Washington last Saturday morning. They enjoyed the prospect hugely.

— The Sons of Veterans and Club are to run another of their popular trolley trips to Revere Beach on next Wednesday evening, August 2. Cars leave opposite the Common at 7 P. M. sharp.

— Mechanics are at work making the changes in Lyceum Hall necessary to be used as a theatre. More exits are to be provided to conform with the law, and some new electric wiring is to be done.

— Commander Thomas Moore and Comrades Kendall, Warren, and other G. A. R. men were members of the W. R. C. 84 excursion party to Revere Beach yesterday. They had fine weather for their pleasant trip.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr has made up his mind that for a real comfortable vacation there are not many places better than home, and proposes to act on that conclusion. Dorr evidently knows a good thing when he sees it.

— Business is dull—never more so than at the present time. Nearly everybody seems to be away on vacation, and those who remain at home have nothing to do but sit and fold their hands and meditate. But they should cheer up; fall, with a plenty to do, is close at hand.

— Old Home Week begins next Sunday and yet but little is heard about it. We learn of proposed celebrations in spots in Maine, New Hampshire and Western Massachusetts; but hereaway—Burlington excepted—it looks as though the Week would be suffered to come and go without much notice being taken of it.

— Mr. H. C. Russell, a partner of J. Howard Nason in the excursion business, died in a San Francisco, California, hospital early this week from appendicitis. He was on the Pacific Coast with a party of excursionists when taken with the disease that proved fatal to him. His home was in Arlington.

— Nothing definite is heard respecting a Traders Day from our business men. With the closing of stores one afternoon and two evenings in the week perhaps the traders think a special day for fun and recreation is not necessary. But the Business Men's Association are yet to be heard from, and on their action hinges the question of a general one-day outing this summer.

— Captain John P. Crane starts about August 1 for Poland Springs, Maine, which, to his way of thinking, is the most desirable place under the canopy for summer rest and comfort. It is a popular resort and a highly fashionable one, although this latter consideration has but slight influence on the Captain. Comfort is what he craves and seeks, and finds both at Poland Springs.

— Farmer E. C. Colman of Wyman street reports to the JOURNAL that his grass crop has turned out fine this season, and good weather for making hay has prevailed. But, in common with other farmers, he has had a deal of trouble in getting workmen. One would naturally suppose that there would be a plenty of haymakers to be found, but Mr. Colman reports this the hardest year yet to procure farm hands to do his harvesting.

— Rains and sunshine have done wonders for the flowerbeds on the B. & M. depot lawns, which, although not yet quite in their glory, are looking fine. Station Agent Parkin and his helping florists arranged the beds in good taste; the best of plants were supplied by the Company; and care and the elements have done the rest, Mr. Parkin takes a commendable pride in the flowers, as, also, does his principal assistant, Gateman Callahan. This is the last year that flowers will be grown on the station grounds. Next season shrubbery is to be planted, and thereafter only choice trees and shrubs will be seen where, for years past, flowers have flourished.

— When, on June 28 last, Evelyn Trull was married to Edgar A. Bates in the Unitarian Church among the numerous elegant wedding presents received by her was a silver souvenir spoon from Master Thad V. Foster, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alvah J. Foster of Church avenue, who was a member of Miss Trull's Sunday School class. The bowl of the spoon was gold lined, and engraved artistically on its handle and bowl by Varney, the jeweler, was a picture of the Unitarian Church, the word "Woburn," and the date of the wedding, the whole forming a handsome and appropriate souvenir of the happy affair. A few days ago, as a sequel to the pretty bridal present, Thad received a hearty acknowledgement of its receipt from Mrs. Bates, written on board one of the great German ocean liners en route for Europe, and when he had read it not less than thrice he was probably the proudest boy in Woburn.

— Mr. Benjamin Franklin Folger, father of Mrs. L. Herbert Owen, died at Oakland, Maine, Sunday, July 23, 1905, aged 75 years. The interment was at Sidney, Maine, his former home. He left two daughters, two nephews in Woburn, Rufus C. and Elisha F. Hayward, and other relatives, to mourn his death.

City Council.

A meeting was held last Monday evening. After disposing of all matters in hand an adjournment was taken to Sept. 11, with a proviso that the members must be ready to respond to the Mayor's call for a special session.

Mayor Reade sent a communication with the request from the Board of Public Works that the Council appropriate $22,000 to cover the contracts made by them on the new High school. The request for appropriation was referred to the Finance Committee.

The Board of Health in response to a request from the City Council, in regard to the danger to the public health from, and the probable cost of removing the decaying vegetable growth on Horn Pond, sent a communication saying that the pond should be cleaned of this foreign substance and asked for an appropriation of $2,000 to do so Referred to the Finance Committee.

The Mayor's veto of the order to give Charles P. Buckley a medal of merit was tabled indefinitely.

The $5,000 highway loan had a second reading and was accepted; also, the appropriation for the Common street drinking fountain.

Some time ago Chief Littlefield sent a statement to the City Council of the needs of the Fire Department. On motion of Pres. Aylward the following items were granted; new hose $2700, repairs and equipments $600, painting five exercise wagons $60, two permanent drivers $1200, changes in salaries $180, new horse for truck $250, total $5060. It was referred to the Finance Committee.

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris, is, that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vanleer, Tenn. "I had a cough, for fourteen years. Nothing helped me, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which gave instant relief, and effected a permanent cure." Unequalled quick cure, for Throat and Lung Troubles. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c and $1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our most heartfelt thanks to our many known and unknown friends for their expression of sympathy and love in our late bereavement.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN NOREN,
48 Garfield Ave., Woburn.

Bent Her Double.

"I knew no one, for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double, and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I can walk as straight as ever. They are simply wonderful." Guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders; at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mathew Stevenson otherwise known as Mathew C. Stevenson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William H. Stevenson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of September A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. A. A. Wright, Dean of Boston Corr. School.
12 M. Sunday School.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—6th Sunday after Trinity.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer.
Music by Vested Choir.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "Unanswered Prayers."
No Sunday School.
6.15 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
7 P. M., Evening Service. A Sermon in Story.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Spirit."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.30.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Married.

In Winchester, July 20, by Rev. H. J. Madden, Benjamin Francis Cullen of Winchester and Emma May Peterson of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 27, John Jameson, aged 76 years, 11 months, 17 days.
In this city, July 20, John Wall, aged 53 years.
In this city, July 29, Flora McClellen, aged 52 years, 2 months, 10 days.
In this city, July 20, Margaret (Ring) Connolly, aged 32 years.

John Jameson, Esquire.

Mr. John Jameson of 27 Franklin street died on Thursday morning, July 27, aged 76 years and eleven months. He was born in Dunbarton, N. H., August 10, 1828, the son of Robert and Mary Chadwick (Smith) Jameson. His youth was spent mostly in Lynn, where he was educated in the public schools and the Lynn Academy. In youth he went to Oregon, sailing out by way of Cape Horn and returning by the Isthmus of Panama in 1852. After studying law he taught school in various places, and was master of the Grammar School in Woburn Centre from about 1854 to 1858. On February 10, 1856, he was married in Woburn to Marietta, daughter of the late George Thompson. He next taught in Somerville. From 1860 to 1865 he was sub-master, and from 1865 to 1875 master, of the old Boylston School on Fort Hill in Boston. He was an excellent teacher, influenced for good the lives of many of his "Boylston School boys," and has often been remembered in grateful terms at their annual banquets. In 1873 this school was discontinued, and Mr. Jameson resumed the law. He was admitted to the bar of Suffolk County, and in 1874 and 1875 was an Assistant District Attorney of that county. From 1875 to 1887 he resided in Amherst, Mass., where he practised law and served two terms, 1877-1885, as postmaster, winning high commendations for his exactness and efficiency in that office. Returning to legal practice in Boston, he resided for four years in Winchester, but since 1891 had lived in Woburn. He took much interest in affairs of church and city, and from 1900 to the spring of 1905 served faithfully as one of the License Commissioners of the city.

Mr. Jameson was a man of sturdy and fearless character, perfectly upright, conscientious, and faithful to all obligations. He was an unusually devoted son, husband, and father. He was a warm friend, eminently kindhearted and sociable, an interesting talker, fond of argument, but scrupulously fair. He was a studious man, of wide reading, even learned in some departments. In 1880 Amherst College gave him the honorary degree of A. M. He loved his profession of the law, not as a means of money-making or personal advancement, but as an object of study and a means for causing justice to prevail. In public affairs he cherished high and unselfish ideals, and never hesitated to act or vote against his own personal interests if he thought that the general good required it.

Mr. Jameson leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters. His funeral will occur at 3.00 P. M. tomorrow, in the parlor of the First Congregational Church.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that the following is a true list of the members of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation date as June 30, 1905:—

William T. Grammer	Everett P. Fox
Samuel Cook	Luke W. Fowle
John R. Carter	Julius F. Ramsdell
Charlie A. Jones	Elwyn G. Preston
Edward D. Hayden	Herbert B. Dow
John Winn	Henry M. Aldrich
John W. Johnson	Daniel W. Bond
Fred J. Brown	Joseph F. DeLoriea
George E. Fowle	Winthrop Hammond
Edward J. Gregory	John Maloney
William Beggs	Fred E. Cottle
Lewis W. Thompson	William P. Chute
Edward E. Thompson	Henry H. Leathe
Squire B. Goddard	Frank B. Richardson

Attest:

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., July 11, 1905.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that at the Annual Meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation held June 30, 1905, the following named persons were elected to the office specified and have duly qualified as such officials:—

PRESIDENT,
Charlie A. Jones.

VICE PRESIDENTS,
John Winn   John R. Carter   William Beggs

CLERK,
A. Herbert Holland.

AUDITORS,
Fred J. Brown,   Elwyn G. Preston

TRUSTEES.

John Winn	John W. Johnson
William Beggs	Lewis W. Thompson
Edward E. Thompson	Elwyn G. Preston
George E. Fowle	Fred J. Brown
Squire B. Goddard	Luke W. Fowle
Herbert B. Dow	Joseph F. DeLoriea
Henry M. Aldrich	Julius F. Ramsdell
Charlie A. Jones	Fred E. Cottle.
John R. Carter	

The Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank at a meeting held June 30, 1905, elected the following officers who have duly qualified according to law:—

BOARD OF INVESTMENT,

Charlie A. Jones	Squire B. Goddard
John Winn	Herbert B. Dow
John R. Carter	Luke W. Fowle
William Beggs	Julius F. Ramsdell
Lewis W. Thompson	

TREASURER,
A. Herbert Holland

Attest:

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., July 11, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James P. Mooney to Nellie S. Shaw, dated October 29th, A. D. 1892, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2154, Page 110, which mortgage has been duly assigned to John G. Maguire by said Nellie S. Shaw by assignment dated July 8th, A. D. 1905, recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, August 12th, 1905,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the easterly side of Eastern Avenue, containing four thousand five hundred and fifty one (4551) square feet, being lot number 63 on a plan of the Highland Park Lots owned by Leonard H. Allen and L. W. Fowle, drawn by George F. Hartshorne, C. E., dated January, 1890, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at a stake at the northwesterly corner of the premises on said Eastern Avenue and distant one hundred seventy-one and four-tenths (171.4) feet southerly from the southerly line of land of Theodore L. Pierce, measuring on said Eastern Avenue; from thence the line runs southerly on and by said Eastern Avenue fifty-six and one-tenth (56.1) feet to a private way shown on said plan designated as Fowle street extension; thence turning, the line runs easterly by and with said private way eighty-one and fifty-eight one hundredths (81 58-100) feet to lot No. 50 on said plan; thence turning, the line runs northerly on and by said lot No. 50 fifty-six (56) feet to lot No. 62 on said plan; thence turning, the line runs westerly on and by said lot No. 62 eighty and ninety-six one hundredths 80 96-100 feet, to the point of beginning; together with the right to use said private way in common with others for all proper purposes of a street or passageway; being the same premises conveyed to said James P. Mooney by Leonard H. Allen by deed dated September 28th, 1892, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2145, Page 519.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, Mass., July 10, 1905.

HOT WEATHER DISINFECTING.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Is the most economical and effective household disinfectant, deodorant and cleaner.

At all dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c. and $1.00.

☞ Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.

M. J. MULKEEN,
Notary Public
Justice of the Peace
— AND —
General Steamship Agent.

White Star Line, Cunard Line, American Line, Atlantic Transportation Line, Dominion Line, Holland American Line, Leyland Line, Red Star Line, Anchor Line, Allan Line.
Drafts at the lowest rates.
Pension Vouchers promptly and carefully executed

OFFICE: 480 Main Street.
RESIDENCE: 106 Pleasant Street.
WOBURN

GO TO Bass Point
Ideal Resort for a Day's Outing
BY BOAT FROM LYNN
FARE 10c.
Take trolley car to Lynn Square Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square. Round Trip Ticket with coupon good for all attractions 25c. For Sale at Lynn Wharf.

TUTORING

In Grammar and High School requirements.
SUSAN E. TIDD,
Woburn, Mass.
192 Salem street.

FRED COWING
"OSTEOPATH"
Residence: - 6 Wyer's Court,
Woburn, Mass.
P. O. Box 375.

Hay For Sale.

Good English Hay. Free delivery in large or small lots.
Apply at 71 Wyman street.
E. C. COLMAN.

BOYS' PLAY SUITS

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.

Our New Drink
SHRUB
Most popular thirst quencher in Woburn
Long Glass 5c.
Drawn from the only sanitary fountain in this section.
Whitcher's PILL BOX
The Drugstore where you buy what you ask for at the lowest prices.

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S. B. GODDARD & SON
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
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ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

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We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

CUT GLASS!

You can hardly go wrong in choosing something in Cut Glass for a wedding or anniversary present. And you certainly can't go wrong in coming here to purchase it. We have a beautiful assortment of the latest designs, including Water Bottles, Bowls, Bon Bon, Olive and Oil, from among which anyone can surely select a gift for the amount they wish to spend.

SIMMONS watch or lognette chains for graduation.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.
☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches a specialty.

WE GIVE FREE
A 2-pound Box of Appollo CHOCOLATES on
SATURDAY NIGHT
If the number displayed in our window corresponds with the number on your ticket.
☞ A numbered ticket FREE to every soda customer.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Public Telephone. Free Messenger Service.
We save you money on all Drugstore Goods.

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NEW CREAMERY BUTTER
PRICES ARE LOWER.

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EVENING OFFICE AT
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Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
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Let us show you the one you need for this season.

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361 Main St.

Was Your Home Comfortably Warm Last Winter?
If not, why not prepare to keep out next winter's cold?
You can save fuel too. Advice and estimates cost you nothing. Results guaranteed. Those at the head of the procession never have to wait. Telephone Woburn 246-6

EDWARD E. PARKER,
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

Literary Notices.

Booth Tarkington, Myra Kelly, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, O. Henry, James Hopper, and many other authors that magazine readers eagerly watch for are in McClure's August Fiction Number. Every sort of story is included: the solemn, the funny, the significant, the dainty, the exciting. All have certain qualities in common—interest, truth, beauty. All these picked stories from picked writers are as good as, and in some cases better than, any stories their authors ever wrote. This fiction number is McClure's Picture number. There are wonderful pictures in color, and in black and white. These pictures really illustrate and illuminate the stories they adorn. They are made to do something. They contribute to a fuller enjoyment of the stories they are made for. Aside from this fiction there is in this August number of McClure's Miss Tarbell's second and last paper on the character of John D. Rockefeller, and another of John McAuley Palmer's fine satires on business and politics, Finances of the Shark System.

The National Magazine for August carries, in addition to its regular table of contents, forty pages of brisk text and attractive pictures under the general title, "Portland's Fair and the Great Northwest, by Joe Mitchell Chapple. The cover design further carries out the idea of a Lewis and Clark number, and Edna Dean Proctor brings the final artistic touch to this feature of the magazine in her brilliant story-poem, Sacagawea, celebrating the glory of the Indian girl who led the explorers across the Great Divide to the Pacific. Poultney Bigelow writes merrily of his experiences in the recent ocean yacht race; Dallas Lore Sharp and Ernest McGaffey contribute out of door sketches; Robert McCaw tells the thrilling story of his experiences as a prisoner of DeWet; Charles Warren Stoddard contributes another of his always charming character studies, Gail Hamilton's Single Blessedness; and Yone Noguchi informs us concerning Modern Japanese Writers and Their Reading Public. The fiction of the number is by Lilian True Bryant, F. F. D. Albery, Margaret Bushbee Shipp, Annie F. Barnes, Oscar Hatch Hawlew and Walter Bidwell. The poets of the number are Ernest Mc Gaffey, Frank Putnam, George Birdseye, Henry Rightor, J. Beverly Robinson, Minnie Reid French, Jasper Barnett Cowdin, Mrs. E. D. Kendall and Robert Luce. The National's unique departments—Affairs at Washington, The Home and Note and Comment, are full of current interest. The magazine is illustrated with many portraits of current celebrities and other pictures.

WINCHESTER.

The Stone homestead has been sold and is to be cut up into houselots.

Our folks are patiently waiting for the parasites which are coming over the ocean to destroy the gypsy and browntail moths. They are expected to do great things. In the mean time the moths are holding high carnival here.

I learn of no preparations for the celebration of Old Home week in this town which begins next Sunday. The spirit of it, which had little or no foundation, has about died out, so far as I can learn. It was simply a sentiment to begin with.

Middlesex Fells are nearly eaten up by the gypsy and browntail moths. That's a pretty kettle of fish! The State should take care of its own property before putting hundreds of thousands of dollars into the hands of a commission to—well, what?

Wasn't it a hot spell, though! Great weather for the malaria microbe! By the way, the cocksure enemy of malaria, which is a preventative and a remedy, is Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets, which are warranted to knock out the microbes in the first round every time. People who use these Tablets are safe from ague and billiousness.

I hear that Prof. Kirkland, Chairman of the State Gypsy Moth Commission at $5,000 per annum, talks of opening a school near the "Saugus Swamps" for the instruction of people in the art of destroying caterpillars and millers. Tuition is to be free to pupils and paid for by the State. Did ever anyone hear of a more shallowpated idea!

How Rockefeller Lives.

From Miss Tarbell's character study of John D. Rockefeller in the August McClure's.

For several years Mr. Rockefeller has spent practically all of the year at one or another of his three homes—Forest Hill, a country place near Cleveland, Ohio, where he lives from May until October; his New York town house on Fifty-fourth street or his great estate at Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. It is fair to judge something of a man's character from his homes—particularly when the man is one who is freed from the necessity of considering cost in building. Mr. Rockefeller's homes force several reflections on one. Certainly they show his cult of the unpretentious. No one of the three houses he occupies has any claims to rank among the notable homes of the country. They are all unpretending even to the point of being conspicuous. Not only that, they show him to have no pleasure in noble architecture, to appreciate nothing of the beauty of fine lines and decorations. Mr. Rockefeller's favorite home, the house at Forest Hill, is a monument of cheap ugliness—a great modern structure built in the first place as a sanitarium, it is amazing that any one not compelled to do so should live in its shadow. His city house is without distinction, and there has never been an appropriate mansion at Pocantico Hills. . . . The daily life on his great estates is studiously simple. Mr. Rockefeller regulates his household as he does his business. Family and servants are trained to strictest economy. There is no more gas burned than is needed, no unnecessary heating, no wasteful providing. There is nothing for display, nothing squandered in the senseless American way to prove you are rich, so rich you need not care. On every hand there is frugality and carefulness. And this frugality certainly is a welcome contrast to the wanton lavishness which on every side of us corrupts taste and destroys the sense of values. One would be inclined to like Mr. Rockefeller the better for his plain living if somehow one did not feel that here was something more than frugality—that here was parsimony—not only that, that here was parsimony made a virtue, and that one of the chief vanities of this "richest man in the world" is seeing how little he can spend on his household, as that of many another rich man is in seeing how much he can spend.

Forced to Starve.

B. F. Leek, of Concord, Ky., says: "For 20 years I suffered agonies, with a sore on my upper lip, so painful, sometimes, that I could not eat. After vainly trying everything else, I cured it, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's great for burns, cuts and wounds. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; Only 25c.

Burlington.

A fine Old Home Week celebration was held in the church here last Sunday, in which more than 200 people from a dozen or 15 towns and cities participated. A large number of former residents were among the audience—people who came back to their old homes to meet and greet friends and neighbors of earlier days and visit once familiar scenes. The services were of a religious character—prayers, scripture reading, preaching, singing, etc., after which a nice collation was served. Rev. Henry Bacon, the pastor, conducted the exercises, assisted by a former beloved pastor, Rev. C. H. Washburn of Dorchester. Songs and hymns appropriate to the occasion were sung; letters were read from former residents of the town; and everybody enjoyed the Week to the fullest extent. The programme consisted of organ voluntary, Auld Lang Syne, Mrs. Nellie Louise Bennett; doxology, sung by choir and congregation; invocation by the pastor, Rev. William F. Bacon; singing, Home Again, by the congregation; reading of the third Psalm, with responses; solo, Homeward Bound, Miss Dorothy Beatrice Foster; reading of the 34th Psalm and prayer by Rev. Mr. Washburn; solo, One Sweetly Solemn Thought, Mrs. Emma Twining Wright; offertory, followed by quartet selection, A Letter from Home, Mrs. Nettie Richardson Foster, Mrs. Nellie L. Bennett, Horace R. Pearsons, Walter W. Skelton; sermon by the pastor, Remember the Days of Old, Deut. xxxii, 7; singing, Around the Hearth at Home, by the congregation; benediction by the pastor. Our old town, set off from Woburn and incorporated in 1799, should have the credit of opening the Old Home Week ball of 1905, and putting it through in good shape.

A Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver, by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure, for headache, dizziness and constipation. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store.

Chinese Mohammedans.

A traveler in the upper Tangtse provinces of China found in the town of Hinganfu many Chinese Mohammedans who keep up communication with their fellow religionists of Arabia. A missionary who has lived among them for years declares that they are very quarrelsome, much given to boasting of their Turkestan origin, and in spite of the prophet's injunctions, drink a great deal of wine. This is usually the case with Chinese Mohammedans. In Hinganfu, and more especially in Kansuh, a few of their spiritual teachers keep up their knowledge of Arabic and are occasionally visited by Arab or central Asian mollahs, who follow the old Arab trade route by way of Hami, by which the Arabs originally traded and propagated their faith. These mollahs visit every country in the east where the followers of the prophet are to be found and keep up the ties of the faithful with Islam. As they often stir up dissatisfaction and foment disturbances against the Chinese authorities, the latter regard them with suspicion.

How Swallows Drink.

Of course we know that swallows drink as they skim over the surface of water. We have seen how here and there the water ripples on a pond when swallows are gracefully skimming to and fro. One day I sat down beside a small pond where every evening many barn swallows came to bathe and drink on the surface of the glassy water. With sketch book and pencil in hand I closely watched the birds, and you may imagine my delight to see just how they managed to touch and dip up the water as they came within a few steps of me. You see, the swallow takes up water in its lower bill just as you would dip up a little water in a spoon or in the hollow of your hand while you glided over the surface in a boat. Only the under half of the open bill touches the water. If the upper half were also to touch, the water would be forced out on either side instead of being scooped up into the bill.—St. Nicholas.

A Lake That Stores Heat.

There is a lake that stores the sun's heat at Medeve, in northeastern Transylvania. Thick beds of rock salt underlie the district, and a similar formation appears upon the surface in mounds, some of them over 100 feet in height. Among these the lake rests at fully 1,500 feet above sea level. Upon the surface its water is almost sweet, four inches below there is a twentieth of salt, at two feet there is one-fifth, and at five feet the water is practically saturated with salt. In September, after a summer's sunshine, the thermometer showed the lake's waters to be 150 degrees four feet down. Even by April, after a whole season of wintry weather, it had only been reduced to 80 degrees. Experiments have proved that this is due to absorption and retention of the sun's heat by the salt saturated solution.

Grace Knives.

There is a curious class of knives of the sixteenth century the blades of which have engraved on one side the musical notes to the benediction of the table, or grace before meat, and on the other the grace after meat. These knives usually went in sets of four, representing a four part harmony of bass, tenor, alto and treble. They were kept in an upright case of stamped leather and were placed before the singers according to the adaptation of each one to his particular part. As may be supposed, the inscription was usually in Latin. The following specimen is taken from actual knives of the period: "Pro tuis beneficiis Deus, gratias agimus tibi" (For thy good gifts, O God, we thank thee).

Mares and Fillies.

A song of bygone generation reproached the French with calling their mothers "mares" and all their daughters "fillies," and it is easy to imagine that "filly" is connected with "fille." As a matter of fact, the word "filly" is of Scandinavian origin and is really a diminutive of "foal." Shakespeare makes Puck disguise himself in "likeness of a filly foal." "Mare" is the Anglo-Saxon "mere," feminine of "mearh," a horse, a trace of which remains in "marshal," which properly signifies master of the horse.

The Most Accurate Frontier.

As an instance of the jealousy existing in the relations between Norway and Sweden it may be noted that the boundary line between the two countries is the most minutely exact in Europe. In every parish touched by the line there is deposited an elaborate plan which is renewed every ten years, the whole of the work of surveying, etc., being carefully repeated each time.—Pearson's Magazine.

Qualities and the Sexes.

One of the charms of an intimacy between two persons of different sexes is that the man loves the woman for qualities he does not envy, and the woman appreciates the man for qualities she does not pretend to possess.—Nineteenth Century.

CONVENTION OCT 6TH.

Republicans Will Meet Then to Nominate Candidates.

HARMONY IN PARTY ASSURED.

Douglas Declines to Run For Re-Election.

Boston—The Republicans of Massachusetts will have a very harmonious State Convention this fall unless all signs change. The State Committee has planned the preliminaries of the State Convention, and selected Congressman John W. Weeks of Newton as presiding officer.

This will be one of the first occasions upon which Mr. Weeks has had an opportunity to speak to the whole state since he was elected to congress. He is a good speaker, and has clear and intelligent ideas of the political issues before the people, and there will be a decided interest in listening to his speech at the convention.

The state convention will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Friday, Oct. 6, at 10 a. m. Another congressman, Hon. George P. Lawrence of North Adams, will have an active part in the convention, as the state committee has selected him as chairman of the important committee on resolutions. The other members at large on the committee are former State Treasurer Henry M. Phillips of Springfield, former Mayor George E. Keith of Brockton, Hon. Willard Howland of Chelsea, and George E. Kunhardt of North Andover. Mr. Kunhardt is a woolen manufacturer with a plant located in Lawrence.

Republicans will hold caucuses on Tuesday, Sept. 26, for the election of candidates for office and of delegates to the various conventions.

The fixing of these dates by the state committee indicates that the active period of the nominating campaign is at hand. Only two months now remain before the caucuses for the election of delegates to the state convention. The candidates for nominations on the Republican ticket will be spurred into increased effort now that they know exactly when the final test is to come.

1612 Delegates in Convention

The state convention will be entitled to 1612 delegates, the basis of representation being one delegate for the first 75 votes cast for the Republican candidate for governor in 1904, in each ward of a city and in each town, one delegate for each succeeding 150 votes cast for the Republican candidate for governor in 1904 in each ward of a city and in each town, or for a fractional part as large as 75 votes so cast. Each ward of a city and each town will be entitled to one delegate, no matter how few votes for governor may have been cast therein.

Under this basis of representation Boston is entitled to 200 delegates, Worcester to 70, Cambridge and Lowell to 40, Lynn to 39, Somerville to 38, Springfield to 37, Fall River to 33, Lawrence to 25, Malden and Newton to 23, New Bedford to 22, Brockton to 21, Haverhill to 20, and Taunton to 19.

The representation of the cities and towns of the state would have been much larger, but for the small vote cast for Governor Bates last year. Those Republican cities which gave Douglas a large vote by so doing voted to cut down their representation in the state convention very materially, and thereby reduced their influence in the conventions. This year they will all have an opportunity to undo the mistake thus made, and increase their representation proportionately.

Douglas Will Not Run Again

The effort of the Democratic state committee to induce Governor Douglas to reconsider his declination to stand for a renomination is a complete failure. Governor Douglas has no desire for another year in office. When he was nominated last year he had no idea that he could be elected. Mr. Douglas has invariably been satisfied with one term in any office to which he has been elected, even when the outlook for a re-election was most promising. He refused to serve more than one term as mayor of Brockton, and declined a second term in the state senate. In refusing to accept a renomination, he is acting consistently, so far as past records are concerned. As a matter of fact, the governor is a good deal of a home body; the distractions and cares of office are very little to his liking. Unexpectedly to himself he has had one year of the governorship, and, with the Democratic party at his heels, has found that entirely sufficient for all purposes. He does not feel called upon to sacrifice himself further for a party which has not seemed to him to appreciate what he has accomplished for it.

Guild Is Bound to Win

In addition to that, his friends candidly tell him that he would be unable to defeat Lieutenant Governor Guild no matter how strong a contest he might wage. It is admitted by his Democratic political associates that Mr. Guild will poll a very large number of Democratic votes, and that his election seems to be entirely certain. This may be one reason why Governor Douglas does not care to enter the field a second time. Those who know him intimately say it is not the main reason, but that he would not go through another year of the governorship under any circumstances, whatever, owing to the state of his health.

From nearly every section of the commonwealth reports come down to Boston that there is a very unusual degree of interest manifest among the Republicans over the coming state election. There is far greater enthusiasm and activity than have been observed since the Russell years in the early nineties. The state committee has succeeded in putting its own energetic feeling and its own enthusiasm into the city and town committees of the state, and there is no doubt that every active Republican will put his shoulder to the wheel when the campaign opens, and assist in pushing on the tide of victory which is due to flood the state on Nov. 7.

Harmony Is the Keynote

So far as can be learned there is no material dissatisfaction within the party at the present time. After the state convention has settled all the nominating contests which are now pending, it is apparent that every loyal Republican in the state will line up for the platform and ticket, and do his part toward a rousing Republican triumph at the polls.

The situation in Boston is much better than it has been for a long time. The Republican city committee is now better organized and generally in better shape than for years. In the past it has been difficult to secure active, intelligent, loyal service to the interests of the party from a good many of the members of the city committee. A good many of the men of this class have been weeded out of the organization, and good men put in their places. In addition to that the Republican state committee will take an active interest in the work in Boston, and to some extent at least supervise the campaign. In this way it is probable that much better results will be secured than could be possible in any other way.

The District Attorneyship

There is a great deal of interest at the present time in the canvass now going on for the attorney general nomination on the Republican ticket. The five candidates in the field, District Attorneys Dana Malone of Greenfield, Asa P. French of Braintree, Scott Peters of Haverhill, and George A. Sanderson of Ayer, and Colonel Edgar R. Champlin of Cambridge are all of them prominent in the Republican ranks. Messrs. Sanderson and Champlin are somewhat hampered by the fact that both of them reside in the same county and political section. They will naturally somewhat divide the county and work against each other.

It is generally believed that Mr. Malone will have a comparatively strong delegation from the four western counties. Mr. French expects to come up to the convention with the southeastern section of the state pretty solidly at his back. Mr. Peters counts on securing a majority of the delegates from his own Essex county.

Many believe the contest to be practically between Mr. Malone and Mr. French. All of them are good lawyers, and the district attorneys have had an extended experience in the practice which comes to such an office. It is conceded that whichever gentleman is nominated, the commonwealth will not suffer.

Who Will Get This Plum?

There is perhaps more interest taken in the canvass for the lieutenant governor nomination than in any other, but thus far the amount of work which has been done, so far as appears upon the surface, seems to be limited. No doubt a great deal has been accomplished which has not yet begun to bear fruit. The next few weeks will see a great deal of active work done for each of the candidates.

All the candidates for the lieutenant governor nomination are acknowledged to be good men. Whichever one of them is nominated will have the loyal support of every true Republican in the state, and all minor differences of opinion on candidates and issues will be subordinated to the will of the convention which is to make the nomination.

A Man Is the Age of His Arteries.

While some persons are in full organic decadence at thirty-five years, some others may not yet at fifty years have undergone the modifications of nutrition which are the beginning of old age. The capacity of a man for violent exertion is determined by the more or less complete integrity of the arterial tissues. In some cases arterial sclerosis is nothing but the gradual and slow consequences of the advance of age, but assumes a rapid pace that makes it a fearful malady. In such cases we can see young persons presenting the same physiological reactions against fatigue as the elderly man. One of the first symptoms of that acute aging of the arteries which is called arterial sclerosis is the dyspnoea of effort. All elderly men are in different degrees tainted with arterial degeneracy, and all ought to avoid excessive muscular effort if they would not wear out their arteries before the time—that is, would not grow old prematurely—for every man is "of the age of his arteries."

Friday and Thirteen.

In Great Britain there are two particular superstitions which have probably the largest following—that Friday is an unlucky day and that thirteen is an unlucky number. Friday's bad character was derived from the fact that it was the day of our Lord's crucifixion, as well as the one on which Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit, and likewise the day of their death. Sailors have still a strong objection to beginning a voyage on that day, although modern conditions often make it imperative. In Christian countries, too, the superstition of thirteen at dinner being unlucky and that one of the diners will die before the year is out is also of Biblical origin, being revived from the last supper of our Lord with his twelve apostles, but the superstition is much anterior to Christianity. Thirteen at dinner in old Norse mythology was deemed unlucky because at a banquet in the Valhalla Loki once intruded, making the thirteenth guest, and Baldur was slain.—London Globe.

They Got the "Glassy Eye."

A certain confectioner in New York, who caters chiefly to the little folks of the neighborhood, lately arranged his shop window with great care in preparation for a local festivity. The crowning attraction of the whole was a large chocolate tiger with most realistic green eyes made of glass marbles which had cost the designer 25 cents apiece. In the tiger's mouth was a card bearing the inscription, "Nothing in this window over 5 cents a quarter pound."

A crowd of youngsters quickly assembled on the sidewalk, and presently, after much spelling over the placard, two of them invaded the shop and deposited a nickel upon the counter.

"Say, mister," began the smaller boy earnestly, "gimme a quarter o' a pound o' tiger—the piece with the eyes in!"

An Odd Wedding Custom.

A unique wedding custom prevails in Manchuria. The bride and her attendants, all mounted on stilts, proceed through the main streets of the village to the domicile of the groom, who meets the procession and conducts it to the place where the ceremony is to be performed. He and his friends are also on stilts. Social prominence is indicated not by richness of attire, but by the height of the stilts worn by the assembled guests. The higher the rank of the wedded pair the loftier the stilts they wear. If, as sometimes happens, the contracting parties are of differing social standing the effect is more than usually ludicrous.

An Expensive Present.

Young Wife—Yes, father always gives expensive things when he makes presents. Husband—So I discovered when he gave you away. And then he went into the library to write a check for the monthly millinery bill.

The Reason.

Stella—Mabel says she doesn't believe everything in the Bible. Bella—Well, you see, her own age is in it.

Strawberry
Pineapple
Coffee
Orange Sherbet
Theonleigh Club

Theonleigh Club is put up in PINT BRICKS to take home, or may be served at our store at 10c. per plate.

NOTE—We prepare all flavors contained in Theonleigh Club Pineapple, Strawberry and Orange Sherbet are flavored strictly with Fresh Fruit Juices. We extract all our Coffee and use fresh sweet cream to make our Coffee Ice Cream.

Below we name the kinds of Ice Cream and Sherbet always on hand at our store which may be served mixed or plain:

STRAWBERRY [Made from fresh fruit juice.]
VANILLA
COFFEE [Extract prepared here].
CHOCOLATE
PINEAPPLE [Made from fresh fruit juice.]
RASPBERRY SHERBET
FROZEN PUDDING
WALNUT

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TELEPHONE 48-3.

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That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
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Bargains in Summer Weights.
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AUCTION ROOMS
AT THE OLD DEPOT.
WANTED, Furniture and Merchandise
TO SELL ON COMMISSION.
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HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer
A splendid tonic for the hair, makes the hair grow long and heavy.
Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color of youth.
Stops falling hair, also. Sold for fifty years. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

German Baby's Swaths.

Of all housewives in Europe probably the German is the hardest worked, and of all European mothers the German practices most completely the art of swathing and padding her baby and of putting it on the shelf. The German baby is swaddled in a long, narrow pillow, which is made to meet completely round him, being tucked up over his feet and turned under his solemn chin. Three bands of gay blue ribbons are then passed round the whole bundle and tied in large, florid bows about where his chest, his waist and his ankles may be supposed to be.

In this guise he can be deposited as an ornament either on the sumptuous best bed or on the kitchen dresser or on the drawing room table. How fond the Germans are of this presentment of baby may be guessed from the fact that it figures largely in their picture books, among their dolls and even in the bakers' shops at Easter time, made of dough and covered with sugar, to be devoured by greedily live babies.—Strand Magazine.

The Uncomfortable Collar.

"I don't know what is the matter with these collars," said Smartboy to the salesman. "They seemed all right when I bought them yesterday. But I had to use a button hook to connect them with my collar button this morning. They fit as though they were intended for my little brother."

"There are two ways to put on a collar," replied the salesman, "and you seem to have chosen the wrong way. I noticed it when you were here yesterday, but it was not up to me to tell you. I've been jumped on for volunteering that information more than once. Most men think it does not make any difference whether you button the right side or the left of a collar first. It makes all the difference in the world in the comfort and set of the collar, no matter what shape it is. Undo that collar you are wearing, button the right side first, and you'll be glad you're alive."—New York Press.

Frank English Servants.

The English servants, whether they prove better when engaged, are certainly franker than American servants in declaring their weaknesses in advertising for employment. The columns of a London paper disclose their amiable candidness. In the first advertisement the applicant confesses to "drink a temptation, but not an inebriate;" the next pleads as her recommendation that she is "faithful, but plain of speech;" a third requires a place where "manual work is light," but does not say of what intellectual work she is capable, while a fourth is described as a "dishonest girl of seventeen." Should the mistress be too hypercritical to engage any of the above attractive servants she has still another opportunity—perhaps "she will be willing to train for domestic service a rough coster girl desirous of redeeming character."

A Pretty Good Indication.

Gerald—I wonder whether I shall be numbered with the sheep or the goats on the day of judgment? Geraldine—Well, you are always butting in.—Judge.

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage.
My team will call for orders.
WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.
Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Wilco Brand Pure Fruit
PRESERVES
IN GLASS JARS.
Try them and you will continue to use them.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
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Desk Room To Let
at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

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AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
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Get Your Printing Done At This Office

A STRONG MAN

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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"Humph! I'd as lieve marry a funeral as Wilton Roy," Granny Bunch said, her short nose in air.

Sunshine laughed aloud. Sunshine was otherwise Anne Trevor, heiress of Way's End, and Granny Bunch was Mrs. Richard Lee. Sunshine was tall and twenty. Granny Bunch was short and stout, with a fresh, rosy face. The two were cronies despite the forty years between them, also despite the fact that Granny Bunch was bent on matching Sunshine to her mind.

They lived half a mile apart, and Sunshine did the visiting for the most part. She was not yet mistress at Way's End. Her stepmother, Mme. Trevor, had a life estate there and was as austerely unsocial as Granny Bunch was hospitable. She had also a grudge against Granny in that she, too, had views as to Anne's proper bestowal. Granny was all for marrying Sunshine to her grandson, Richard Lee 3d, whereas Mme. Trevor held it little short of her stepdaughter's Christian duty to take Wilton Roy, her nephew. He had come with her to Way's End and lived there. He was dignified, sober and sensible, exactly the husband for such a piece of quicksilver as Anne. The match would be in every way ideal. Wilton had only a modest competence, along with a capacity for handling a fine fortune.

Thus Mme. Trevor to her inmost self, thus also obscurely, with much wrapping about of fine phrases, to Sunshine. She hated bitterly Richard 3d and did not scruple to say outright that he and his fat old grandmother were rank fortune hunters, laying traps and pitfalls for Anne's unwary feet. Anne's usual answer was to mount her horse and gallop away to her dear Granny Bunch. If Richard 3d happened to be there when she arrived, why, so much the better.

He was younger than Sunshine by a whole month and fancied himself madly in love with her. He had been courting her since they were fifteen, with the usual interludes—college escapades and summer flirtations. Sunshine knew all about them, for Granny Bunch was Richard 3d's confidant.

"You mustn't mind, honey," she had said to Sunshine. "Indeed, you ought to be obliged to these other girls—they are taking out such a lot of the foolishness. By the time Dicky is through college he will have come to know himself in a measure. Then he'll find out over again what he knew in the beginning—that there is nobody in all the world like Sunshine."

It was Dicky's story—the tale of his latest enthrallment—that had led to Granny Bunch's revilement of Wilton Roy. Sunshine had said demurely she did not understand how men could be so different. Wilton Roy had told her he should never make love to any girl but the one he meant to marry. And then Granny Bunch had exploded. She hated the superfine Wilton.

"One couldn't very well marry a funeral—marrying a minister is about the nearest thing to it," Sunshine said reflectively. Granny Bunch eyed her narrowly, then broke into a laugh, saying:

"Honey, you nearly fooled me then. Honest now—don't you find him mighty wearing?"

"Not always; he has his uses," Sunshine said. "He says an undisputed thing in such a solemn way and after I have heard him awhile almost anybody else is refreshingly brilliant—even Dicky dear."

"Dicky is no genius—he'll never set the river afire—but he is a man—an athlete, strong as a mule, gentle as a lamb," Granny Bunch retorted.

Sunshine laughed. "Tell him in your letter I send him a kiss—for his grandmother's sake," she said. "Tell him, too, I have named the pup he sent me for him, and ask him if he does not think his namesake deserves a new collar."

"I know he thinks yes. I shall write him to bring the collar, not send it," Granny Bunch said, eying Sunshine lovingly. Sunshine held up her hands, crying:

"What! Take him from his studies for a whole week! You mustn't think of it, Granny! Dicky dear hasn't any too much scholarship now—certainly none to lose."

"A hang for books and lectures and all that fiddle faddle," Granny said stoutly. "The boy is not there to cram his head with such stuff. I only want the place to mold him as it helped to mold his father and grandfather. If I thought it could make a prig of him like—well, somebody I might name—he should leave tomorrow."

"I see you are an obstinate person—likewise opinionated, my dear Mrs. Lee," Sunshine mocked in Mme. Trevor's own manner.

The two were laughing so heartily they did not hear Wilton Roy ride up to the open hall door and kept chatting madly of things they would not have had him hear for a kingdom. Whether or no he heard, he gave no sign when he came in ten minutes later. But on the way home and all through that evening he beset Sunshine to marry him, pressing her until she was almost driven in sheer weariness to accept.

Wilton was a good strategist; he did not fall into the two elderly women's mistake of running down all possible rivals. Indeed, he ignored rivalry and talked of his love and long devotion. He had never talked so well, and there was a ring in his voice that impressed her.

As if Fate were on his side, the morning was rainy. The day wearing on brought a deluge that shut in Way's End and utterly forbade stirring abroad. The rain held three days—a regular autumn freshet. How Anne got through them she never understood. Wilton pleaded manfully and Mme. Trevor deliberately left her alone whenever she ventured into the big parlor, the library, the long halls or the inclosed back piazza. Anne did not know it, but Wilton had said to his aunt:

"I have got to clinch things at once. Mrs. Lee is teaching Anne to laugh at me. If I let that happen I am lost. As for the boy, he don't count."

All through the last day Sunshine felt a numb fear of herself. She seemed to be losing volition, to move and speak automatically. It was only by a supreme effort of will she kept to the shelter of her solitude. Wilton did not call her audibly, but she felt invisible, inaudible forces drawing her to him. To escape them she hung out of the open window, heedless of the pouring rain. In the dash of it, the cool splashing, she found strength to resist the eerie influences. By and by, when the influences began to tug harder than ever, she ran away from them, rushed downstairs, caught up her hat and mackintosh and stole out to the stables.

They were deserted; groom and coachman were dozing in the hayloft. With trembling fingers she flung the saddle upon Beauty, her pet mare, loosed Dick from his kennel, then clambered up and dashed away, the puppy barking madly at Beauty's heels. The rain still poured, but Sunshine was bent upon seeking refuge with Granny Bunch. She rode headlong, bending low over Beauty's neck and singing. The wind was roaring, but she had no fear of it, nor of the water when she came to the brook. She saw it running bank full, turbid and crested with drift. But Beauty knew the ford by the landmark trees on the other side. It should not be more than breast deep anywhere, although the current was swift and strong.

Beauty snorted and pawed as they went in, but after the third step made way beautifully. Halfway across Sunshine flung up her head, laughing aloud, saying: "I'm safe, safe! Maybe I've been bewitched. Indeed, I think so. But witchcraft and witches can't cross running water. I'm so happy! Happy as a freed bird."

She heard above the tumbling water a hoarse shout. In spite of herself she checked Beauty and listened intently. It came again. Wilton was crying to her: "Come back! Back! Come! You belong to me! Come!"

She sat quivering all through for the space of a breath, then turned her horse half about, moving a little upstream. Beauty was contrary. She plunged willfully forward, lost her footing, scrambled wildly, then went down, head over ears, in swimming water. The ford had a gravel bottom, and the treacherous current had swept out great holes in it, leaving a quicksand in between.

They came up together ten feet off, the mare snorting and swimming gallantly. She had struck what should have been bottom, but was in truth holding sand. As she floundered herself free Sunshine became suddenly cold. Wilton, she knew, could not swim a stroke, and before he could fetch help the water, still rising, would have made an end of Beauty and her rider. The mare could swim until she struck shoal water, but there the quicksand would hold her. Quickly the girl slipped out of her cumbering rain cloak, flung away hat and gloves and resolved to try her slight strength against the raging stream. Just as she was slipping down from the saddle Dicky cried to her from the other bank: "Down! Go down! I'll meet you—on the big bending sycamore!"

"Stay where you are!" Wilton shouted behind her. "I—I am going for help!" But before his cry had fairly died away Beauty's head was downstream, with Sunshine holding it easily yet strongly above the racing waves. It was a hundred yards to the big sycamore, leaning far over the water, with a great horny branch almost parallel with its face.

Dicky scrambled out on the branch, locked his legs about it and hung, head down, to grasp Sunshine and raise her high enough to grip the big bough.

"Hold tight! I'll have—you—up—in—a minute!" he panted, writhing up himself.

Once she was safe he kissed her over and over, saying: "Sunshine! Sunshine! Suppose Granny had not sent for me! I never should have known real sunshine again."

"Suppose, rather, you had not been a strong man," Sunshine said, hiding her eyes in his breast. Then, with a quick revulsion: "Did you bring Dicky the collar? If you did you can have anything you please in return for it."

"Thank you. I have all I want just now," Dicky said masterfully, helping her toward the tree trunk.

An American Learns English.

There is an American in London who is rapidly learning English. He used to ring the bell and call curtly for "mucilage." Assiduous and willing attendants brought him everything you can think of from the "peerage" to packets of cigarettes, but never the exact thing he wanted. At last the most intelligent of the young men put the right question and got the answer. "Oh, yes," he said and brought gum. In America when you want to stick things together you ask for mucilage, and when you want something to chew you demand gum; so called, by limitation, we presume, because it is "stickjaw."—London Chronicle.

Shades of Black Cloth.

A man who took his dress coat to his tailor and asked him to make a dinner coat to match learned something new.

"I have the same kind of cloth," said the tailor, "but it is not the piece from which your suit was made. No one will notice the difference, although I might as well tell you that no two pieces of black cloth, especially woolens, are exactly alike in color. There's no use hunting around town to find a better match than this one."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Little Absentminded.

Rufus Choate once tried to get a Boston witness to give his idea of absentmindedness. "Well," said the witness, who was a typical New England Yankee, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum and took it out'n his pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it was a leetle absentminded."

About All For Him.

Landlady—Mr. Starboarder is no longer one of the guests at my table. Friend—Why did he leave? Landlady—At my request. I asked him to say grace the other day, and he said, "O Lord, we need thy help to make us thankful for what we are about to receive!"—Cleveland Leader.

True to Life.

"Gracious, Elsie!" exclaimed the little girl's mother. "Why are you shouting in that horrible fashion? Why can't you be quiet like Willie?"

"He's got to be quiet, the way we're playing," replied Elsie. "He's papa coming home late and I'm you."—Philadelphia Press.

Plenty of Servants.

"Does your wife have a great deal of trouble getting servants?"

"Well, that depends upon what you mean by 'trouble.' She always has three servants—one at the house, one going and one coming."—Puck.

A Patient Lover.

She—I am surprised at Effie. She was in love with that fellow long enough to know better than marry him. He—Yes, but too long to do any better.

Odd Art Criticisms.

A young woman of great, perhaps too great, sensibility, according to the Dundee Advertiser, begged to be excused from visiting an aunt who lived in an old fashioned house where pictures of a certain period were in evidence. "There is an engraving of a blacksmith's shop in the dining room!" said she hysterically. "You can't expect me to eat my dinner there; I smell the hoofs."

A similar criticism came from one who suffered, not from overrefinement, but from something quite different. She was a woman of recently acquired wealth, who went into an art gallery and asked for a painting of a certain size. "I have just what you want," said the dealer. He showed her a beautiful animal painting, but she looked at it for a few minutes and then shook her head. "It won't do," she said; "I want this picture for my drawing room." "But it's a beautiful thing," ventured the dealer. "Not for a drawing room," announced the woman conclusively; "you couldn't have a cow in a drawing room."

Puzzles From the Greek.

If two are a few, why not three; if three, why not four, and by a gradually advancing increment of number why not 10,000 or any other number? Or, again, if the loss of a single hair does not make a man bald, why should the loss of two, of three, and so on, and inferentially the loss of all?

If, then, no addition or subtraction of a unit can transform a small number of wheat grains into a heap or a full head of hair into a bald head, how is it possible that either transition should ever be accomplished?

Take a grain of millet out of a bushel and let it fall on the ground, and it makes no noise. Take every grain in succession of 10,000, let the same happen, and no sound is heard. Then collect all the grains back into the bushel and pour it out, and the result is a great noise. How, asks Zeno, can 10,000 noiseless processes make one full of noise?

Trespassing.

According to the common law of England there can be no theft of things which form part of or are attached to the soil, and there is no statute or penalty against the gathering of wild flowers in a field or wood. Most people at some time or other have paused at the fearsome legend, "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted," printed on the menacing board which lawyers have described as a "wooden liar," for, as a matter of fact, the mere walking across another man's field is no more a criminal offense than to walk along the highroad. If the trespasser does no actual damage there is no ground for prosecution, with any hope of obtaining more than merely nominal damages, and none but a born litigant would dream of taking action.—London Globe.

Frayed Cuffs.

Among the minor arts of life of which we have lately given some instances is one which is sadly neglected. It relates to the treatment of shirt cuffs that show the first protest against the laundry's handling. The laundress is cruel, but the man who pares his shirt cuffs with scissors heaps folly upon brutality. With the first touch of steel the cuff is ruined. Light a match and pass it round the frayed edges (do not burn your wrist). The cleansing fire will remove the dross and leave intact the pure gloss of the cuff. A cuff treated with fire will last laundry generations longer than the cuff treated with steel.—London Chronicle.

Advertising and Success.

Try to name the things in trade that are great sellers and yet are not advertised. You will not get far.—Boston Herald.

Our clear headed contemporary is right. The great successes of the commercial world are good things well advertised. There is nothing like "printer's ink" to turn a merchant's dimes into dollars. And there are such skill and power of interesting description shown by the advertisers of today that the columns devoted to their announcements are not only full of information, but are mostly readable and entertaining.—New York Herald.

No Rain Could Keep Him Away.

Kathlene—It's little ye love me, or ye wud niver stay away from me as ye did last evenin' jist because av a wee bit o' rain. Dudee Mike—Sure it wor a pourin' down floods, mavourneen, but it wor not th' rain that kep' me away from th' loight av y'r hivenly eyes. Kathlene—An' wot wor it? Dudee Mike—It wor th' lack av an umbrella.—New York Weekly.

Poets and Irresponsibility.

Poets are wayward creatures, largely irresponsible for their actions, or, at all events, provided with such a curiously sensitive and inflammable organization that we feel it would be unjust to judge them by ordinary standards.—London Telegraph.

Inherited.

"Your daughter's music is improving," said the professor, "but when she runs the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

"Just like her father," said Mrs. Nuritch; "he made his money in the grocery line."

Picking Pockets.

"Picking pockets," said the reformer to the thief, "must be a difficult and precarious business."

"It is," agreed the pickpocket. "It is, until you get your hand in."

Settled.

Meeks—The man who tries to change a woman's views is a fool. Weeks—How do you know? Meeks—My wife told me so.

A Belated Prayer.

A good anecdote is related of a young minister who was supplying the pulpit of the Wrentham Congregational church during the absence of its pastor, the Rev. Elisha Fisk, better known as "Priest Fisk," whose pastorate in this church covered a period of fifty-six years.

Upon opening the Bible the young minister came across the following notice, which he read: "Mr. Libbius Porter desires the prayers of the congregation, that his loss may be sanctified for his good."

Signs of suppressed merriment appeared through the congregation, but the cause was a complete mystery to the young minister, who upon arriving at the home of Mr. Fisk for lunch inquired of Mrs. Fisk the cause of the unseemly hilarity.

She informed him he had read an old notice, used by her husband as a bookmark. It had been presented by Mr. Porter a year or two before, upon the death of his third wife. Mr. Porter, with his fourth bride, sat in the congregation while it was being read.—Boston Herald.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 30.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xxxiii, 1-13—Memory Verses, 10-13—Golden Text, Prov. xiv, 34—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We return from our two studies concerning Him who is and was the absolutely perfect One, the Messiah of Israel, the King of kings, the Great Head of the church, to those who were expected to represent Him, sitting on His throne (I Chron. xxix, 23). Among the kings of the ten tribes there was not one who did right in the sight of the Lord, but all walked in the steps of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin. Among the kings of Judah there were some who did right in the sight of the Lord and magnified His name, such as Hezekiah, the father of Manasseh, and others. In some respects there was no king like Hezekiah, while in other respects there was none like Josiah (II Kings xviii, 5; xxiii, 25) in the matter of trusting and turning to the Lord. But as these two exceeded in righteousness, though far from perfect, the son of Hezekiah exceeded in wickedness until near the close of his reign, when he turned to the Lord and was forgiven.

An illustration of "He will abundantly pardon," his father's name, Hezekiah, signifies the might or strength of Jehovah, while his mother's name, Hephzibah, signifies "my delight is in her" and points us onward to the future glory of Israel as a nation (II Kings xxi, 1; Isa. lxii, 4). Manasseh signifies "forgetting," and this man certainly did forget God and His commandments and turned from Him with all his heart. Joseph called his firstborn Manasseh, "for God," said he, "hath made me forget all my toil" (Gen. xli, 51). That was a joyful and lawful forgetfulness, but that of Manasseh, the king, was desperately wicked and rebellious.

The two statements "evil in the sight of the Lord" and "right in the sight of the Lord" cover the life of every one, for every life is lived in the sight of the Lord, and it is either good or evil in His sight. The all important question is, "What is my life in the sight of the Lord?" His word to Abraham is a good word for each of us, "Walk before Me and be thou perfect or sincere" (Gen. xvii, 1, margin). One of the Lord's first words to Israel as a nation was, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me" (Ex. xx, 3). They were to be unlike all other people in this matter of their worship of the one only living and true God.

Any turning to idols or conformity to the ways of other nations was a direct forsaking of and rebellion against God, yet this they constantly did from the days of Solomon onward, with the few exceptions of the good kings already referred to. How pitiful the cries: "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against Me;" "My people have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters;" "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help" (Isa. i, 2; Jer. ii, 13; Hos. xiii, 9).

As we read the record of Manasseh's sins, his altars in the very house of the Lord and in the two courts of the house of the Lord, substituting idols for God Himself and making the inhabitants of Jerusalem to do worse than the heathen and refusing to hearken when God spoke to him, we can only wonder at the long suffering of God and are reminded of their story recorded in Ps. cvii, Neh. ix and elsewhere. It was God dethroned and Satan enthroned.

The consummation of their rebellion is recorded in these words: "They mocked the messengers of God and despised His words and misused His prophets until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people, till there was no remedy" (I Chron. xxxvi, 16). These words "no remedy" were used by God to open the eyes of a noted Jew of our day to see the only remedy, even Jesus of Nazareth, Israel's Messiah, the only remedy for sin and sinners, for apart from Him there is none. The last word in the Old Testament as we have it, "a curse," was the means of leading another Jew to read the sequel to such a book and to find in it Him who has redeemed us from the curse of the law, having been made a curse for us (Gal. iii, 13).

How gracious it was on the part of God, whom Manasseh had so rebelled against and defied, not to take him away, as He did Korah and his companions or Ananias and Sapphira, but to permit him to be taken captive by the king of Assyria and carried in fetters to Babylon, that he might have time to think and be led to repent! When he was in affliction he besought the Lord his God and humbled himself greatly and prayed, and the Lord heard him and saved him and restored him to Jerusalem and to his kingdom (verses 12 and 13). What an illustration of the truth "God is not willing that any should perish" (II Pet. iii, 9), and how wonderfully this is set forth in Rev. ix, where we read of hell being let loose on earth if perchance men, having had a taste of Satan's administration, may repent and turn to God and escape the lake of fire prepared for the devil and his angels!

Hezekiah and Hephzibah had doubtless prayed much and believingly for this boy, and in His own time and way God answered their prayers. There are today many wayward and sinful sons of godly parents who are the children of many prayers, and the parents shrink from any evil coming to these children, but briers and thorns and affliction may be the only way to humble them. Just let God have His way, and He'll bring them to Himself in due time.

Ball Lightning.

"Ball lightning," says a professor of meteorology, "is the most mysterious form of lightning. It sometimes behaves like a small animal with the most evil nature. Its shape is not always spherical, though generally so. Sometimes it is oval, sometimes it has a flame like a shell. It often looks like an orange and moves so slowly that one can follow it for several minutes.

"Once at Marseilles it entered a house like a ball of fire the size of a plate, struck the feet of a girl who was kneeling, terrified, rebounded to the ceiling, struck her feet again, then the ceiling. After bounding thus three or four times with perfect regularity it finally went through the keyhole.

"One day at Secondigny two boys, one aged twelve and the other fifteen, were playing in the street when they saw a ball like an orange rolling toward them. One touched it with his foot. It exploded, killing him instantly. His comrade was thrown down, but was not hurt."—Chicago Tribune.

To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history.—Browne.

At High Water Mark

By C. B. LEWIS

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The two center piers of the great railroad bridge over the Goomtree river had been finished, and there was much rejoicing. They had been sunk in the muddy bed of the stream a distance of sixty feet, and they towered almost as high above the surface. It had taken thousands of tons of stone and thousands of bags of cement and hundreds of days' work to complete these piers. They had had the labor of a thousand men and fifty elephants. When they were finished a holiday was given to all the workmen, and the chief engineer gazed proudly at his work and said:

"They are done at last. Floods may roll down—earthquakes may topple down forests—come what may, and my piers will stand here when a thousand years have passed away."

"It is so, sahib—it is so," answered the voice of a thousand natives, and then they cheered him and his work.

When a thousand native Indian workmen are employed together on one job there are three or four castes. There are masons, carpenters, elephant drivers, shovelers, boatmen and what not. There is enmity between the castes, there is jealousy between the different trades, there is chance every hour in the day for a general riot, and the men must be under a strict discipline. The superintendent's word must be law from which there is no appeal. A culprit is not told to go hence, because he has bound himself and the company has bound itself. He is punished by fine, imprisonment or the lash. Because of this custom this news ran through camp one morning:

"At the hour of high noon today the flag of punishment will be raised on the staff, and Kim Nassik will be tied to the post and flogged. Three times has his overseer warned him, and three times has he muttered and cursed below his breath and failed to amend his conduct. Kim Nassik is lazy, and he has made Bundara, his elephant, the same. When both driver and elephant are lazy, the work flags. One man and his beast can hinder a hundred others. It is right that Kim Nassik should be well flogged."

When the elephant driver, after several warnings, had been sentenced to punishment, he replied to the superintendent:

"Your words are true, sahib, and I would not have you take them back. I have been lacking in diligence, and Bundara has agreed with me, but we have a reason. A few Sundays ago he got loose and ran away to the jungle. We hunted for him for hours. When we finally came upon him he was talking with a wild elephant. He came to me at my bidding, but that night, when all the camp was asleep, he whispered in my ear that we were fretting the river; that the waters were growling and complaining; that some evil would surely fall upon us if we dammed them back. For a million years the Goomtree has had free flow to the sea. Could it be otherwise than that she should be angry and that some disaster should befall us?"

"How is it with the trees—with the grass—with all else that man uses?" asked the official. "If the river is a million years old men have used her for a million years. Thousands of boats and rafts have floated down her current and she has not complained. Men must travel, and they must have bridges on which to cross streams. We have not dammed the current back. There is plenty of room for it to flow onward. Bundara is a big, strong beast, but he is lazy. He has told you this story that he may have less work to do. You shall have twenty lashes at the post before all men, and Bundara shall also look on as a warning to tell no more lies."

"As you will, sahib."

At noon the whipping took place, but the punishment was not severe. It was because of the moral effect that it was inflicted. Kim Nassik's elephant was there, and he dropped his head and tears ran from his eyes. They said he felt pity for his master and that his conscience troubled him. To spare the feelings of man and beast, the superintendent gave them half a day off the works—half a day in which to repent and decide to do better in the future.

At sundown all labor ceased, and it was reported that Nassik and his beast had gone to the jungles. That was a serious offense. The elephant was government property and was hired to the railroad company at so much per day. Nassik had been his mahout for ten years, but he was no more. He had incurred a serious penalty by fleeing, and a party was made to bring him back, but they hunted in vain. In four weeks the incident was almost forgotten.

In time the great iron beams were stretched from pier to pier, and cross-beams and girders were put in place, and from sunup to sundown the hot air quivered under the strokes of the scores of hammers. The approaches were filled in and spans laid to the piers, and the chief engineer looked over his work with a smile of satisfaction.

"All is going well," he said to himself. "In another sixty days the iron horse will be snorting across this structure. The Goomtree is on the rise, and a flood will come, but we need not fear it. We cleared its banks of driftwood for fifty miles last year. Nothing here can dam its waters back and imperil the bridge."

An hour after Nassik had been punished he had clasped his arms around the trunk of his elephant and said:

"Bundara, I have been disgraced before a thousand men because you told me what the wild elephant said. I do not believe you lied, but let us go to the jungles and be by ourselves. If the Goomtree is fretted and harassed, then she will take revenge. We should not be punished for what the sahibs are doing."

The pair fled afar. Sometimes they were alone and sometimes in the company of wild elephants. The untamed beasts had no fear of Nassik. For weeks they hid in the jungle or roamed through the forests.

"Light of my soul," began Nassik one day, "the time for the flood in the Goomtree draws near. Whisper it to all your friends, that we may seek its banks and be ready for work. Whisper it to twenty—thirty—fifty. We cannot have too much help. I will rest here for three days, and do you go among your kind and spread the news."

At the end of the third day Bundara returned, and with him were seventy elephants. He had told his story well. Three days later all were at work on the banks of the river, fifty miles above the bridge. The waters were rising, but Nassik knew to an inch how high they would come before standing still for a day and then beginning to recede. Under his directions the elephants began work. Such trees as they could uproot and such logs as they could roll, together with thousands of cartloads of smaller stuff, were deposited just below high water mark. They piled banks high for five miles. For half a mile back the forest was stripped of limbs and vines and logs, and the labor was finished two days in advance.

"It is well, my children," said Nassik. "The waters will take everything at their flood, and then down at the bridge they will see what they will see. Let us now rest from our labors."

Down at the bridge there was no fear as the flood crept up. The Goomtree was not bringing down enough driftwood to tear a raft from its moorings. So it was for a week.

One morning when high water mark was reached the chief engineer sneered at the turgid flood. Two hours later there was a wild alarm. The face of the waters was hidden by drift. Never had man seen so much of it. It came rushing down like a wall. Some passed between the piers at first and went crashing along, but presently there was a swirling about and a wedging of mighty trees, and five minutes later there was a block. In half an hour it extended back a mile, and the force of a million horses was pressing against it. For a quarter of an hour the handiwork of man withstood the strain of the elements. Then there was a crash and a roar, and the current of the Goomtree flowed on as if man had never been.

Kim Nassik had been whipped, and he had revenged himself.

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How Names Grow Up.

We have become so accustomed to rolling the proper names in our geographies over our tongues as glibly as we do our own that few of us ever stop to think how much of history, political, natural and religious, is wrapped up in a few syllables. How many towns do you know that end in "berg," "burg," "burgh" or "borough?"

Take for the first one Edinburgh, for instance. How came it by that name instead of Stumptown or Hardscrabble? Let us take the "burgh" out of the name first.

"Burgh" means in England and Scotland a corporate town. All the English towns that end in "berry," "burrow," "bury," "borrow," etc., have that ending from "burgh." In the German it means a castle or fortified town. So much for our "burgh." Then, in Edinburgh, it means the castle or town of—whom or what? Here "Edin" is only "Edwin" shortened, and Edinburgh the town of Edwin. Taking this one as a model, the study becomes easy and interesting.—London Globe.

His Medicines and His Death.

A reader at the Paris Bibliotheque Nationale has dug up the prescriptions for medicines which were ordered to Prince Conde in his last illness. A consultation of three physicians prescribed "a syrop made of rice, marshmallow roots and sugar candies" and a blister to be applied night and morning. The distinguished patient failed to improve, and a fourth doctor was called in, who ordered "two ounces of a preparation of hyacinths to fortify the heart and repair the exhausted forces," followed by "poppy water," "syrop of stag horns," "ipecachuana," "liquorice" and "mistletoe roots." The prince lived through this treatment for six months, when he died, according to the death certificate, "of the malady from which he was suffering." It doesn't make any difference now, but it is natural to hope he didn't die of anything worse.

A Clever Hint.

Mrs. A.—There are times when I wish I were a man. Mr. A.—For instance? Mrs. A.—When I pass a milliner's window and think how happy I could make my wife by giving her a new bonnet.

Too Assiduous.

Her—My only objection to Mrs. Pryor is that she's a business woman. Him—Indeed! What business is she engaged in? Her—Everybody's.—Chicago News.

We live longer than our forefathers, but we suffer more from a thousand artificial anxieties and cares.—Bulwer.

The Brotherhood of Mercy.

The "Compagnia della Misericordia" (Brotherhood of Mercy) of Florence includes men of all ranks, who attend by day or night in cases of accident, to carry the wounded to the hospital, or the dead to their burial, to nurse the sick in their homes or to assist at fires, receiving no money or food in any house they visit. The great bell of the tower tolls to call the brothers on duty at the time, and even the grand duke has been seen to withdraw from table and silently respond to the summons. They repair quickly to their chapel by Santa Maria Novella, where their black glazed cotton robes are kept in locked and numbered drawers. "Black stoled, black hooded, like a dream," you may meet the procession at night, masked and of unknown identities, passing along by torchlight with a strange, wild chant, bearing the bier.

Great Things Yet to Be.

The world is only beginning. We have done nothing, said nothing, sung nothing. The history of the past is the history of one empire at a time. Now several empires must compete together—among them, that miracle of conquest and greater miracle of slow becoming, set dispersedly about the world, but linked together, grasped and held by the embracing sea, our own ocean state, "imperial Britain, mighty and aware." The world will yet know greater men than Caesar and Napoleon, deeper passion and wider humanity than Shakespeare's, a music still more elemental than Wagner's, a sadder soul than Schopenhauer's, a more triumphant intellect than Nietzsche's, beauty more enthralling than Helen's.—John Davidson in London Outlook.

Eton and Harrow.

One of the Eton and Harrow school cricket matches recalls an amusing incident. Eton had a monotonous series of wins for some years, and one day the Harrow captain received the following:

Oh, ye boys of Harrow school,
Of cricket ye have no knowledge;
It is not cricket, but the fool,
You play against Eton college.

The Harrow school poet was hunted out and commanded to send a fitting reply. This clever response made him famous:

If, as you say, we play the fool,
No wonder we were beaten,
For at that game no other school
Could e'er compete with Eton.

Court Jews.

Court Jews were the officially appointed bankers and money lenders of European rulers down to Napoleon's times, after which most of them became merged in the great business houses which deal nowadays with international finance. One of the founders of the house of Rothschild was court Jew at Frankfort toward the close of the eighteenth century. It was with him that the elector of Hesse-Cassel deposited £1,000,000 when the first Napoleon was threatening his dominions, and the way in which the sum was protected and restored when Europe was settled again first made the name of Rothschild famous in finance. Up to this period Jews had no rights as citizens in most German states or in Austria, and the office of court Jew was necessary to give them standing.—London Globe.

The Banshee.

The banshee is the domestic ghost or spirit attached to certain Irish or highland Scottish households and is supposed to take an interest in the welfare of the family generally, and especially to wail at the death of any one of its members. The banshee is pictured in Irish folklore under the form of a little old woman with long hair, which she continually combs, at the same time keeping up an incessant weeping and wailing. The incident of the comb is exactly similar to the legend of the German lorelei, a spirit which sings, while the banshee weeps, as an accompaniment. The proud distinction of possessing a private banshee is allowed only to families of pure Milesian stock. The word is derived from the Gaelic ban-sith, a woman fairy.

Honest About It.

"What is the difference between history and fiction?"

"Well," answered the unbelieving person, "one great difference is that fiction frankly owns up to being largely untrue."—Washington Star.

Business Cards.

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THE MAD DOG FALLACY.

With Some Suggestions on How to Treat a Bite.

In all my own experience with dogs I have not only never seen a "mad dog," but have never known a dog owner—and by that I mean a man who has had experience in keeping dogs—who has seen one. If, then, rabies is so exceedingly scarce, hydrophobia becomes really an impossibility, and the fear of it should be dismissed without a thought.

A person may get dog bitten; but, in the language of the New York tough, "Forget it." If it is a bad bite it may twitch later on, and you may begin worrying, so it is a good plan to get rid of the twitching or throbbing in order to forget. I have been bitten so often that I think no more of it than a mosquito bite, and this is what I do:

If it is on the hand I put it under the faucet and wash thoroughly, with the object of cleaning the wound and preventing inflammation from any dirt or foreign substance. While doing this some one is getting the bicarbonate of soda and some clean rags or lint. With water a cream paste of the soda is made sufficient to plaster the wound well; then, putting some on a rag, it is applied to the wound and bound up. If in the course of an hour or more the application seems to be drying, a little water is poured on the bandage to soak through to the soda or the band dipped in water.—James Watson in Country Life In America.

Fairy Rings.

Probably we have all seen in the fields or on the edge of the woods that circle called the fairy ring. Before fairy folk came to be doubted it was firmly believed these rings were the dancing ground of the fairies. In the moonlight the spirits danced, wearing down the grass under their feet. At least so our grandfathers said, but we must take science's simple explanation of it. A fungous plant will soon exhaust all the fungous food from the soil beneath it, so that only the spores which fall outside this barren spot will take root and flourish. So the ring is always widening outward, forming a perfect circle unless something interferes with it. The rings are abundant in wet weather, of a buff color or reddish.—St. Nicholas.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement. In effect June 4, 1905. Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 8.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.11, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 26.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 4.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 7.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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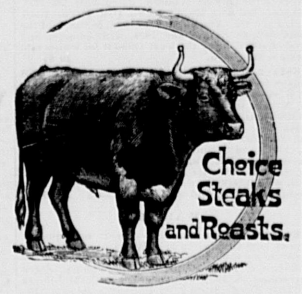

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cahnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

By MARGARET RICHARDS

Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure

No kind fate intervened to warn her as he came into the room, quick and eager, and she went to meet him with outstretched hands and shining eyes.

"I am so glad for you," she said impulsively, giving him her hands. "Don't try to pretend you are not proud of yourself, for of course you are. We bought every one of the evening papers and pored over them until I, for one, am positively overcome with awe when I consider 'that rising young architect, Richard C. Doane.'" And she swept him a low courtesy. "'And fame sat lightly on his brow,'" she quoted teasingly.

"But she isn't sitting there yet," he laughed, retaining the slender fingers and holding them tightly in his own. "This is only the beginning. There's plenty of hard work ahead."

"You are sure to succeed," she interrupted softly.

"I can only hope so," he returned. "I have worked hard for it and I feel that it is in line with my other work. Yes," he went on thoughtfully, "I think we shall succeed."

"And then?" she asked.

His face was very bright and eager, and she found, to her consternation, that the color flooded her cheeks as her eyes met his. Embarrassed, she picked up a spray of apple blossoms lying on the table. She walked over to the fireplace, drawing the pink and white petals nervously through her fingers. He followed her and stood with one arm resting on the mantel.

"I wonder," he said in a voice he tried in vain to steady, "if I dare to unfold the rest of my aspirations."

"Why not?" she replied, trying to speak easily. "You know I care very much for whatever concerns you." Under the circumstances this was about as unfortunate a remark as she could well have made.

Reassured, he came closer. "Like all well regulated aspirations," he said, with embarrassed hesitancy, "they are inspired by one governing idea"— He broke off abruptly and, with a quick step toward her, took her hands in his. His embarrassment had gone and his eyes were very tender. "Surely you know, Catherine, sweetheart," he whispered unsteadily; "surely you know."

For a moment her heart seemed to stop, then with all her strength of will she pushed him from her. "No, no, Richard, I cannot," she whispered brokenly. "I have promised. I cannot."

"Promised what, sweetheart?" he asked, puzzled by this sudden change.

"You know, we have seen a great deal of Mr. Channing lately," she went on unsteadily. "He is often here and is always sending us things—books, game, flowers. Every day something comes either for mother or me. Usually for mother, though—so I never dreamed—he is so much older"—

"Today," she went on, a mournful little catch in her voice, "his man brought those." She nodded toward a curiously wrought bowl on the table, where, massed in sweet profusion, a wealth of apple blossoms overflowed, pink and white and fragrant with faint perfume. "And this." She walked to the desk, and, picking up a note, held it out to him.

Mechanically he took it. "Dearest of all women," it began—and he read it to the end.

His face went suddenly white.

"Catherine, surely you will not marry this man?" he demanded hoarsely.

She covered her face with her hands. "I have promised," she moaned.

"Promised! He doesn't even ask for your answer until tomorrow night."

"I have promised mother," she explained, with gentle dignity. "There are business reasons I cannot explain. He was very kind three years ago when father died. We owe it to him to do anything we can."

"It is absurd! Quixotic! The man is three times your age," he returned hotly. Then his voice changed and he took the slender hands in his. "Surely you will not do this thing—let me talk to your mother," he pleaded gently.

"Mother must not know," she said. "Had you seen the distress in mother's face you would know I must do it," she continued. "Don't you understand?" she ended plaintively.

"No, I don't," he answered grimly, "but I do understand that John Channing is worth a couple of millions. Women are all alike," he went on, with sudden bitterness. "It's never what a man is, but what he has that tips the scale. Love cannot compete with Bradstreet. I've been the usual kind of a fool, I suppose," he ended, with a bitter little laugh.

If he had taken her in his arms, then and there, it would have ended differently, but he was very young and very proud and very unhappy and thought it was a manly thing not to show how much he cared. Or if she had let him see that he was dearer than any other man, millions or no millions, he would not have gone, but she, too, was young and proud.

So, hurt and angry, he had gone, and she stood where he had left her. She wanted him to go, of course, but it was hard to have him leave like that. She meant to be very brave and cheerful; she kept her heartache to herself; her mother or her husband (here a little wave of self pity shook her) should never know. She sank into a chair and leaned her soft, bare arms on the table. The bright, fair head drooped slowly until it rested against them, and the fire light threw fitful, golden shadows on the white folds of her gown and quivered fantastically on the mass of fragrant blossoms over her bowed head.

* * * * * * * *

The dance at the Ventnor Country club was in full swing. Lights were blazing; the sound of violins came through the open window. Inside, the fifth dance was well under way, and a distracted, disheveled young man sought frantically for a tall, golden haired girl in a thin white gown.

Meanwhile the owner of the white gown and golden hair had slipped away—away from the lights and music and confusion—away from the vision of a stern, gray haired man which had suddenly confronted her—and stood on the wide, moonlit porch outside, alone in the sweet scented dusk.

"You are so silly to act like this," she argued with herself. "He isn't going to hurt you, is he? It doesn't help it any to stay out here and be a coward. Go back. You said you'd do it. Go back." Then she drew closer into the friendly shadows and laid her hot cheek against the cool, young leaves. "Richard, Richard, dear," she repeatedly softly.

Inside, the dance had ended. The music stopped with a crash; the dancers scattered in little groups, and the erstwhile distracted young man found evident consolation in the society of a plump little brunette, who showed no inclination to elude him.

Two persons who had been watching the dancers detached themselves from the crowd and came toward her along the moonlit porch; her mother, pretty, graceful, looking singularly young as the moonlight touched her flushed and —yes—laughing face. There was no doubt about John Channing's mirth; he was laughing heartily.

"He certainly said 'For Miss Page.'" "How could I know?" she heard her mother smilingly protest. And then, "He probably lost the card—my stupidity! Served me right for being afraid to speak," in John Channing's lower amused voice. As they neared the shadow in which Catherine stood he turned and, taking her mother's hand in his, lifted it to his lips. His stern face softened as she had not dreamed John Channing's face could soften, and there was a newly tender note in his voice. "As though," he said softly, "there could be any other woman in the world for me but you."

Swiftly, noiselessly, Catherine turned and fled; around the clubhouse, across the porch, down the steps, into the moonlit garden, conscious only of divine relief. Then as the absurdity of the thing came over her there came with it an uncontrollable desire to laugh. On and on she ran, struggling with subdued laughter, down the path, away from the lights and noise and people—and almost into the arms of a young man who turned sharply around a corner.

"I beg your pardon," he began politely, then stopped short, staring at the laughing face so near his own.

She held out her hands with a little cry of delight that gladdened his heart; to save her life she could not have spoken.

For a moment his eyes searched hers; then his face cleared as if by magic. He wasted no time in explanations, which could be deferred to a more appropriate season, but proceeded promptly to take the lovely, laughing vision in his arms.

Fooling Mother.

Most boys and girls think they are fooling mother. I used to think that way. It is the same way with all mothers. It is a good deal easier to fool father than mother. Mother doesn't say as much as father, but she sees twice as far. Just because mother doesn't jump on to you every time you have done something wrong it is no sign that you have her fooled. She is just giving you enough rope so you will hang yourself. Mother is a whole lot wiser than she gets credit for being. That pleasant smile she gives you when you are putting up some fairy tale would make you feel like a three cent piece with a hole in it if you could only see what was behind it. Mother fools you every day in the week, and it's a glorious thing for you that she does. She not only fools you, but she fools father too. Father is always wise and throwing out the impression that he knows something. Mother just goes about her business and says nothing, but she is thinking a whole lot all the time. The next time you attempt to fool mother stop and think a couple of times before getting on the ice. It may save poor mother the humiliation of thinking what a triple plated chump she has for a son.—Osborne (Kan.) Farmer.

An Endless Journey.

Most of us have probably speculated, at one time or another, what would happen if a hole were bored right through the earth and one were to drop a stone into it, and a scientific man gives his views on this puzzling question. "The stone," he says, "would fall with increasing speed to the center of the earth, where it would have attained a rate of nearly 300 miles a minute. Its momentum would carry it at a constantly reducing speed through the remaining half of its journey, until by the time it appeared at the antipodean end of the hole it would have come to a standstill. It would then begin to drop again and would perform exactly the same journey on its return to the starting point. Thus it would continue to travel backward and forward from one end of the earth to the other practically forever."

They Were Stopped.

"I want those eggs stopped!" shouted the tragedian, striding to the footlights.

"Well, you're stoppin' 'em, ain't you?" asked the boy in the gallery, soaking him with another.—Houston Post.

His Only Chance.

"Is there a man in all this audience," demanded the female lecturer on woman's rights, "that has ever done anything to lighten the burden on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work? Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms and looking over the assembly with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, wornout wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quietly downstairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps and done all this if necessary day after day uncomplainingly? If there be such a man in this audience let him rise up! I should really like to see him."

And in the rear of the hall a mild looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first time he had ever had a chance to assert himself.—Novel Magazine.

Uses For Hymn Books.

"I made a few calls the other day," said the pastor of an uptown church to his congregation, "and in one of the houses I saw a strange thing. What do you think? One of the church hymn books, the property of this church, had been carried home and was placed under the leg of the table to lengthen it out. I remonstrated at this menial use of hymn books. Apologies and blushes were profuse. Now, I am not scolding about this, but hymn books cost this church money, and if any of you have tables too short in the legs please put a newspaper under them or a piece of wood. If you do this, we won't have to send out and buy another hundred hymn books, as we did last week."

The pastor had no sooner ended these remarks than a girl sitting almost under his nose calmly opened a hymn book, placed it between her back and the back of the pew and settled comfortably down to listen to the sermon.—New York Press.

Coleridge's Home at Nether Stowey.

The cottage was at the western end of the village, and there it stands yet, a poor, ugly house, close on the street. We went in, and after making clear to the good woman who owned it that we were not looking for lodgings we saw all that there was to see of the dwelling. There were four rooms, two downstairs and two above. All were bare and disorderly, because, as the woman explained, housecleaning was in progress. It was needed. She showed us a winding stair, hardly better than a ladder, which led from the lower to the upper rooms. There was no view, no garden. But in Coleridge's day there was a small plot of ground belonging to the house and running back to the large and pleasant place of his friend Poole.—Dr. Henry Van Dyke in Scribner's.

Blank Verse.

Blank or unrhymed is that form of heroic verse which is commonly employed in English dramatic and epic poetry. It was introduced by the Earl of Surrey, who died in 1547, in his translation of the second and fourth books of "Æneid." It was first employed in the drama in Sackville and Norton's tragedy of "Ferrex and Porrex," which was printed in 1565, but it was not till Marlowe adopted it in his play of "Tamburlaine the Great" that it became the form regularly employed in the metrical drama, which it has since, with only occasional intervals, remained. After Milton's use of it in "Paradise Lost" it was widely extended to many other classes of composition.

Growth of the Hair.

The influence of diet on the growth of hair has often been discussed. It has been shown that starchy mixtures, milk and many other foods recognized as being highly nutritious are, in fact, sure death to hair growth. Chemical analysis proves that the hair is composed of 5 per cent of sulphur and its ash of 20 per cent of silicon and 10 per cent of iron and manganese. The foods which contain the largest per cent of the above named elements are meat, oatmeal and graham. Henry pointedly says, "Nations which eat most meat have the most hair."

THE BRAIN OF MAN.

A Theory That Its Records Once Made Are Never Effaced.

The brain of mankind has been defined as a kind of phonographic cylinder, which retains impressions made upon it through the medium of the senses, particularly through the eyes and ears. If this be true memory must depend for its intensity or retentive qualities upon the degree of observation with which the record is made. Nor is this all. If memory's record is kept in the shape of indentations upon the folds of brain matter, are they ever entirely effaced? In other words, do we ever really forget anything? May it not be that in the inner depths of the brain memory has stored up recollections of things which are never again purposely turned to perhaps, but which instantly spring into being and flash through the mind whenever we hear or see something which recalls them?

There are several well known mental phenomena which strengthen this theory. We know that memory often brightens during the last moments of life, and there are cases on record where Germans, French, Spaniards and others who, upon falling sick in this country scores of years after having entirely forgotten their native languages, recovered and used them upon their deathbeds. There is a theory that in all such cases the brain folds have relaxed, just as do the muscles and cords of the limbs and body, and that by so doing they expose to the mind's monitor indentations (recollections) which were long since folded up and put away as material that could not be of any particular use.

THE INDIAN'S GAIT.

It Gives Him Perfect Balance, With Great Economy of Force.

A woodsman walks with a rolling motion, his hips swaying an inch or more to the stepping side, and his pace is correspondingly long. This hip action may be noticed to an exaggerated degree in the stride of a professional pedestrian, but the latter walks with a heel and toe step, whereas an Indian's or sailor's step is more nearly flat footed. In the latter case the center of gravity is covered by the whole foot. The poise is as secure as that of a ropewalker. The toes are pointed straight forward or even a trifle inward, so that the inside of the heel, the outside of the ball of the foot and the smaller toes all do their share of work and assist in balancing. Walking in the woods in this manner one is not so likely either to trip over projecting roots, stones and other traps as he would be if the feet formed hooks by pointing outward. The advantage is obvious in snowshoeing. If the Indian were turned to stone while in the act of stepping the statue would probably stand balanced on one foot. This gait gives the limbs great control over his movements. He is always poised. If a stick cracks under him it is because of his weight and not by reason of the impact. He goes silently on and with great economy of force. His steady balance enables him to put his moving foot down as gently as you would lay an egg on the table.—Field and Stream.

Told Who He Was.

Dr. Beadon, a former rector in Eltham, Kent, England, one Sunday preached from the text "Who art thou?" After reading it he made a pause for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a man in military dress who at that instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question addressed to him, replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the Sixteenth regiment of foot on a recruiting party here, and, having brought my wife and family with me, I am come to church because I wished to be acquainted with the neighboring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation that the sermon was concluded with considerable difficulty.

Napoleon's Manners.

Napoleon was rude. His manners were coarse, and when at table he ate as fast as he could chew and swallow, shoveling the food into his mouth with his knife and using his fingers whenever they came into more convenient employment. When talking to his officers he often as a friendly favor pulled their whiskers or pinched their ears. To women he was almost invariably offensive, sometimes uttering language so coarse as to bring a flush of shame to their cheeks and the tears to their eyes.

A Question of Expense.

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer with the brimless hat and faded beard.

"No."

"Then cook 'em with a nice slice of ham," said the customer, greatly relieved.

How Many Birthdays?

You must have had sixty at least! What? Only forty? Then it must be your gray hair. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops these frequent birthdays. It gives all the early, deep, rich color to gray hair, and checks falling hair. And it keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I was greatly troubled with dandruff which produced a most disagreeable itching of the scalp. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and the dandruff soon disappeared. My hair also stopped falling out until now I have a splendid head of hair."—DAVID C. KINNE, Plainfield, Conn.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of **Ayer's** SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

A HAZING TRAGEDY.

Origin of the Slang Phrase "Who Struck Billy Patterson?"

"It's many years now since the slang expression, 'Who struck Billy Patterson?' was heard all over New York and Brooklyn," said a veteran of the metropolis. "Few people remember the origin of the expression, which was really the killing of a young man by sheer fright. Hazing at colleges was as rough then as now, and a common plan was to capture a new student, try him for some imaginary offense, condemn him to execution, and then hold his head on a block while a blow was struck on the ground with the dull side of a hatchet. A student named William Patterson was caught and tried in this way and was led weeping and shouting to the block. He was then blindfolded and held down, told that his last day had come, and then the bogus blow was struck with the hatchet. His cries ceased instantly, and when the students in alarm tore off his eye bandages and felt his pulse they discovered that he was dead. Several investigations were held to ascertain who struck the fatal blow, and it was because it was finally ascertained that no one ever struck Billy Patterson at all that the aggravating question referred to was shouted at every stranger by street boys, bootblacks and other juvenile nuisances."

OVEREXERTION.

It Leads to Weakness of Heart and Early Death.

A prominent university professor says that an investigation of some years has convinced him that much evil has resulted from college athletics.

College athletics, he finds, bring on by overexertion a number of ills, of which the worst and most common is weakness of the heart, that, developing with maturity, unfits the victim for continued efficient effort in business and eventually carries him off before his time.

Sprinting and tennis he believes to be the two sports which work the most havoc with the heart.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that a condition which often promoted long life was prudently poor health at an early age. He meant by this that a man who in his youth had to husband his strength and by slow and careful process develop the good health that he lacked would be more likely to escape the dangers of overexertion in which the careless giant was tempted to indulge.

Still, given strength and good health in the beginning, moderate exercise of one's powers cannot fail to be a source of renewed strength as well as of healthful enjoyment.—Boston Globe.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

A Famous Artist Says There Were No Bulrushes In Egypt.

Bulrushes are so inseparably associated in the mind with the finding of Moses that it is difficult to imagine a painting of the incident in which the picturesque reeds do not figure.

But there is a beautiful painting by Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema of the finding of Moses, and the bulrushes are entirely omitted. The great painter gave the following explanation of the fact.

He ascribes the presence of the word "bulrushes" in the authorized version as being due to faulty translation, for there are no such things as bulrushes on the Nile. The word in the original means papyrus, and it seems that in the absence of some equivalent in English the word was used as being the nearest which the translators had at their command.

According to Alma-Tadema's reading, the mother of Moses fashioned a cradle or ark of papyrus and smeared it over with the white Nile mud, and it is according to this rendering that he has painted his picture.—Chambers' Journal.

Like Many a Man.

A horse was entered in a trotting race. When he was put on the track to be warmed up he seemed to move with great energy, and a number of inexperienced persons put up their money on him, but when the actual race came off a rawboned, yew necked animal that had no style about him passed the showy horse with great ease and on the home stretch distanced him.

"That horse," said an experienced race track man who had been wise enough to back the rawboned steed, "which lost out is like a good many people. He spends too much time and energy going up in the air instead of getting over the earth."—Missouri Valley Farmer.

Self Respect.

It is a mistake to associate pride or foppishness with self respect. The one rises from a judicious consideration of what we are, the other from an extravagant notion of what something extraneous has made us. The one is true, the other is false, and both cannot exist together. A man that respects himself cannot be proud, and a proud man does not respect himself.

Ability.

Father—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dick. You are now in your twenty-fifth year and you haven't earned a penny yet. At your age I had already married a woman with £10,000.—London World.

A Fatalist.

"I understand Colonel Jones is a fatalist."

"Your're right thar, stranger. He never fails to git his man."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant; of all tame, from a flatterer. —Johnson.

A Silent Partner.

Nibbitt—That woman who just went out is the partner of your joys and sorrows, I suppose? Rufton—She's partner to my joys all right, but when it comes to my sorrows she slips over to see her mother.

We can help to make people bright by our keenness, but we can never accomplish anything toward making people good except by our tenderness.

A MONSTER PHANTOM.

The Ancient Norse Legend of the Flying Dutchman.

The old Norsemen had a curious and vague tradition of a phantom ship which they called Mannifual. The French maritime chronicler, Jal, gives an account of her. So likewise does Thorpe in his work on "Northern Mythology." She was so gigantic that her masts were taller than the highest mountains. The captain rode about on horseback delivering his orders. Sailors going aloft as boys came down respectable middle aged men, and in the blocks about her rigging were dining halls where they sustained life during their heavenward wanderings. When passing through the strait of Dover on her way northward she stuck, but the captain, with ready invention, ordered her sides to be liberally besmeared with soap, and she slipped through, leaving the cliffs of France and England white forever afterward.

Down to within a century ago this gigantic ship was known among English sailors by the name of the Merry Dun of Dover, but she seems quite to have disappeared from the maritime lore of Great Britain. Seamen of Normandy still believe in her existence and call her the Chasse Froude. They say that she is so immense that it takes her seven years to tack. On one occasion in turning her bowsprit swept away a whole battalion of soldiers from the Dover cliffs while her stern boom was demolishing the forts of Calais.

MEN WITH TAILS.

Queer Records of an Old Time Writer on This Subject.

Mention of an obscure belief in other countries that Englishmen used to wear tails has prompted a correspondent to submit some information regarding the subject of tails in general. Dr. John Wolff, an old time writer, said: "There is even in England a gentleman of dark complexion and of great talents who walks exactly as if he had a tail, and people of high rank told me that he and his family were known to have tails, and therefore in his carriage there is a hole in the seat where he sits in order that he may be able to sit comfortably."

Baring-Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" contains the following: "Dr. Wolff in his travels and adventures says, 'There are men and women in Abyssinia with tails like dogs and horses.' Wolff also heard from a great many Abyssinians and Armenians (and Wolff is convinced of the truth of it) that there are near Narea, in Abyssinia, people—men and women—with large tails, with which they are able to knock down a horse, and there are also such people near China." A note in Baring-Gould's book adds: "In the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Dublin may still be seen a human skeleton with a tail seven inches long. There are many known instances of this elongation of the caudal vertebra, as in the Poonangs in Borneo."

Warning to Guests.

This notice greets one in a hotel opened by a foreigner who has just "mastered" the English language: "Gentlemen who come in this hotel not say anything about their meals they will be charged for, and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, and if they say they have not anything to eat they will be charged, or unless they bring it to the notice of the manager. And no fuss will be allowed afterward about it, and nothing will be allowed to deduct anything out of it."—Paris English and American Gazette.

Not the Same.

On one occasion when "The Mikado" was being rehearsed Gilbert called out from the middle of the stalls, "There is a gentleman in the left group not holding his fan correctly." The stage manager appeared and explained. "There is one gentleman," he said, "who is absent through illness." "Ah," came the reply from the author in grave, matter of fact tones, "that is not the gentleman I am referring to." —Dundee Advertiser.

The Mayflower Compact.

During examination in American history in one of our big city schools the question was put, "What was the Mayflower compact?" This is the thoroughly logical reply of one good little American:

"The Mayflower and the Speedwell started together from England, and the Speedwell went to pieces and sunk, and they put all the people into the Mayflower, and so the Mayflower come packed."

How a Bee Gave Up Work.

On landing in Australia our hive bee industriously collected quantities of honey. Finding, however, that there was no winter such as we have in England, it gave up laying in stores. Its morals are corrupted, for it is no longer busy, and leads a butterfly life. —Nature Notes.

No Extension.

"Is the wind due east or due west today?" asked an evasive creditor by way of changing the subject of his debt.

"It's due now, and you'd better hustle to raise it," was the unfeeling reply.

His Defense.

The Count—You do me an injustice. I am not mercenary. The Heiress—No? The Count—No, I assure you. It is my creditors who are.—New York Press.

A very honest man and a very good understanding may be deceived by a knave.—Junius.

A Little Ambiguous.

"Beg pardon," said the missionary, "but will you translate his majesty's remarks again? Did he tell his daughter that he was to have guests to dinner or for dinner?"

In Doubt.

Farmer Blake (at New York restaurant)—Waal, Miranda, here's spinach 60 cents. I wonder naow if that's a peck or bushel.—Life.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1905.

AT WORK

According to the programme laid out by those having the business in hand, the Japanese and Russian Peace Plenipotentiaries are to get together and begin work at the Kittery (Maine) Navy Yard tomorrow, Aug. 5. No calculations worth anything can be made respecting the duration of the conference. If Japan submits her claims and conditions early in the session and Russia rejects them, that would seem to make an end of the matter. But not necessarily so, the Russians are not noted for honest, straightforward dealings; lying is a fine art with them; and there is no telling what they will, or will not, do until the papers are signed, sealed and delivered.

All right minded people hope that the work of the meeting at the Kittery Navy Yard will result in the arranging a permanent peace between Japan and Russia, and give the war spirit of Europe a lasting setback.

☞ If there is anything reliable in signs, it is quite safe to conclude that the Lowell & Boston Street Railroad, that has been out of commission nearly a year, is soon to resume active operations. Movements have been on foot during the past week or two that point to a purchase of the road by the Boston & Northern Company. Connecting it with the B. & N. tracks by rails from its present terminus on Winn street to the Pleasant street track, and adopting it as their through line from Lowell, via Burlington, Billerica. etc., fo Boston, it would prove a valuable investment for the B. & N., and a fine thing for Woburn and neighboring territory. The distance between Boston and Lowell by the L. & B. is said to be less than by the present Wilmington and Tewksbury line, and the country through which it passes is highly attractive. The men who have been looking over the property of late, coupled with the petition of a company of heavy Boston capitalists for an additional franchise from Winn to Pleasant street, give rise to the opinion that the Boston Northern Company or parties interested in the Company, have purchased the road, and are soon to set it to going once more. While business men of this city and the people of Wilmington would much prefer that the former arrangement should be restored, and the North Woburn Division be made a straight through line, yet our people welcome with pleasure the probable early resumption of operations on the Lowell & Boston road.

☞ It gratifies us immensely to observe that the Medford *Mercury*, an ably conducted journal, is engaged in the noble occupation of educating and enlightening the public mind on the habits, devastating work, and best methods of extermination, of the gypsy and browntail moths. It has undertaken and prosecuted the task with a zeal, vigor and determination worthy of the highest commendation. Each issue of the paper contains whole pages of pictures, produced as "horrible examples" of the terrible havoc made by the moths, some of which are enough to throw even sober people into connipshun fits or delirium tremens, and are accompanied by explanatory texts of the most thrilling character. This educational campaign must cost the *Mercury* a power of money, but a sense of duty which it owes to the public, or thinks it does, compels it to shoulder the expense, and perform the labor, cheerfully, aye, gleefully. And, still, the moths "go marching on."

☞ Gypsy Moth Commissioner Kirkland, at $5000 per annum, entertains grave fears that the Japanese moth parasite will be unable to stand this climate, those ordered having died, with a single exception, before reaching the shores of Massachusetts. Lamenting sorely that so much money has been spent in trying to experiment with the parasite, he now urges his hearers, at public meetings, to turn their attention to flies and mosquitoes, with a view of preventing the spread of contagious diseases, and promoting health conditions. It is to be regretted that Commission Kirkland has abandoned his idea of opening a moth seminary in the Saugus swamps, so called, for the education of the people in the most scientific way of killing the moths, for such an institution is greatly needed.

☞ After all, Old Home Week has turned out to be quite a success this week. Many towns and cities in New England have been holding celebrations and others are to follow. Massachusetts and Maine have led off, but in other States many family reunions and public meetings have been held. The Week has come to stay.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Crawford—Candy.
Dr. Greene—Nervura.
J. G. Maguire—Taxes.
C. S. Pratt—Blackberries.
E. F. Johnson—Mort. Sale.

— Miss Edith Smith spent last week in Portland, Maine.

— Miss Maud Harrison is visiting in Lyndboro, N. H.

— Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Flagg start this week for St. John, N. B.

— Miss Clara Fox has been enjoying herself at Vineyard Haven.

— James Skinner and Charles G. Lund families are away from on their vacations.

— Read what Whitcher, the druggist has to say in his ad about souvenir stationery.

—Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Labor Day comes on the first Monday in Sept., or a little over 3 weeks from now.

— Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow Horton are enjoying the summer season at Londondery, N. H.

— Mr. Robert Pollard of this city returned from Bath, Maine, after a delightful vacation.

— Except on Saturday the Public Library will be closed evenings during the vacation season.

— Policeman Roache is away on vacation.

— Mrs. Florence Crosby of Court street is at home again.

— Annie B. Seeley, schoolmarm, is at North Conway, N. H.

— The family of Dr. H. G. Blake are to spend August at Kennebunkport, Maine.

— Misses Annie, Edith and Alice Flagg are spending their vacation at Kennebunkport, Maine.

— Mrs. Annie E. Strout is substituting for Organist Hood at First Church during vacation.

— It was a rainy Sunday, July 30 was, but far from an uncomfortable one. The rain was needed.

— Mrs. Carl Dow and daughter have been visiting this past week with Mrs. E. T. Dow and family.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Mr. Thomas Gilgun of Lake avenue this city, returned from Providence, R. I., last Sunday night.

— Mr. and Mrs. James W. McDonald are well and happy at their regular New Hampshire summer home.

— The alarm from box 36 at 12 30 Thursday morning was for a fire that destroyed a small barn on Elijah street.

— After a business trip through the principal countries of Europe, Francis W. Clemson reached home a few days ago.

— Lieut. Homer B. Grant, U. S A., has been changed from Fortress Monroe to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor.

— In the course of a month the Woburn Brass Band are to give their first promenade concert in the Auditorium.

— Mr. Edward Fitzgerald of Bath, Maine, is spending his vacation with Mr. John Fitzgerald of Prospect street, this city.

— A cold rainstorm prevailed during the early part of this week, but it was more agreeable than the heat that preceded it.

— The City Council held a meeting last Wednesday evening, albeit that body of guardians are supposed to be on a vacation.

— Mr. C. Winfield Smith is spending his vacation in the White Mountains where he expects to have a very pleasant time.

— Mr. and Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson have reached home from the Adirondacks, where they enjoyed a delightful outing.

— Mrs. Bertha Taylor and Marion of Pleasant street have returned from their Salisbury Beach cottage, and are at home permanently.

— Judge E. F. Johnson's family are at Cape Ann for the season. The Judge makes frequent visits to that comfortable quarter of the globe.

— Mrs. A. N. Fezette and daughter Bernice are visiting at Westfield, and expect to pass a few weeks in New York before returning to Woburn.

— Rev. Frank P. Johnson, son of Mr. Charles H. Johnson, will soon return to his home in New Orleans, notwithstanding the yellow fever rage there.

— Especial attention is asked for the Crawford notice in this paper. As a purveyor of icecream and kindred sweets Crawford stands forth as the kingpin.

— John W. Johnson, Esq., and family went this week to their summer home on the Cape, where they will remain during the heated term, or until nearly the close of dogdays.

— Surface indications warrant the conclusion that Ald. Lang is not cutting so wide a swath in the Council just now as he did at an earlier period in the history of that interesting body.

— C. W. Smith, who for the past few months has been engaged in a large department store of Newark, N. J., is spending this week at home here with his family.

— John Lynch, the faithful and efficient Clerk of the home Board, attended the meeting of the Massachusetts Boards of Health at Gallup's Island last week. Chairman Buchanan was unable to go.

— Frank T. Buchanan, who is Assistant Superintendant of a street railroad in the British Provinces, and wife are expected to come here on a visit soon. Frank has a fine situation done there among the Bluenoses.

— C. S. Pratt, proprietor of the Sunnyside nursery at Reading, makes a good offer to the public on the price of blackberries, as will be seen by his card in this paper. He is noted for the fine quality of his fruit.

— Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds closed their house on Church avenue (Chase family rooms excepted) last Wednesday and hied themselves to Elliot, York County, Maine, to abide with friends for a season.

— Miss Mary Louise Newhall made a nocturnal call on friends in this city on Monday, and took train for her home at Fairfield, Maine, on Tuesday morning. She had been a guest of Connecticut friends for a few weeks.

— The Swedish Lutheran church, at a musidal last week, contributed a handsome sum towards paying the church debt at their last entertainment. Pastor Swenson, besides being a good preacher, is a successful tithe gatherer.

— The newsies of the *Times* went out on strike last Wednesday afternoon, but soon thought better of it, and returned to work, not however until one of the lads had thrown a brick and demolished a large pane of glass in the office.

— Mrs. Ed. I. Andruss and her sister, Miss Mary A. Agnew, left here last Tuesday morning for a visit to friends and relatives at Fairfield, Vermont, where they expect to remain 3 or 4 weeks. Fairfield is well up towards the Canada line.

— Dr. S. W. Kelley and wife are at Camden, on Penobscot Bay, Maine, for a few weeks. They called at Bar Harbor en route, and intend to visit the farm of Mr. B. H. Nichols, father of Mrs. Kelley, at Hope, near Camden, while away.

— At the suggestion of rector Frederick W. Beekman, a workingmen's Club has been formed by Trinity parish to aid in the business affairs of the parish.

— Young man Webb, who had trouble with his auto on Pleasant street, this city, the other day, is a grandson of the late famous N. Y. millionaire, William H. Vanderbilt.

— Lawyer Albert F. Converse and family are passing a delightful vacation outing at Tamworth, N. H., a quaint and quiet old town that boasts of pure air and water, and fine scenery.

— Collector Maguire appropriates so much of our space this week that we find it impossible to furnish the usual amount of local news for the edification of the JOURNAL's army of readers.

— Charles W. Fowle, son of Rev. James L. Fowle, missionary in Caserea, has taken the position in the Five Cents Savings Bank which has for several years been occupied by Miss Annie M. Cook.

— Burlington people are greatly elated over the prospect of an early resumption of operations on the Lowell & Boston street railway, and good reason they have for the same. The line is a decided benefit to that town as well as Woburn.

— The Woburn Brass Band gave a firstclass concert on Wyman Green at Central Square last Wednesday night. They were afterward entertained by McGrath at his Bungalow which is nearby. They are to give another on the Common tonight.

— Earlier in the vacation days Mr. D. W. Bond and family went to Southport on the Coast of Maine in his automobile, and after tarrying at that delightful seaside resort to their hearts' content arrived at their pleasant home in this city a few days ago.

— Col. A. L. Richardson, a Veteran of the Civil War, resident of this city, experienced a paralytic shock at his laundry office, Chardon street, Boston, last Tuesday noon, and was taken to the Mass General Hospital. At last accounts he was doing well.

— Miss Dora A. Winn, Music Instructor in the Woburn schools, and Miss Maud H. Littlefield, the well known and popular violinist, leave here for Orr's Island in Casco Bay, near Portland, Maine, next Monday for a vacation outing of two weeks.

— The party who left Tuesday for West Lebanon, Maine, to pass the month of August, were: Mrs. Henry T. Smith and children, Mrs. Arthur DeLoriea and children, Mrs. Carpenter, Misses Avis Sherburne, May Francis and Edith and Ethel Smith.

— Good progress is being made by Mr. Ellis, the contractor, on the foundation for the new schoolhouse. Some of the best granite ever unloaded in Woburn is being put into it, and the workmen are doing their part in fine shape. It is going to be a firstclass job.

— Mr. and Mrs. James W. Higgins of New Jersey reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor on Pleasant street last Saturday evening. Mrs. Higgins is a sister of Mrs. Taylor and of Fire Chief Clarence and Marcellus Littlefield, with whom they will visit for a season.

— Quite a family party was that of Mrs. Abbie Dimick of Arlington Road, her three daughters, Mrs. F. F. Brown, Mrs. H. E. Strout and Mrs. F. F. Putney, with their husbands, and Chauncey Strout, the grandson, at Nantasket Beach one day this past week. It was as happy a reunion as one would wish to see.

— The latest reports from the work of boring for water on the margin of Horn Pond, alluded to in another local item, are highly encouraging, and warrant the belief that the scheme will prove eminently successful. Two wells have been sunk 30 or 40 feet each, from which the flow of water indicates a sufficient auxiliary supply for the pumping station.

— Flower inspectors of the B. & M. Railroad Co., came out to examine the Woburn beds and lawns last Wednesday with a view of awarding prizes later on. They were greatly pleased with Agent Parkin's floral display east of the station, the work of Gateman James Callahan, and praised it warmly. Which, most likely, means a fat prize bye and bye.

— The Woburn Brass Band have accepted an engagement to accompany and furnish music for a crack Boston organization on their tour to Maine from Aug. 22 to 27, inclusive. They are to visit Bath, Gardiner, Augusta, Soldiers Home at Togus, and other points on the Kennebec River. The selection of the Woburn Brass from the numerous applicants is highly flattering to our old and excellent Band.

— We opine that it will be worth while to attend services at First church at 10.30 next Sunday, August 6, to hear Rev. Dr. Norton, the pastor, preach on "The Peace Negotiations," meaning the work of the Japanese and Russian plenipotentiaries at Kittery Navy Yard, which begins tomorrow, Aug. 5. It will be a wonder if some strong arguments in favor of peace between nations are not heard to fall from his lips.

— Thomas J. Feeney, who is reporting the actions of the Peace Envoys at Hotel Wentworth, New Castle, N. H. has been obliged to transfer his family from Old Orchard where they were stopping, to Portsmouth, in order to be nearer the scene of action.—*Woburn Daily Times*. The *Times*, also, has a regular correspondent at the Kittery Navy Yard, from whom that estimable paper is to receive daily reports of the doings and sayings of the Japanese and Russian Peace Plenipotentiaries.

— Experimental drive wells are being sunk near the pumping station, Horn Pond, by Smith & Co. of Boston, under the supervision of Water Commissioner Hayward of the Board of Public Works, with the expectation of finding additional springs to be used for increasing the city's water supply. An expert recently canvassed the matter carefully with Com. Hayward, and his report was such as to encourage the belief that search for springs would be successful, and the water supply thereby increased.

— Janitor McGovern of the Public Libraay is taking his vacation.

— City Solicitor George W. Norris, Esq , and wife are at Nahani.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

— At a meeting of the City Council last Wednesday evening the request of the Board of Public Works for $22,000 for the new schoolhouse was refused, and the bills for that work before the B. P. W. go unpaid for the present.

— Whitcher's latest souvenir post card, just issued, has for its chief picture a view of the Woburn High School building now in process of erection, and on the address side a representation of "Ye ancient horseblock, 1642," which, taken together, make a fine pictorial souvenir of our old and highly respectable town. The schoolhouse is an elegant building (Cook of Milford, architect), and the picture of no local object of interest could possibly be more appropriate, or pleasing to absent Woburnites, than one of it.

— It is reported on authority which seems to be reliable that a new candidate has entered the Mayoralty race, to come off this fall, in the person of Ald. James H. Connolly, who cherishes a burning ambition to fill the Chief Executive's chair. A host of friends have of late been urging Ald. Connolly, so the story goes, to join in the run for that office, and that he has finally, although somewhat reluctantly, consented to go in lemons and get squeezed. He stands high in the estimation of the Board of Aldermen and the local Democratic organization, and some of the leaders say he would capture more votes than any other man. If Ald. Connolly goes into the fight with coat off and sleeves rolled up, it will be the hottest campaign, from a Democratic standpoint, that was ever waged in this city. "Jim" will certainly make the wool fly. It will be a triangular fight—Reade, Aylward and Connolly; and if the Republicans are wise enough in their day and generation to take advantage of it, they can sweep the city next December like the besom of destruction. Will they have sense enough to do it?

A Touching Story

is the saving from death, of the baby girl of Geo. A. Eyler, Cumberland, Md. He writes: "At the age of 11 months, our little girl was in declining health, with serious Throat Trouble, and two physicians gave her up. We were almost in despair, when we resolved to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. The first bottle gave relief; after taking four bottles she was cured, and is now in perfect health." Never fails to relieve and cure a cough or cold. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; 50c and $1.00 guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

WINCHESTER.

The *Star* says the new census will give the population of this town at about 8,500. Good enough!

There has been a great revival of religion in New Hope Baptist church. Pity that it couldn't spread all over town.

Hard lays for reporters here. Raking the town all over with a finetooth comb would fail to turn up local news for your paper. All hands and the cook are away on vacation.

According to the *Star's* portrait gallery our venerable and esteemed fellowcitizen, Col. Nat. Richardson, was a fine looking fellow in his young days. His health is poor just now.

Mr. Samuel W. Twombly, the Father of modern Winchester, was 83 years old last Monday, July 31. Long life and a merry one to Mr. and Mrs. Twombly say all of us.

Dr. B. T. Church leaves town next week for a much needed rest.—*Star* For years and years Dr. Church has been the hardest worked physician in Winchester. He has an immense practice here, in Woburn, Medford and surrounding places; and if anybody needs a rest from his labors, he does.

Public is Aroused.

The public is aroused to a knowledge of the curative merits of that great medicinal tonic, Electric Bitters, for sick stomach, liver and kidneys. Mary H. Walters, of 546 St. Clair Ave., Columbus, O., writes: "For several months, I was given up to die. I had fever and ague, my nerves were wrecked; I could not sleep, and my stomach was so weak, from useless doctors' drugs, that I could not eat. Soon after beginning to take Electric Bitters, I obtained relief, and in a short time I was entirely cured." Guaranteed at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c.

Base Ball.

At Manchester Field, Winchester, last Saturday, the South Border team of this city were defeated by the Winchester A. C., in a slow and uninteresting game. The South Border did not show their usual ginger, McMahon being a little wild, while his partner, McGann, was away off in his throwing. This makes it even, each team winning one game. Another will be played soon to decide which is the better team.

The next hot contest that will surely set the sporting blood working, will be a game between the South Borders and South Ends, which will probably be played Labor Day morning at the Park.

Higgins did not pitch for Stoneham Saturday.

Fiendish Suffering

is often caused by sores, ulcers and cancers, that eat away your skin. Wm. Bedell, of Flat Rock, Mich., says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, for Ulcers, Sores and Cancers. It is the best healing dressing I ever found." Soothes and heals cuts, burns and scalds. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; guaranteed.

Speed of the Clouds.

The clouds, as a matter of fact, are noted by the weather bureau people chiefly because they show the direction and the velocity of the higher air currents of the atmosphere. They are like chips which show the flow and eddies of a stream. Their speed is almost inconceivable to us who have watched them floating apparently with scarcely any motion across the sky, seeming what an old weather prophet called them, "those most tranquil travelers, the clouds, whose very motion is rest." The fastest horse and automobile records and even steam engine speed are easily outdone by the quietly drifting masses of mist. A mile in thirty-six seconds is not at all an uncommon velocity for the upper clouds, and they have been observed to do a mile in eighteen seconds.—F. S. Hoppin, Jr., in Leslie's Monthly.

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FOR MEN AND BOYS

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises.

Single-breasted and double-breasted sack suits in

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For outing wear and for the hot months we offer

Flannel Coats and Trousers

MEN'S AND BOYS'

HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET

BOSTON

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—There will be no public services during August. The reading-room will be reopened on Monday Sept. 4.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—7th Sunday after Trinity. 7 P. M., Evening Prayer. Music by Vested Choir. Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams. 12 M., Sunday School. At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. 7 P. M., Preaching by the pastor. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "The Peace Negotiations." No Sunday School. 7 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. taking the place of the Evening Service. Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 2, Ann Mahen, aged 34 years.
In this city, Aug. 1, Ethel E. Howe, aged 21 days.
In this city, Aug. 2, Sarah F., wife of Samuel E. Sawyer, aged 70 years, 4 months, 6 days. Funeral Friday at 2 P. M.

Peculiar Disappearance.

J. D. Runyan, of Butlerville, O., laid the peculiar disappearance of his painful symptoms, of indigestion and biliousness, to Dr. King's New Life Pills. He says: "They are a perfect remedy, for dizziness, sour stomach, headache, constipation, etc." Guaranteed at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store, price 25c.

SPIRIT OF THE PIANO.

More Adapted to the Parlor Than to the Concert Hall.

The fact that the piano is descended from the spinet and the harpsichord is still a stumbling block to amateurs of music. The fact that in tone and resonance it has lately been enormously developed is also a stumbling block to those who write for it. The first class have entirely neglected the harpsichord, a perfect and fully evolved instrument, the spirit of which is altogether different from that of the piano. The second class have been tempted by the dynamics of the piano to treat it too much like an orchestra and to forget that it is not only a solo instrument, but really a chamber instrument.

Its utterance, which Chopin understood so well, is really chamber music, and there is always something lamentable to me in the contemplation of a great artist distressing himself and his instrument in the attempt to fill a large concert room with exaggerated expressions of a delicate and intimate temperament. The effect is never entirely satisfactory, however great the artist may be, for that note of intimacy which is surely the very essence and spirit of the piano cannot possibly be maintained in the presence of a large and miscellaneous audience.

When we consider among all our impressions of pianoforte music the moments that have given us memorable pleasure, we find that they took place in intimate assemblies where some one played and some one sang and where the atmosphere thrilled with just that amount of electric disturbance which we call sympathy, which is born with the meeting of friends and dies when they disperse.—National Review.

THE DEEP SEA DIVER.

His Calling About the Most Grewsome of All Occupations.

Beyond all question, the calling of a deep sea diver employed in examining and clearing away sunken wrecks is the most grewsome. Putting aside the fact that his life is in constant danger from the results of submarine enemies or accident to his diving dress and apparatus, the sights that he is called upon to see, and to see, moreover, amid the most horrible surroundings, exceed in ghastliness even those which the hospital or the army surgeon is called upon to confront. Nowhere else on land or sea are so many accumulated horrors to be found as in the hull of a ship which has sunk with crew and passengers.

The hideous condition in which the diver finds the victims of the wreck, some half devoured by fish, some standing upright and floating to and fro with a ghastly parody of living motion, some still locked together as though yet in the last agony of the death struggle, and some floating about the interior of a ship and knocking and rubbing up against him with a hideous lifelikeness that is utterly indescribable. These are some of the horrible sights which deep sea divers have to work amid when they are employed on sunken wrecks. When to all these are added the awful gloom and silence amid which the work has to be performed, there will not seem to be much doubt that of all modern callings that of the deep sea diver is the most grewsome.

Washing In Naples.

Washing in Naples is done in any old tub, barrel or dish and generally outside of the house, and by the amount of water used one would judge it to be scarce. Instead of a board a broad stone is used, supported by one stick underneath and the edge of the tub. Water is cold, and the clothes are hung out to dry in every conceivable place. I saw some towels hung out of a window in the palace. No clothespins are used. When one can afford it rings are strung on to the line; otherwise strings are tied to strings, to which a double piece of short string is tied; one corner of the article to be dried is slipnoosed into this and never becomes loose.—Chicago Tribune.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Sale of Unredeemed Real Estate by the City of Woburn.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, July 17, 1905.

In conformity with the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the public and all persons interested as former owners, or occupants of each of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, are hereby notified that said parcels have been conveyed according to law to said City of Woburn, for non-payment of taxes and assessments, and the time in which each of the estates might be redeemed by the owners thereof having expired, each of said parcels will be offered for sale in accordance with section 67 of Chapter 13 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room No. 3 Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 2nd, 1905**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to the highest bidder for each of the several parcels a quit claim deed will be delivered. For further particulars reference is made to the Registry of Deeds, for the Southern District of the County of Middlesex, the volume and page numbers following the description of each parcel, indicating the record of the deed under which the said City of Woburn now holds title to the estate described.

The sums set against the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the taxes and assessments for the non payment of which said estate was sold to the City of Woburn, together with the subsequent taxes and assessments, interest on the same, and all lawful costs and charges, but not including costs and charges incident to this sale. And none of the said estates will be sold for less than the amount set against the said estates, respectively.

WARD 2.

ESTATE ELLA R. FITCHETT.—About 6,067 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 64, 65, 66, and 67, shown on Plan of section B, of Mt. Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 13, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2864, Page 301. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. $21 95

ESTATE LAZURS WERNER.—About 2,882 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 4, Section A, on Plan of Mt. Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 13, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2864, Page 305. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 38

ESTATE PETER COTE.—About 4,682 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Fulton street, being lot 6 on plan of Highland Park lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 91, Plan 48, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 161. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 80

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1860 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 29, Block 5, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 164. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 31

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 41 and 42, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 165. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4265 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 43 and 44, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 166. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3299 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 17 and 1*, Block 5, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 167. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1550 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 51, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 168. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 54 and 55, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 163. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 2462 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 59, Block 7, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 162. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 31

WARD 4.

ESTATE MARY E. O'BRIEN.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 402, Block 29, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 280. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 17 02

ESTATE PRESCOTT C. BRIDGHAM, FREDERICK C. BRIDGHAM AND FRANK F. TRIPP.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 299, Block 19, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated Oct. 3, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2772, Page 121. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 17 74

ESTATE WILLIAM A. FLAHERTY.—About 8,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 136 and 137, Block 9, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 351. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 87

ESTATE HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 4000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 89, Block 7, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 27, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 403. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold.

ESTATE ADDIE PERRY AND JAMES A. HADLEY.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 1, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 27, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 400. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 74

WARD 5.

ESTATE AUGUST NAGLE.—About 3,325 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 25, shown on Plan of Building Lots, of Edmund M. Warren, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2515, Page 222. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 23 13

ESTATE WILLIAM A. MARSHALL.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 113 Bird street, shown on Plan A of Montvale Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2515, Page 217. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 37

ESTATE GEORGE S. BAILEY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 202 Dale street, shown Plan A of Montvale Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2515, Page 205. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 58

ESTATE CHARLES H. PIERCE.—About 2750 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 46 shown on Plan of Suburban Land and Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 85, Plan 49, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 289, amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 14 70

ESTATE FRANK EYERS.—About 2430 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 29 shown on Plan of Middlesex Park, Section B, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 94, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 265. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 22 00

ESTATE DANIEL FRASER.—About 4,610 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 47, shown on plan of Building Lots at Walnut Hill, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2823, Page 353. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 14 35

ESTATE LARS HELRICH.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 62, 63, 64, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 355. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE JOHN C. WINCHESTER.—About 6,650 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 44 and 45, shown on Plan of Building Lots at Walnut Hill, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 49, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 198. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 72

ESTATE C. W. FLEMING.—About 2,808 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 39, shown on Plan of house lots in Montvale owned by Henry S. Moody, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 85, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 81. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 81

ESTATE MARGARET A. McDONALD.—About 2808 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 37, shown on Plan of house lots owned by Samuel A. Moody in Woburn, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 85, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 133. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 86

WARD 6.

ESTATE HANNAH GILMAN.—About one quarter acre of land situated in said Woburn off Mountain street, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated September 30, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2,988, Page 412. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 11

ESTATE JAMES HENRY BARTON.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 22, Block 3, Section B, on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 29th, 1894, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2302, Page 363. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1892, 1893 and 1894, with interest and legal charges being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 10 84

ESTATE ELVAN S. CUTLER.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 39, Block 28, Section B, on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11th, 1895, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2426, Page 133 Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interust and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 20 83

ESTATE JOHN A. SULLIVAN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 48, Block 4, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 147. Amount due thereon for the taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold, 20 30

ESTATE SYLVIA BATTEL.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 31 and 32, Block 20, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 123. Amount due thereon for taxes of the year 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 21 20

ESTATE ANNIE ANDERSON.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 20 and 21, Block 26, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 121. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 29 52

ESTATE WILLIAM H. HARDY.—About 1749 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 11, Block 6, Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 140. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 59

ESTATE ENNIS H. CARLE.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 37 and 38, Block 4, Section B, Shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 125. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 83

ESTATE MARY FLYNN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 45 and 46, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 135. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 83

ESTATE WILLIAM TAYLOR.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 8, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 149. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 28 58

ESTATE REBECCA A. CONTE.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 130. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 31 86

ESTATE REMBOLD SCHOLZ.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 15, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 144. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 95

ESTATE WILLIAM S. VALENTINE.—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 7, Block 5, Plan A of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2515, Page 224. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being least amount for which said estate will be sold, 24 33

ESTATE ALVAH N. CHASE.—About 2310 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 4, Block 39, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 403. Amount due for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 18 84

ESTATE WILLIAM C. SPENCER.—About 5000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 10 and 11, Block 30, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 425. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 99

ESTATE BERNARD D. ROGERS.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 11, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 420. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 23

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Bridget Hooper of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Lawrence Martin of said Woburn, dated May 1, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2974, Page 474, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, the sixth day of September 1905.

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded westerly on Washington street, there measuring ninety-four (94) feet; northerly on land formerly of James Hill, there measuring two hundred twelve (212) feet; easterly by the Canal, there measuring one hundred four (104) feet; and southerly by land formerly of Martin Murray, there measuring two hundred forty-one (241) feet.

Fifty dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale, and the property will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes.

HAROLD P. JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

August 4, 1905.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mathew Stevenson otherwise known as Mathew C. Stevenson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William H. Stevenson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of September A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

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Three Bank Bills.

General Samuel Veazie of Bangor built the first railroad in Maine and also founded the Veazie National bank of Bangor. He had occasion to visit Boston once and made the trip by the circuitous means of transportation used in those early days, by stage, railroad and steamboat. He arrived in Boston in the evening and went to the old Tremont House for the night. All he had with him was an old carpetbag, and as he was unknown to the clerk he was informed that, having no baggage, he would be expected to pay in advance.

"All right," said he, reaching into his inside pocket. He drew out a pocketbook and took therefrom a $1,000 bill of his bank. The clerk took it, got out his bank detecter and looked up the standing of the Bangor bank institution. In a moment he came back and said:

"That bank has issued but three bills of that denomination."

"Yes," said the general, "and if that one is not enough for you, here's the other two." And he laid the bills before the eyes of the astonished clerk.—Boston Herald.

A Book and a War.

Copyright questions are grave enough nowadays, but they no longer threaten to end in war, as in the case of St. Columba, the Irishman who settled in Iona converted north Britain and is commemorated on June 9. He had a passion for fine manuscripts and copies of them and among others copied a certain Latin psalter belonging to an Irish abbot whereupon King Diarmaid condemned Columba at Tara ruling that "to every book belongs its copy, as to every cow its calf." Columba appealed against the verdict in the practical form of inciting his kinsmen to revolt, and they defeated Diarmaid in the battle of the Psalter. The book is claimed to be the one which in a silver cover was carried into battle by the O'Donnells during more than a thousand years and may be seen at the Royal Irish academy today.—London Chronicle.

Old Sevres.

Old Sevres porcelain holds its own among those who are wealthy enough to buy it, because, within definite limits, it is perfect. The united skill of the best French chemists, potters, artists and sculptors of the time went to its making; the sordid necessity of earning a profit did not trouble the director of Sevres, for an easy going monarch was always ready to make good the yearly loss.

Technical perfection—no less—was aimed at, and it was attained. Frenchmen of that day grumbled at the waste of public money on the Pompadour's whim, but Louis took no heed. Sevres was to produce the finest porcelain at any cost, for the glory of France and her Bourbon kings.—London Outlook.

Somber Christianity.

The Auld Licht kirk when Dr. Chalmers visited it was a terribly bare little building. The elders were a grim set. They kept their bonnets on their heads till the minister entered, and they had each a large stick in hand, which they used for "chappin" their noses through all the service. The minister wore no gown or bands. He gave a very long sermon, full of sound divinity, but without the smallest practical application and without a vestige of feeling. At length Dr. Chalmers got out, the dismal worship being ended, and his word was, "If these people ever get to heaven, they will live on the north side of it."

Indian Magic.

A traveler tells a story of Indian magic. The juggler was a Malay, who stroked with his fingers the blade of a long knife or creese. The observer saw water fall drop by drop from the blade, which became flaccid, like a strip of india rubber. Thrown on the ground, it bounced about, but was a knife blade again when lifted by the juggler. An examination showed that there was no water on the mat on which the observer saw the drops falling.

A Prayer Before Work.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry; give us to go blithely on our way all this day; bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen!—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Would Like to Be There.

A Maine French Canadian mill operative in Biddeford asked his overseer for a few days leave of absence. Being short of help, the overseer asked him if it was anything very particular that he wanted to stay out for, and he replied, "Yaasir; I'm goin' to git marrit, un I'd lak be there; that all."

An Art Critic.

"What do you think of our new oil painting?" asked Mrs. Newrich.

"Well," answered Mr. Newrich, "it seems good enough from the front, but if you turn it round and look at the other side I must say the material seems kind o' cheap."

How Inventions Are Made.

The great majority of practical inventions are made by a group of men of whom the public never hears. These men are members of one of the most complicated and highly organized of the modern professions. Every great manufacturing concern maintains, under one head or another, an "inventions department," employing men who are paid various salaries simply to develop inventions. They are supplied with every mechanical appliance to facilitate their work. The bills are paid by the company, and every invention they make is assigned to the company "in consideration of salary and one dollar." And it is these unknown men, grappling with the everyday, practical problems of great manufactories, who make most of the inventions of immediate commercial value.—World's Work.

The Making of a "Corot."

There are two kinds of inferior Corots—the "Corot de commerce," which the dealers almost compelled the master to sell them, whereas he thought them hardly worthy of a frame, minor works such as a painter has about him and generally paints over, and the pictures of imitators which "le Pere Corot" was too good natured to condemn. When the anxious owner brought him a beautiful landscape for authorization the old man was very reluctant to deny the work. "It is certainly not a Corot," he would say, "but it is so nearly one! It wants so little! Only that!" And he very often put "that" in on the spot and made a Corot of it.—London Chronicle.

THE HOTEL CHILD.

Dangers That Beset the Luckless Offspring of Restless Parents.

It is not the material aids to existence which are the bane of the hotel child; it is the mental and spiritual attitude accompanying this life which is to be deprecated. It destroys a democratic spirit through emphasizing the difference between the servant and the served, it exaggerates the power of money, fosters a spirit of dependence and unfits the pampered individual for any other kind of life, and, worst of all, in a child so brought up there can be no understanding or love of home. There may be some future for the child who knows nothing of art, some function for the one to whom literature makes no appeal and who is not sensitive to music, but there is no place in the state for the man who has neither initiative, self reliance, patriotism nor love of home. He is a social menace, a disease. The community is better off without this satellite of the manager, parasite of the bell boy and source of supply for the waiter.

If there is one child in our community who is superfluous it is the hotel child. As places for temporary occupation by homeless and childless adults hotels are to be tolerated, but as residences for children they are without the possibility of excuse.—Miss Martha S. Bensley in Everybody's Magazine.

FIVE MINUTES.

Under Some Circumstances It Seems a Very Long Time.

In a murder trial before a western court the prisoner was able to account for the whole of his time except five minutes on the evening when the crime was committed. His counsel argued that it was impossible for him to have killed the man under the circumstances in so brief a period, and on that plea largely based his defense, the other testimony being strongly against his client.

When the prosecuting attorney replied, he said: "How long a time really is five minutes? Let us see. Will his honor command absolute silence in the courtroom for that space?"

The judge graciously complied. There was a clock on the wall. Every eye in the courtroom was fixed upon it as the pendulum ticked off the seconds. There was a breathless silence.

We all know how time which is waited for creeps and halts and at last does not seem to move at all.

The keen witted counsel waited until the tired audience gave a sigh of relief at the close of the period, and then asked quietly:

"Could he not have struck one fatal blow in all that time?"

The prisoner was found guilty, and, as it was proved afterward, justly.

THE DOG'S COAT.

Brush It, but Do Not Wash It, if You Want It Perfect.

In the Country Calendar Reginald F. Mahew writes: "Even careful feeding will not give a dog's coat that glow which is such a sure sign of health if he is continually washed with soap and water. Owners who allow their dogs to live in the house are forever washing the wretched animal and forever complain that his coat is coming out. The oftener the dog is washed and scrubbed the more will his coat leave its trail and the deader and duller will it look. The health and growth of a dog's coat depend entirely on a natural oil from the skin. As often as the dog is washed so often is the oil washed out and so much more is the destruction of the coat. If a dog were brushed every day for five or ten minutes against as well as with the grain his coat would not only have a luster, but would cease to distribute itself all over the place except for a very short time once or twice a year. Besides this, brushing has a stimulating effect on the whole system, helps the blood circulation; by this the digestion, and so the general health."

MacMahon's Epigrams.

When Marshal MacMahon in the Crimean campaign took the Malakoff by storm and wrote his celebrated dispatch, "J'y suis, j'y reste" ("Here I am; here I stay"), these words made him famous all over the world. Yet his friends said that the worthy soldier had written them in the most matter of fact manner, with no thought of phrase making. The most surprised person over the success of this epigram was MacMahon himself.

Ancient Jewelry.

The jewelry found in an excavation near one of the pyramids of old Memphis, Egypt, exhibits about as much skill in working gold and precious stones as now exists, although the articles found were made 4,300 years ago. The figures cut on amethyst and carnelian are described as exquisite and anatomically correct. The gold is skillfully worked, and precious stones are let into it so as to give the effect of enameling.

A Helping Hand.

"I have heard," stammered her timid admirer, "that you are engaged. Is it—er—true?"

"I'm not engaged yet," replied the fair girl, "but I hope to be soon."

"Er—how soon?" he asked.

"In a few minutes," she replied, with shining eyes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Moses Well Known Down Here.

Small girl, in bed, being read to by an elder cousin. Small Girl—When I die, shall I go to heaven, Mary? Mary—Oh, yes, if you are a good girl. Small Girl—I want to see Moses. I shall tell him I heard quite a lot about him down here.—London Globe.

The power of speech differentiates the man from the brute, except when he abuses his wife.—Detroit Tribune.

Breakfast Table Repartee.

"Will somebody please chase the cow down this way?" said the funny boarder who wanted some milk for his coffee.

"Here, Jane," said the landlady ironically, "take the cow down where the calf is bawling."—Kansas City Journal.

Light on a Mystery.

When you go to the city and see the multitudes of people you wonder how they all live, but after the city fellows get through with you the mystery is not so great as it was.—Jewell (Kan.) Republican.

Language most shows a man; speak that I may see thee; it springs out of the inmost parts of us.—Ben Jonson.

Nothing Articulate.

"You never hear of the Scadwells' family skeleton nowadays," observed Rivers.

"No," said Brooks. "They have accumulated so many bones that everybody has forgotten its existence."—Chicago Tribune.

GOT THE FIRST PLATE.

Johnny Had It Clutched, but He Had to Let Go.

President Roosevelt, on one of his hunting tours in the Adirondacks, spent a very long day in restless pursuit of big game. At his urgent request the guide conducted the party to the nearest inn the wilderness afforded.

Amusement was created in the presidential party when the chief executive, whose identity had been kept a secret, was given a seat at the family board. It was increased when huge portions of corned beef and cabbage were passed from the head of the table, where sat the host. The first plate to make its appearance was heaped very high. It reached a small boy and got no further. The president sighed to express his envy and disappointment.

"Johnny," exclaimed the host sharply, "that ben't fer you; thet be fer the stranger."

Much to the amusement of all, the president seized the rim of the plate on one side, while Johnny held the other.

There was a moment of doubt.

Then the president, softly and with a twinkle in his eye, but with inexorable decision, leaned over and spoke into the red, resentful face of the hungry boy:

"Johnny," he said, "let go."

Johnny let go.—Success.

THE MILKY WAY.

One of the Great Problems of the Science of Astronomy.

Some of the streams of fainter stars in the Milky Way are very striking and must convince the most skeptical of their reality, says a scientist.

It is possible to draw an arc of a circle through any three stars and a conic section through any five, but where we find ten or twenty stars falling into line not once, but in many cases, and that there is a curious similarity between the strange curves and branching streams which these phalanges of stars mark out on the heavens, there is no room left for doubt that the mind is not being led away by a tendency of the imagination similar to that which finds faces in the fire or sees a man carrying sticks on the face of the moon.

If it is proved that a group of stars is arranged in line or marshaled in any order it would follow that the individuals of the group must be actually as well as apparently close to one another and that they form some kind of system, having all of them had a common origin or been subject to some common influence. What these streams and curves of stars mean and what forces have marshaled them in lines form one of the grandest problems of the future, one that I trust I may live to see unraveled.

CHINESE NEATNESS.

The Man Is Clean Even if His Surroundings Are Dirty.

Next time you are in Chinatown notice the finger nails of the inhabitants. You will be surprised possibly to find that they are generally as clean and bright as though they had just come from the manicure.

As are his finger nails so is the rest of the Chinaman's body. It is one of the queer contradictions about this contradictory people that, although their houses are usually surrounded by a fringe of dirt and although they don't take to modern sanitation a bit, they are very cleanly in their personal habits.

The daily bath is an institution. A bathtub is not necessary. Your Chinaman manages very well with a few cupfuls of water and a wash rag.

He completes his toilet by polishing his long nails, and every day or so he visits the barber, who shaves not only the scanty hair on his face, but also his head and the inside of his ears. If he can afford it, the Chinaman puts on a clean blouse every day or two. It is no accident that these people are a nation of laundrymen. It comes to them naturally.—Washington Post.

Vegetable Ivory.

The vegetable ivory of commerce is an albuminous substance formed from a milky fluid in the fruit of a species of palm indigenous to several parts of Central and South America, but which seems to flourish best in New Granada and Peru. It corresponds to the meat of the cocoanut, which latter is the fruit of another species of palm. When vegetable ivory nuts are ripe they are covered with a brown skin and are bean shaped, the interior being perfectly white and very hard.

Not Sufficiently Definite.

Mother—I told you to give your sister half of that apple, and you have eaten it all yourself. Small Son—I offered it to her and she sucked it a little and then pushed it away.

"She says you didn't."

"Oh, you mean that sister. I thought you meant the baby."

Fishing For Salmon.

Salmon fishing differs so much from trout fishing that it has been said an absolute beginner at fly fishing will learn to take salmo salar more readily than will a trout fisherman who tries the nobler fish after years of practice with the smaller one. This I doubt, but I know that a very different style of fishing is needed. There is really no such thing as "striking" in salmon fishing, and if you keep a tight line and raise your rod as soon as you feel the "pluck" of the fish you will be doing your whole duty, and it will be up to the fish to do the rest. There is no occasion for the swift strike by which one hooks a shy trout inclined to rise a trifle short. The salmon is such a weighty fellow that when he turns to go down after taking the fly his momentum drives the hook above the barb with very little assistance on the part of the angler, provided the line be fairly taut.—Charles A. Bramble in Recreation.

Lost His Decoy.

A western man was describing a banquet that he had once attended in New York.

"I found this banquet interesting," he said, "and I was one of the last to leave. In the cloakroom, as I was putting on my hat and coat, I couldn't help noticing the woebegone look on the attendant's face. The poor fellow appeared worried and sad, and every little while he sighed and muttered to himself.

"'You seem disconsolate, friend,' I said.

"'I am disconsolate, sir,' said the attendant.

"'What is the trouble, sir,' said I. 'Haven't the guests tipped you well tonight?'

"The attendant answered in an excited voice:

"'It's not only, sir, that they haven't tipped me, but they've taken the quarter that I put in the tray for a decoy.'"

DON'T BOLT YOUR FOOD.

There Is Pleasure as Well as Health In Deliberate Eating.

Fast eating is sure to be injurious, because to properly prepare the food for digestion it must be thoroughly masticated.

Rapid eating is still worse when it is caused by the hurry of business or by anxiety or nervous irritability or by the common habit of "bolting" the food. Such eating is sure to produce indigestion or dyspepsia.

The teeth, as well as the stomach, are made for labor, and neither can have their proper work to do if only paps and broths and puddings and hashes and other soft and artificially prepared foods are crowded into the stomach as though the cook in the kitchen could masticate and digest the food better than the natural grinders and the chemical action and assimilating power of the stomach.

Those people who shovel great vulgar mouthfuls of food into their mouths and bolt it down as though they had but ten minutes for a meal are gormandizers instead of polite people.

They know little of the pleasure of deliberate eating or the luxury of satisfying hunger, and certainly they are laying the foundation of disease.

Dry, hard food, vigorously chewed, stimulates the flow of saliva, strengthens the teeth and keeps them healthy and invigorates the digestion.

HE TOOK LONG CHANCES.

But the Tailor's Anxiety and Bill Were Both Finally Settled.

The doctor of an English regiment stationed in India received a letter from his tailor inclosing a long overdue account and concluding with a polite inquiry after the debtor's state of health. The sawbones replied thus:

"I have received your hypocritical letter hoping that I am in a good state of health. Hear, then, what your chances of my living long enough to be able to pay your bill are. I attend assiduously every cholera case in the camp, and I am making smallpox a special study. I swim every morning in a lake swarming with alligators. At a recent attack on a hill fort I went with the forlorn hope and was one of the three who returned unwounded. Tomorrow morning I shall go unaccompanied and on foot into the jungle and wait for the man eating tigress as she returns at dawn to her cave and cubs. If it be she who falls I shall spend my leave in the fever haunted jungle following up big game, and if I survive that I shall cool myself after its heat by joining a party to ascend the peak of Dhawalagiri, whose snow slopes and glaciers are as stiff as your prices."

The doctor eventually returned home in safety, and the tailor's anxiety and his bill were both settled.

WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT.

Down to Time of Edward III. They Had Right of Voting.

The ladies of birth and quality sat in council with the Saxon Witas. The Abbess Hilda presided in an ecclesiastical synod.

In Wighfred's great council at Beconceld, A. D. 694, the abbesses sat and deliberated, and five of them signed the decrees of that council along with the king, bishops and nobles.

King Edgar's charter to the abbey of Crowland, A. D. 961, was with the consent of the nobles and abbesses, who subscribed the charter.

In Henry III. and Edward I.'s time four abbesses were summoned to parliament—viz, of Shaftesbury, Berking, St. Mary of Winchester, and of Wilton.

In the thirty-fifth of Edward III. were summoned by writ to parliament, to appear by their proxies, Mary, countess of Norfolk; Alienor, countess of Ormond; Anna Dispenser, Phillippa, countess of March; Johanna Fitz Water, Agneta, countess of Pembroke, Mary de St. Paul, countess of Pembroke; Margaret de Roos, Matilda, countess of Oxford; Catherine, countess of Athol. These ladies were called by their proxies, a privilege peculiar to the peerage, to appear and act by proxy.—"Antiquities of Parliament."

Sleep and Death.

An animal deprived of sleep dies more quickly than from hunger. One of the cruelest of Chinese punishments is to kill a man by preventing sleep, he dying insane about the fourteenth day. All animals sleep for some period of the twenty-four hours. How and when they do so depend upon their natural habits. But they all have this in common—that after any unusual exertion they sleep longer.—London Mail.

The Hazard of the Die.

A.—Where are you off to? B.—I am going to ask Mr. K——, the wealthy banker, for the hand of one of his daughters. A.—Indeed! Which of them? B.—I don't know yet. If he is in a good humor, I will take the youngest; if in a bad humor, the eldest.—Lustige Blatter.

An Anxious Father.

Sue Deering—I'm afraid papa was angry when you asked him for me, was he, Jack? Jack Hillow—Not at all. He asked me if I knew any more respectable men who would be likely to marry your five sisters if properly coaxed.

Men and Women.

He—I think every woman is entitled to be considered man's equal. She—Well, if she is willing to bring herself down to his level I don't see why she shouldn't be allowed to pose as his equal.—Illustrated Bits.

A Repulse.

He—I would lay the world at your feet. She (laughingly)—My dear sir, it is there already. Don't assume credit for the law of gravitation.

A Street Scene, Bombay.

A man clad only in a yellow scarf and turban opens a mouth stained with the vivid vermilion of betel juice to show that the mango seed just swallowed has already become a small tree with green leaves pushing toward the light. A woman appears next upon the scene, bringing a crying baby in a closed hamper of bamboo. A dozen swords are instantly thrust through the interstices amid the ear piercing yells of the supposed victim, but as soon as the formidable blades are withdrawn the nine lived infant tumbles out of the basket and salaams to the assembled audience, holding out her tiny brown hand for the well deserved backsheesh.

As the fun waxes fast and furious sundry quarrels and recriminations between the rival magicians attract the intervention of the native police, who, "dressed in a little brief authority," symbolized by red turban and blue tunic, soon disperse the performers, bag and baggage, hastening the enforced departure with unlimited kicks and thumps, submissively received.

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FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Reading a Telegram.

There are two members of the racing fraternity, both ardent horse owners, whose early education was sadly neglected, and neither can read. Both conceal to the best of their ability their shortcomings in this regard. One of them received a telegram the other day, but he could not read it and did not wish to expose his ignorance. He met the second horseman, and as he was looking anything but pleasant he was accosted with:

"What's the matter? You look like trouble."

"Trouble? Sure. Just read that." And he thrust the telegram into his friend's hands.

"Well, I should say it was trouble!" was the unexpected reply. "I'm sorry for you, old fellow." And the telegram was handed back, neither being any wiser as to its contents.

At this juncture a stable boy came whistling along, and the recipient of the message hailed him with a jocular remark and after quizzing him awhile said:

"I'll bet you can't read, son."

"Huh, that's where you're way off! I kin read as good as you kin."

"Well, let's hear you read that. If you can it's a two bit piece for you."

The harmless telegram was read, and now both of the men are wondering what the other meant by saying the message denoted trouble.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Duty of a Gentleman.

On another occasion, having returned from playing poker at the club, my grandfather said:

"When a man is hard up he should borrow, but he must devote his energies to paying back and remaining the equal of the man from whom he has borrowed. If he cannot pay back, let him be frank about it, for it is better to steal than to cheat."

And again:

"To ride straight and to shoot straight, to win money cheerfully and to lose it cheerfully, never to be boorishly in debt or swinishly drunk, to enjoy flowers and music, and if possible to be in love with at least one good woman, is half the duty of a gentleman."

"What's the other half, grandpa?" I had asked him.

"Why, to be a gentleman, of course."—Gouverneur Morris in Reader Magazine.

A Quotation Traced.

Who wrote the words "a prospect all on fire?" They are quoted by Wordsworth in his "Evening Walk," and Professor Knight and his helpers had been unable to trace it. But Nowell Smith communicates to the Athenaeum his discovery that it comes from a long forgotten poem, "Sunday Thoughts," by Moses Browne. Moses Browne's phrase lives like a fossil in Wordsworth's poem. Browne died in 1787 and was not unknown to Dr. Johnson, at whose suggestion he brought out an annotated edition of the "Compleat Angler." His "Sunday Thoughts" was reprinted as late as 1806. He held the living of Olney for a short time during Cowper's residence there and had John Newton for his curate.—London Globe.

Provident Animals.

All birds of the crow tribe, rooks especially, exhibit a tendency toward winter—like squirrels and some other animals—to lay up a store of provisions for their sustenance against a season of scarcity. While jackdaws select holes of trees and old buildings to store away such provisions, rooks convey them away to their rookeries. There in last season's nests they deposit them. Toward springtime, when they begin thinking about setting their houses in order, they visit their rookeries and when rebuilding their nests throw out the unused store. Thus it is we often find an accumulation of acorns, potatoes and what not on the ground under their nests.—Nature Notes.

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How Jake Won the Judge's Daughter

By FRANK H. SWEET

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Jake Allsbrook was the only industrious member of an improvident family, and the work of his early years was wasted on shiftless kinfolk, but in one way and another he had acquired a good education, first in public schools and then by reading all the useful books he could obtain. It was in a public school, before she was thought ready to send away to a private institution for young ladies, that he first met Edith Potter. That was before either of them understood the importance of social position.

Jake was good at boat building and good at many other things which the village people who looked down upon his family did not know. This morning he was at his workbench in a small building he had erected near a lake when he heard the sound of carriage wheels, followed presently by firm, ponderous footsteps coming around the end of the cabin. Looking up, he saw Judge Potter approaching.

"How do you do, Jake?" the judge said, advancing with gracious cordiality. "Always at work, it seems. Thought likely I would find you here. I want to have a talk with you."

Jake looked at him with questioning curiosity. It was Judge Potter, certainly, but why had he brought his social equality voice along? He had never wasted that upon him before.

"What a trim looking lot of boats you have here, Jake," the judge went on, without waiting for Jake to speak, "but never mind explaining about them, though. What I am here about is the steamer line. Would you mind going over some of the main points again?"

Jake stared, then laughed a little curtly.

"What's the use?" he said. "When I went to you about the matter I was in the first callow enthusiasm of the idea and did not realize the fool's quest I was on. Suppose we dismiss the subject altogether. I haven't money enough to get the invention patented, much less to start a steamboat line."

The judge picked up a shaving with the point of his cane and twirled it complacently.

"Sometimes an idea is worth more than capital," he observed, but with an odd look in his eyes. "Let me see. I think you said a hundred thousand?"

"Yes," Jake found himself saying, with reluctant eagerness. "My idea was a stock company capitalized at $100,000—that is, a hundred shares at $1,000 each. We should"— He paused abruptly and, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, took up a hammer as though to resume work. "But excuse me for allowing myself to be carried away, judge. I've thought over the scheme until it has grown very real and personal. It's a sure thing if one can go into it. I can't. Even the few hundred I had saved were sunk in my railroad survey down the shore."

The judge smiled indulgently.

"That's all right, Jake," he said. "Profitable enterprises usually have a combination of brains and capital. We are ready to furnish the capital. In brief, I will take thirty shares and my brother and a friend fifteen shares each. That will give us a controlling vote. Then I'm sure Lawyer Blake and three or four others will take from five to ten each. There will be no difficulty in floating the stock."

Jake dropped his hammer.

"Do you really mean," he asked huskily, "that you intend to go into this thing?"

"Of course." Then a little hurriedly, "I was rather—abrupt with you before because—because I make it a business rule never to go into anything without ample time for deliberation. Understand? Come to my house at 3 o'clock this afternoon and we will fix up the papers. You will be superintendent and general manager."

"Wait a moment, judge," cried Jake as the visitor moved toward the door. "How do you dare to—to trust me? I have heard you say that all of my name were—well, thieves."

"Oh, tut, tut, boy! That was in a moment of petulance. As to trusting you," an enigmatical smile twitching the corners of his mouth, "remember I have known you a good many years. And—er—I am really glad to be associated with the name." With that the judge turned away, chuckling and murmuring to himself, "I do believe the boy has not seen the paper yet."

Ten minutes later as Jake was mechanically putting his tools away he heard other footsteps coming around the cabin, this time light, nervous and hurried. Turning, he found himself face to face with Lawyer Blake.

"Good morning, Jake. Didn't I see Judge Potter leaving here just now? I hope it wasn't about the boat scheme I was considering."

"Yes, it was just that," Jake answered dryly; "about the boat scheme you refused to consider. He has arranged for shares enough to assure its success."

The lawyer's countenance fell.

"Too bad, too bad, too bad!" he muttered. "I had thought the matter over and decided upon that very thing myself. Well, if it's too late I suppose there is still the railroad scheme?"

"Yes," faintly.

"Well," more briskly, "I will undertake capitalizing that, then. Come to my office this afternoon and we will arrange the details. We will need you for a general oversight of the business, of course."

An hour later he was in the postoffice, still dazed and bewildered. His two or three letters were read and slipped into his pocket, then he opened the county paper. Almost the first paragraph was one with the startling headlines:

"Coming Home With Millions of Gold. Mr. John Allsbrook, uncle of our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Jake Allsbrook, is probably on his way home with a ton or more of gold. We notice the name and his great success in a current Klondike paper."

Jake crumpled the paper contemptuously. That explained the whole wretched business. Five minutes later he was in the presence of Judge Potter.

"There has been a mistake," he began grimly. "My Uncle John is not"—

The judge interrupted him blandly. It never occurred to him that there might be a mistake.

"Oh, tut, tut, boy! I see you have the paper. I hope you don't think a man of my position is influenced by a thing like that. Three o'clock, remember. And— Oh, yes, we are going to have a few friends in this evening and we wish you to join us. Mrs. Potter and Edith both desire it."

Jake murmured something and allowed the judge to bow him from the room. This was more stupendous than all the rest. He could grasp the magnitude of a few thousand dollars, but an invitation to the inner circle of social life, into the very heart of the social fortress, was incomprehensible.

But, in spite of his bewilderment, he found his way to Lawyer Blake's office and listened to another indignant protest against the aspersion of being influenced by a vulgar newspaper report. At last he retired, baffled, obliged to allow matters to take their course.

For many months the good people of the village looked for the coming of John Allsbrook and his millions in vain; but, long before they ceased looking, Jake Allsbrook had won the judge's daughter and was accounted one of the most prosperous men in all the north lake country.

Cattle King Miller.

In his "Gold Hunters of California" Thomas E. Farish tells some interesting anecdotes of the men of the early days.

Speaking of Henry Miller, a western cattle king, Mr. Farish says that none knew better than he the value of a reliable, efficient man. "Once, on one of his Kern county ranches, he had a foreman with whom he quarreled. The foreman said, 'If it were not that you are a smaller man than I, I would beat you half to death.' At this Miller threw off his coat and went for the man. The foreman succeeded in giving him a good trouncing, then demanded a settlement, which was made. That all over with, Miller apologized and hired the man over again, with an advance in wages. He knew he had a good man."

Another story of Miller: "I remember Miller once at Firebaugh's ferry, on the San Joaquin river, when he was buying so much land. It was at breakfast and a man called 'Hog' Johnson began to criticise Miller's purchases, when Miller turned to him and said: 'Hog, you knows dere iss more peoples born into de world effery year dan dies out of it, don't you?' 'Yes,' admitted Hog. 'Vell, dey all haf to lif off de land, and dere iss no more land borned effery year.'"

Kept His Word.

The day had been a heavy one for the Blankshire rifle volunteers. Under a sweltering sun they had marched till their feet blistered and they were weary in the extreme.

At last Private Hopkins "fell out."

"I won't walk another step," he declared.

"Come along, man!" cried his captain. "The invading force is known to be in the neighborhood, and you'll be captured if you stay behind."

But nothing would induce the valiant Hopkins to move another step; therefore the regiment went on without him.

They had barely passed out of view, however, before Private Hopkins was observed to be pounding after his comrades at a speed which would have done a professional athlete credit, a maddened bull close behind him evidently supplying the necessary motive for haste.

He reached them safely, the bull was headed off, and all was well.

"I thought you said you wouldn't walk another step?" remarked the captain.

"Great Scott!" cried Hopkins, mopping his fevered brow. "You don't call that walking, do you?"—Birmingham (England) Post.

An Unpolished Reflection.

John Philpot Curran, the eminent Irish barrister and orator, once met his match in a pert, jolly, keen eyed Paddy, who acted as hostler at a large stable and who was up as witness in a case of a horse buying dispute.

Curran much desired to break down the credibility of this witness and thought to do it by making the man contradict himself by tangling him up in a network of adroitly framed questions, but all to no avail. The hostler was a companion to Sam Weller. His good common sense and his equanimity and good nature were not to be overturned.

By and by Curran, in towering wrath, belched forth, as not another counsel would have dared to do in the presence of the court:

"Sirrah, you are incorrigible. The truth is not to be got from you, for it is not in you. I see the villain in your face."

"I' faith, yer honor," said the witness, with the utmost simplicity and truth and honesty, "my face must be moighty clane and shinin' indade if it can reflect like that."

Evidence.

A green subaltern who was smoking while on duty was reminded by a sentry who had seen many years' service that it was against the regulations to smoke near his post, and he advised the subaltern to throw his cigar away. He did so and went on his rounds. The soldier then picked up the cigar and was enjoying it quietly when the subaltern returned.

"Why, how is this?" he asked. "I thought no smoking was allowed near your post?"

"That's true," replied the sentry. "I'm merely keeping this alight for evidence against you in the morning."—Harper's Weekly.

Trout Warnings.

In discussing whether or not trout hear a correspondent of the Amateur Sportsman asserts that they do not. In his opinion their sensitiveness to approaching danger is due solely to the vibration of the earth along the stream and the consequent vibration of the water. Thus persons standing perfectly still are able to talk and laugh with impunity, when the slightest bodily movement of either will frighten the shy fish.

The Real Victims.

"Was anybody punished for Grafton's misdeeds?"

"Yes."

"I understood he was acquitted."

"He was, but the business men on the jury lost money and missed their meals."—Washington Star.

A Model Husband.

"Does your husband ever make you a promise and then break it?"

"Oh, yes. But Jack is so good! He is always more than willing to make me a new one."

Sorrow is a school of virtue. It corrects levity and interrupts the confidence of sinning.—Atterbury.

Descriptive.

Mabel, who was visiting in the country, was sent to the barn, where the hired man was shearing sheep, to look for her grandpa. She soon returned and said, "Him ain't out there; ain't nobody there but a man peelin' sheeps."—Chicago News.

TIGER HUNTING.

Luring the Fierce Animals by Imitating a Monkey.

To call a tiger the proceeding was as follows: The mikir, having first ascertained that a tiger was in the neighborhood, would climb into a well branched, leafy tree situated near where he supposed the tiger to be, and after hiding himself among the branches as best he could would commence to imitate the chattering of a monkey and break and drop twigs in the way that monkeys do.

Then he would let fall to the ground a bundle of rags weighted so that the thud when it struck the ground would sound as if a baby monkey had tumbled down from the tree, and at the same time would imitate the supposed baby monkey cries. This would be the supreme moment, for if a tiger were near it would often spring out in the hope of snapping up such a dainty morsel as a young monkey, and then a bullet from the gun of the hidden mikir might find its billet in the tiger's body. By this means the mikir was said to have killed a considerable number of tigers, and certainly the man's power of mimicry was wonderfully good.

The call for deer was of an entirely different nature, the sound imitated being the cry of a fawn, and as this cry sometimes attracted tigers, too, it had to be adopted with caution, because it was used only in open grass land, from which the caller would not have had much chance to escape were a tiger suddenly to put in an appearance.—London Field.

Floating Homesteads.

On all the great lakes of China are found floating islands, which are enormous rafts of bamboo, overlaid with earth and upholding above the surface of the water pretty houses and gardens. They are, in fact, aquatic farms, bearing crops of rice and vegetables. The rich bottom mud, utilized as an artificial soil, is extremely fertile and yields bountiful harvests, though on a small scale. In a country where there is such a lack of available land owing to the overplus of population these floating plantations are most serviceable, large sails being attached to the dwelling house as well as to each corner of the island whenever it is desired to move about. After gathering a crop of grain or garden truck from the surface of the lake the floating farmer casts his nets into the waters and from their depths brings up a supply of fish for his family.

Pets the Sailors' Joy.

Animal pets have ever been a great joy to the average sailor. There is hardly a ship afloat that does not carry one or more such little favorites to whom the crew are universally kind. More than this, there is frequently developed an attachment between men and animals that is seldom to be seen on shore, and the intelligence displayed by these animals often far exceeds the wonderful stories we sometimes see in print. On men-of-war there is probably more consideration shown the crew in this regard than on merchantmen; at all events you will find there many more ship's pets. It is by no means uncommon to see upon the same deck a dozen or more well trained animals of various kinds whose natural homes are separated by thousands of miles.—St. Nicholas.

Turning the Tables.

Pliny tells us that the phrase "turning the tables" arose from the extravagance of the Romans. In the time of Augustus men of wealth spent fabulous sums of money on tables of costly material, such as ivory, gold, silver, marble and highly prized woods, especially the citrus wood of Mount Atlas. These last were called tigrine, or pantherine, from the spotted appearance of the grain, as our birdseye maple takes its name. Cicero, a man of moderate means, gave nearly £9,000 for one. Hence when the gentlemen charged the ladies with extravagance in jewels, especially pearls, the ladies retorted on their lords by pointing to the vast sums spent on tables and thus literally "turned the tables" upon them.

An Odd Regiment.

In the fifties of the last century Mr. Leveson-Gower resided in St. Petersburg. He told this story: "Opposite to our house was drawn up a regiment called Paulovski, formed by the Emperor Paul, all the men having turned up noses and therefore resembling him. It seems it was the fashion here to compose regiments of men who have the same sort of features. The emperor had recruits sent to him and told them off according to their looks. What childishness! There is one regiment of men all marked with the smallpox. This Paulovski regiment did one thing which amused me. Just before the cortege came up they all blew their noses with their fingers at the word of command, and this was in order that none of them might sneeze when the emperor passed, as their doing so would bring him bad luck!"

An Ancient Tunnel.

Tunnels are no new things in history. The only known inscription in early Hebrew records that the conduit which conveys water from a spring to the pool of Siloam, on the west side of Jerusalem, was, like the Simplon tunnel, cut from both ends of the intervening ridge. But the Hebrew workers miscalculated, and while there should have been still three cubits (about five feet) to excavate they heard the voices of the workers in the other tunnel, as there was a deviation of the lines, which should have joined.

A Variation With a Big Difference.

"Yes, he used to be in the newspaper business, but he's studying for the ministry now. He says he decided that he couldn't be a reporter and save his soul."

"Indeed? I believe his old city editor put it differently. He says he couldn't be a reporter to save his soul."—Exchange.

Improving the Mountains.

The cockney who said he valued Switzerland for its mountain hair has a supporter in a writer in the Irish Independent, who remarks, "There are many mountains in the country now bare and desolate whose brows if whiskered with forests would present a striking appearance."—London Punch.

Wanted the Legal View.

"Of course you know how many minutes there are to an hour," said a lawyer to a witness in an English court.

"Well," said the witness after pondering for awhile, "let's hear your version of it."

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature and swings there as easily as a star.—Chapin.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 6.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xxxiv, 1-13—Memory Verses, 1-3—Golden Text, Eccl. xii, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In the conflict of the ages recorded in the Scriptures between God and the devil for man and man's dwelling place we see those who stand with God and for whom God works and those who stand with the devil against God. And so it shall go on until the great conflict of which we read in Rev. xix, 19-21, when the enemy shall be overthrown and the leader shut up in the bottomless pit for a thousand years and the earth shall enjoy a reign of righteousness and peace.

Josiah was one of the few who did right in the sight of the Lord and realized a fulfillment of II Chron. xvi, 9. He was one of seven in the Scriptures who were named before their birth by Him who knoweth all things and declareth the end from the beginning. Nearly 300 years before his birth he was named by God as one who on certain altars would burn men's bones, and he did. Compare I Kings xiii, 2, and II Kings xxiii, 16. Hezekiah excelled all others in the matter of "trusting in the Lord," but Josiah excelled in "turning to the Lord" (II Kings xviii, 5; xxiii, 25). To do right in the sight of the Lord without turning to the right hand or to the left and to please Him in all things is an attainment to which only one perfectly reached, but by His grace all believers might come much nearer to it if they desired it as much as Elisha desired that which he sought through Elijah the day that they were parted by a whirlwind.

Josiah began by getting himself right with God, for in his sixteenth year he sought the God of David, his father, evidently with the whole heartedness of Jer. xxix, 13. Paul's advice to Timothy was to first take heed to himself (I Tim. iv, 16), and our Lord taught us that if we would get the motes out of other people's eyes we must first get the beam out of our own eye (Matt. vii, 5). The first thing for each individual is a right relationship to God, and this can be obtained only by receiving His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and in Him the forgiveness of all our sins and a righteousness which makes us accepted in Him and gives us the standing of children and heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ (John i, 12; Eph. i, 6, 7; Rom. viii, 16, 17). This being established and we assured of it by the Spirit through the word, we are then as ambassadors of Christ authorized to move forward on behalf of the interests of His kingdom.

When Josiah was twenty, or in the twelfth year of his reign, he, being himself purified, began to purge Judah and Jerusalem from her idols and idolatry, doubtless remembering and obeying the Lord's words at the founding of the nation, "I am the Lord thy God; * * * thou shalt have no other gods before Me." When an individual or a nation has heard and seen Jehovah idols are no longer tolerated (Hos. xiv, 8). In II Kings xxiii, 1-14, there is a more full account of the cleansing of the land, and there we learn that it was preceded by Josiah's reading to the elders and to the people all the words of the book of the covenant which was found in the house of the Lord. It is the word of God that sanctifies and cleanses (John xvii, 17; Eph. v, 26; Ps. cxix, 11).

The burning of the bones of men upon the altars (verse 5) is more fully described in II Kings xxiii, 15-18, and when compared with the prophecy uttered nearly 300 years before, referred to earlier in this lesson, we cannot but be reminded of such words as Isa. xiv, 24; xlvi, 10; Ps. xxxiii, 10, 11. To know the purpose of God, "the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Eph. iii, 11), and to live in that purpose is the greatest of all honors conferred upon mortals, and it is open to all.

The last part of our lesson tells of Josiah's efforts to repair the temple and to undo the harm which had been done by other kings of Judah (verse 11), for though Manasseh endeavored to undo some of his great wrongdoing his son Amon walked in his first ways and trespassed more and more (chapter xxxiii). The tabernacle first, then the temple, was the center of Israel as a nation, for there God dwelt in their midst (Ex. xxv, 8), and the neglect of God's dwelling place meant the neglect of God Himself. Read the first chapter of Haggai and see what God thought of their neglect of His house after their return from Babylon and how He dealt with them because of it. When our Lord was on earth the temple building was in good condition, but the worship therein was hypocrisy, and they had introduced business into its courts, so that at the beginning and end of His ministry He cleansed the temple. The majority of people either wholly neglect God or render Him a formal worship, which is worse than none at all, for He seeketh those to worship Him who will worship Him in spirit and in truth. Believers are the temples of the Holy Spirit, mansions in which Father, Son and Spirit dwell (John xiv, 17, 23; I Cor. vi, 19, 20), and if we would know the power of God in and through us we must be willing to be undefiled by the world (Ps. cxix, 1).

In verse 12 of our lesson we note that the men did the work faithfully, reminding us of our Lord's words, "Who, then, is a faithful and wise servant?" (Matt. xxiv, 45) and I Cor. iv, 2, "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." It also calls to mind the warning in Jer. xlviii, 10, "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully or negligently." The eyes of the Lord are ever looking for the faithful.

Why the Mystery Tale Succeeds.

The mystery element enters to a greater or less degree into fiction of every kind. Indeed, it is the base of all literary interest. Primarily we read a story "to see how it comes out," and, other things being equal, the story in which the element of suspense by deft construction and subtle shaping is most successfully maintained will be the most universally satisfying and popular. The mystery tale of today is a story in which the element of suspense is deliberately enlarged and emphasized until it dominates every other consideration in the story. Characterization, atmosphere, emotional values—all become subordinated to the great business of plot development. The marshaling of incident, the succession of climaxes in crescendo order, the cumulative sweep of the narrative while the secret of the outcome is carefully withheld, is the affair here. Like a periodic sentence of titanic size, the tale is unrolled until with the concluding paragraphs the meaning of all that has gone before is made clear.—Lee F. Hartman in Harper's Weekly.

A Loyal Mummy

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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"Well, all I've got to say is don't get fresh and mix in where you're not wanted, Peggie."

"But I want to," returned Peggie serenely. "She treats him terribly, this summer worse than all, and it's the third summer. If some one doesn't interfere it may go on forever. And he's a splendid boy."

"Better than me?"

"Well," said Peggie kindly, "every one is a type unto himself. I don't think your type clashes with Hadleigh's."

"You darling"—

"Not on the veranda, Billie."

"We're engaged."

"I don't care if we're engaged a hundred times; you can't grab me like that on a hotel veranda in broad daylight."

"There you go. You take up Hadleigh and his troubles and never consider for an instant the way you treat me. We've been engaged four years"—

"Not all the time. Six times separately."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're as bad as Betty Wayne, and yet you turn around and sympathize with Hadleigh. Sympathize with me."

"I won't. And I'm not as bad as Betty. It's ever so much better being engaged six times separately to one than it is six times separately to six, isn't it?"

Billie took refuge in moody silence in the hammock. Through its meshes he could get a good view of the figure seated on the veranda railing. It was a lissome, girlish figure in pongee and turquoise blue, and he shut one eye contentedly to get the full effect of it against the background of blue sky and sea.

"Betty really thinks the world of him, only she doesn't know it," Peggie announced suddenly after some reflection. "And he considers her so perfectly hopeless that he doesn't dare do a thing but trot around after her like a pet mummy"—

"Mummies can't trot."

"Well, I don't care! He trots around as one would trot if it could trot. Billie Ballister, if you treated me like that I'd never marry you in this world."

"Do you think you ever will?"

"Some day," said Peggie hopefully. "All Hadleigh needs is appreciation. He's tagged around after Betty so long that no other girl will look at him."

"Don't appreciate too strenuously. Hadleigh might not see the point."

"Oh, no, he won't." Peggie's scorn rose superior to discretion. "If I treated you like a stray telegraph pole all the time or a C. O. D. express package to be held till called for, wouldn't you see the point if some other girl took you up and delicately and diplomatically intimated to you that you were altogether just right?"

"I wish I had the chance," said Billie gloomily. "What do I do while you're delicately and diplomatically intimating to Hadleigh?"

"Glower," retorted Peggie sweetly; "stalk and glower and look jealous. Then we'll make up and be engaged for the seventh time. Anyway, Hadleigh won't make love to me. I shall merely act as a diversion for the good of the cause."

It was three weeks later that the diversion ceased. It had been a most successful diversion. Even Billie in his desolation admitted that. So did Hadleigh. From being an engaged nonentity he suddenly became featured on the bill, as Peggie would say. There were handsomer girls at Pineta Point, but there was none quite so winsome and lovable and characteristic of the place as Peggie, and when she undertook the act of delicate and diplomatic intimation she did it thoroughly.

The first week Betty Wayne was amused. The second she flatly declined going in the same coaching party with the two. The third she sent Hadleigh back his ring. And Hadleigh accepted condolences gracefully and pensively and became the steady convoy of Peggie's pink parasol in its wanderings around Pineta Point.

Peggie was happy. Every night she assured Billie things were going splendidly. Hadleigh did take so easily to education. He did not flinch a particle when his ring came back. And Billie said nothing.

The day after the return of the ring the pink parasol took its way up on the bluff overlooking the bay.

"Let's sit here," its owner said to Hadleigh. "I like to watch the fort and the islands. There's Billie Ballister's yacht out there, the Peggie O."

"Named for you, isn't it?"

"It was—last summer."

Hadleigh laughed shortly.

"A new name every summer. It will be the Betty W. soon."

Peggie looked down at him with hurt, surprised eyes.

"Billie will never change the name of that boat," she said, with dignity.

"He painted it out yesterday," Hadleigh answered. "I thought you knew."

"Knew what?"

"Betty only broke her engagement with me for the sake of Ballister. She is out there with him now."

"Out there with Billie!" Peggie rose to her feet. She dared not look at Hadleigh. The pink parasol shielded her from his gaze as she looked out at the Peggie O. "I want to go back to the hotel."

"Peggie"—Hadleigh's voice was more desperate than tender—"I thought you and Ballister were engaged. Did you quarrel too?"

There was no answer.

"If those two come back and Betty wears his ring"— He stopped and moved the pink parasol screen aside. "Peggie, let's be first in this game of choosing partners. Let's"—

Peggie caught her breath and turned her back on the yacht.

"Hadleigh, don't you know I haven't cared for you one bit—not that way? I was sorry for you because Betty treated you like a pet mummy, and you hadn't the courage to rebel. I thought if some one else made the mummy show signs of life she would prize him, but she didn't."

Hadleigh watched the tears in the blue eyes, and the grace of understanding fell on him.

"It was Billie," he said.

Peggie smiled back at him bravely.

"It was all my fault. I interfered. I never thought Billie would mind, and I never dreamed you would be serious. There's only Betty really, isn't there?"

"Only Betty," said Hadleigh sadly.

"Then be a loyal mummy. It's something, you know, even to be loyal when no one cares whether you are or not."

A long whistle came up the bluff path. For a second Peggie hesitated, then she answered it, and the form of Billie appeared over a ledge of rock.

"Hello!" he called. "Betty Wayne wants you, Hadleigh. Rustic seat over near the spring. Said she'd wait three minutes and no longer. I've done the best I could for you."

When Hadleigh had disappeared, Peggie looked up at the figure on the ledge of rock.

"Did she really send?"

"No, she didn't," retorted Billie, happily, "but she'll be glad to see him, all the same. Peggie, for the seventh time"—

"Who's out in the yacht?" asked Peggie severely.

"Betty's brother and my little brother and your little brother. A bunch of angel kids, and they'll get a bully good ducking if they don't ease her up a bit. See her list?"

Peggie sighed as the figure from the rocks slipped down beside her.

"You dear," she said. "You're a loyal mummy, too."

20 REASONS

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Base of Mark Twain's Fortune.

Mark Twain said that in his earlier days he did not enjoy the exceptional prosperity which came later in his career. It is commonly the lot of genius to suffer neglect at first, and experience did not affect his abiding good nature. In a conversation with William Dean Howells on one occasion the subject of literature vicissitudes was broached by the humorist.

"My difficulties taught me some thrift," he observed, "but I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astounded," observed Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision should meet with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain nodded very gravely.

"Indecision about spending money," he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last nickel I kept it and so became rich."—Success Magazine.

Result of Presentiment.

"Tony," said a moody British officer to his soldier servant, "something tells me that I shall never come back from this war alive. I seem to have a sort of presentiment that way."

"Then tak' no heed of it, sir," responded the servant. "Them theer presintiments is frauds. A cousin o' mine had one once, and it treated him real shabby. It was just like the one that's a-troublin' you now, sir. He felt sure that he'd be kilt out in Egypt, so he divided his savings between his sweetheart and his bosom chum and went out to be shot, but never a scratch did he get all the time, though he tried his level best to manage it."

"And what happened when he at length returned, Tony? Did those two give him back the money?"

"Not a farden, sir. They'd been and got spliced while he was away and they'd set up housekeepin' on it."—London Answers.

Something About Pie.

Usage alone must decide the issue between pie and tart. Philology, at any rate, draws no clear distinction. It only traces back "tart" to the Latin "tortus," twisted, the pastry being the twisted part, of course, while it is very doubtful about "pie." On the whole, Skeat's conjecture that this expresses the miscellaneous nature of the contents is persuasive. All the "pies" seem to go back to the original one, the magpie—in Latin "pica"—from whose black and white aspect come "pied" and "piebald." The old ordinal or service book was called "pica," or "pie," because of the appearance of the black letter type on the white page, and the edible pie, having equally mixed contents, may have been christened after this by mediaeval humor. Printers' language retains both "pica" for a kind of type and "pie" for type all jumbled up.—London Chronicle.

His Weak Point.

A man was killed by a circular saw, and in his obituary notice it was stated that he was "a good citizen, an upright man, and an ardent patriot, but of limited information regarding circular saws."

Gave the Bride Away.

Stella—Who gave the bride away—her father? Bella—No, her little brother. During the ceremony he told everything he knew about her.

Let us watch our beginnings and results will manage themselves.—Clark.

Japanese Painting.

The Japanese, with their natural, unsophisticated view of life, have ever sought in their art to mirror what a great painter and critic has termed "men's primordial predilections." Art, however, that seeks to embody pleasures founded on the unchanging properties of human nature must have a past as well as a future, must be able to look backward as well as forward. Not one's life labor, but that of many generations, is required. No people have better understood this than the Japanese. They have also clearly perceived that no art that is not true to the changeless element in man can endure, while, on the other hand, any subject, however trivial, can be made eternally attractive if only treated in accordance with aesthetic law.

Japanese painting delights us by its delicate fancy, its poetry, its freedom, its spirit, but what gives these qualities special and enduring charm, what makes the play of fancy never wearisome, the liberty never mere license, is that they find expression in and through a framework of design so finely conceived that in it we see reflected as in a mirror the fundamental principles which govern all true art.—W. M. Cabot in Atlantic.

Power of Fashion.

Though we can neither tell whence fashion comes, nor how, nor what it will do next, nor why it was yesterday one thing, today is something else and tomorrow will be different, nor why it always has been, is now and probably always will be obeyed, it moves steadily forward into that realm of common sense where beauty and utility blend in perfect harmony and ever keeps step with the progress of civilization and culture. No garment can please the man of refined and cultivated taste, however correct it may be in fit, however well it may be tailored or however excellent the materials may be of which it is made, unless it is fashionable, even though it violates no law of art and of itself is a thing of beauty, for without that indescribable something that only fashion can give it is like a flower without fragrance or a tune without music.—Sartorial Art Journal.

Two Tales of Macready.

It is not always well to strut and fret one's little hour upon the stage too realistically. Macready, who threw himself into his acting heart and soul, used to tell funny stories about the effect of his easy, colloquial manner upon the players collected for his company in small provincial towns. Once in the play of "William Tell" he turned to one of these stupid rustics and put the question, "Do you shoot?" so naturally that the man was quite thrown off his guard, and, to his horror, replied, "A little, sir, but I've never had a go with one of them crossbows." Another time in "Virginius" he asked, "Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in, or will you do so?" only to be greeted unexpectedly by the actor who played Icilius with, "Why, really, sir, I don't care; just as you do it in London."

Sennit.

In Polynesia and the Pacific islands generally the outer husk of the cocoa nut is braided into strands of uniform texture, known to the natives as sennit and used by them for a variety of purposes. The framework of their houses is held together by braided sennit, and the strakes of their boats are united by it. It is the staple from which string is made to bind the adze blade to its handle and to tie the different parts of their implements securely together. In short, whatever things are nailed or screwed or pegged or glued in other lands are tied together with sennit by the south sea islander.

One Legged Dinner Party.

A certain gentleman, the possessor of a cork leg, living in one of the London suburbs annually gives a dinner to a dozen owners of a like substitute. In the center of the table are grouped four crutches, around which twine festoons of flowers; miniature legs in ivory compose the handles of the knives and forks, while the piece de resistance is invariably a magnificent turkey that has been deprived of a leg before being brought to table.

Earnings.

Office Boy—W'y, cert, I want more pay. I'm only getting "four" a week and give my mother all I earn. Proprietor—What do you do with the other three and a half?—Puck.

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Diplomat and Philosopher.

A story is told in Paris of a diplomatist who represented a South American republic a few years ago. There had been so many revolutions at home that the financiers there had no time to send him his salary, but he took this misfortune philosophically, sold all the furniture of the legation except a bed, a table and some chairs and occupied one room with his principal attache, who cooked the meals. Any one who called early on the minister would probably find him cleaning the boots. "What would you have?" he would say, waving a boot expressively. "My poor country is in another crisis and has forgotten us again, but when I go back I shall make a revolution and appoint myself president. Then we shall have our reward for all this self denial."

A Domestic Tragedy.

Divorces are frequently pronounced in America on the ground of incompatibility of temper. In England we do not go so far as that, but I have just heard of a case where an old family servant who married the gardener separated from her husband on exceedingly slight grounds. She said that he would insist on the glasses being turned upside down on the sideboard and that there should be antimacassars on the dining room chairs. And so, as they could not agree, the unhappy pair separated. — London News.

A Friendly Suggestion.

An old man in a Scotch village had a big eight day clock which needed repair, so he took it on his back to carry it to the watchmaker's. As he went along the village street an acquaintance met him, glanced at him and passed on. After he had got about fifty yards away his friend called out to him, "Hi!" Back went the old man laboriously to where the other stood. "Man," said his friend, "would it not be far handier if ye carried a watch?"

A Little Tale From Fairyland.

"Just by way of experiment," said the first fairy, "I appeared to ten men at random and asked them to make a wish, and seven of them wanted to know how to play the races."

"Ah!" said the other elf. "Only seven? But, I presume, the others thought they knew."—Punch.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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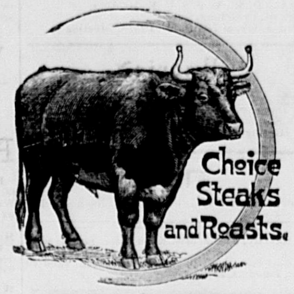

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

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13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

HIS SOCIAL EXPERIMENT

By Willard Wall Wheeler

Copyright, 1905, by W. W. Wheeler

"Well, that spoils the evening for me," observed Strong gloomily, fingering a note which said that the grip would prevent a certain young lady from attending the opera that night. "Sorry Gladys is sick. No; confound it if I am! These eleventh hour excuses are getting too frequent. I won't stand for it. I wonder if Elizabeth Miller will go," he mused, continuing his dressing. "No; I'll stay at home tonight. What right has a girl to make a fellow miserable anyhow? I—come in."

"And here's your mendin', Mr. Howard," said the young woman who entered. She addressed him according to a custom in his family before the death of his parents had driven him into an apartment house, where he had found a position for the faithful servant.

"Thank you, Mary," said Strong without pausing in his wrestling bout with a collar button. "Mary, I have a couple of extra tickets for the theater tonight. Can't you get Pat to take you?"

"It's always Pat you're a-teazin' me about, Mr. Howard, and there ain't a Pat—not for me. I ain't pretty enough, and, then, I'm thirty-five. Sure, it's many a year since I've seen a theater. All our money goes to the doctor. I'd have to go alone."

"No, Mary; you must not be neglected in that fashion," he said, turning abruptly from the mirror. "Let me be Pat tonight."

"Oh, Mr. Howard, I couldn't—it wouldn't—no, sir. Oh, Mr. Howard, it's jokin' you are, after all," she exclaimed as a smile spread over his face.

"No, Mary, I never was more serious in my life. I am going to give you, Mary McGinnis, the best time of your life. Put on your best bonnet and be ready by a quarter to 8. You live at"—

"On Third avenue, 2736, back, three flights up. But, Mr. Howard"—

"No excuses, Mary. Now goodby, or we'll both be late."

Throughout dinner at the club that night Strong's face repeatedly relaxed at the oddity of his experiment. Its unconventionality did not worry him for the wealth and social position of the Strongs put him beyond the sting of criticism.

"Opera tonight, Strong?" drawled young Castlewood, whom he particularly disliked, dropping into a vacant seat.

"No; had planned to surprise Gladys Hastings with that new play—Manton's—for a change, but she's sick However"—

"Well, you needn't waste any time asking Elizabeth Miller," laughed Castlewood, "for I'm going to take her myself."

"Oh, don't worry," replied Strong nettled.

"No offense, old man; knew you were inclined in that direction, though between two fires at present. But, by the way," he added, aiming a parting thrust, "I hear that Count de Migny arrived here today en route for San Francisco. Guess you've heard Gladys speak of him. Keep your eye on him. He's a clever chap."

"Smooth might better describe him. I know absolutely that he's bogus," replied Strong.

"Oh, have it your way," drawled Castlewood, departing. Strong was between two fires, and, knowing it, resented all the more these insinuations. Which disturbed him more, the thought of Castlewood's recent marked attention to Elizabeth or the arrival of the count, he could not determine.

At first Mary was ill at ease that night with Strong, the luxurious carriage, his evening dress and polished manners being strange to her, but his geniality soon put her at ease. On the way he stopped at a florist's.

"These violets are for you, Mary, and the roses for another nice young lady who is ill," he explained.

"Thanks, Mr. Howard, and it's the lady with the beautiful eyes that is sick? Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, she has beautiful eyes, Mary, but where did you see her?"

"At the tea you gave in your apartments last year. She thinks everything of you, Mr. Howard. I could see that plain, and if she grows up to be as fine looking as her mother, why, you'll—you'll"—

"But her mother was not there," he said, coming to her rescue.

"Oh, yes, she kept saying Elizabeth this and Elizabeth that. She"—

"But I'm not talking about Elizabeth. These flowers are for Miss Hastings, the girl with the heavy auburn hair," replied Strong, amused.

"Oh, I remember her," she said disappointedly. "I'm so sorry. I thought it was—I mean—oh, I don't know what I mean. I'm an old goose, Mr. Howard," she finally exclaimed, much distressed.

They were now at the Hastingses, where Strong had ordered the coachman to stop.

"How is Miss Hastings?" Strong inquired at the door.

"Why—why— Oh, she's better," replied the well drilled man, recovering himself. Strong left the flowers and returned to the carriage with strange misgivings.

Strong did not heed the many wondering glances his friends cast in his direction that night, for he was doing his best to make it a red letter occasion for Mary. Moreover, he was having a heart to heart talk with himself, in which two young women prominently figured. What Mary said and did in a situation new to her is another story, but when it was over she sighed as if waking from a beautiful dream.

"Hello, Strong! Got her, after all, I see," came to his ears as they were entering the foyer. Turning, he saw Castlewood with Elizabeth Miller.

"How are you, Elizabeth?" he inquired. "Miss Miller, let me present Miss McGinnis, and Mr. Castlewood—Miss McGinnis." Castlewood, gazing in wonder, forgot to bow, but Elizabeth greeted Mary cordially. It was a friend of Strong. That was sufficient for her. Soon they passed on.

"Oh, Mr. Howard! That's the girl with the beautiful eyes," exclaimed Mary. "Ain't she handsome though! And you don't care—you"—

"I have not said I didn't care, Mary," he said simply, but earnestly.

"And, oh, Mr. Howard, there is the girl with the auburn hair, too!" she interrupted. "Why, I thought she was the sick one."

"Gladys Hastings," involuntarily came to his lips as he followed Mary's gaze. In a moment he was opposite her and their eyes had met.

"Oh, Howard—I—I—I thought we—I thought you were going to the opera!" she exclaimed in confusion. "You see, the count came, and I was so much better I couldn't disappoint him, as he is here in New York only for one evening. But, pardon—let me present Mr. Strong—Count de Migny." And then her eyes wandered haughtily to Mary.

"And let me introduce the Duchess of Kilkenny—Miss Hastings and Count de Migny," said Strong gravely, though smiling inwardly. The count's French manners brought forth a low bow, while Gladys scarcely nodded.

"And wasn't that the girl?" asked the mystified Mary when they were in the carriage.

"Yes," Strong replied, but he was silent for a long time.

"She was so uppish to me," Mary finally ventured, "while Miss Miller treated me as if I was a real lady."

"And you are, Mary—a thousand times the lady that some one thinks she is," he said seriously.

"But why did you call me duchess?"

"That was a little joke on the bogus count," he replied, his face relaxing. "That will make both of them think a bit. But here we are at your home. And you say your father is too ill to work, and you support the family? Well, you are a noble girl, and I don't half appreciate the way you look after me and my apartments," he said as he assisted her from the carriage and slipped a fifty dollar bill into her hand.

"Thanks, Mr. Howard," she said gratefully, thinking it was her monthly tip of $5. "This will help father a lot. Mr. Howard, you've given me the best time I ever had. I"—

"Tut, tut, Mary. It's been a selfish pleasure for me, I fear. I took you as an experiment, and a lucky one it's proved. You have helped to open my eyes to the true woman—the woman of my heart. I can never forget that. Good night."

They Commenced.

An Irishman on being made foreman of a gang of laborers wished to show his authority to those under him on the first morning of his promotion.

"Now, look here, boys," said he, "when I say 'Commince' you have all to commince, and them that don't commince when I say commince won't commince. So commince."—London Standard.

Poor Instruction.

"Did Jones make much money giving memory lessons?" asked Mr. Dobbs, and his friend explained, says London Modern Society, the reason why Jones' business was not a success.

"No," was the reply. "Most of his students forgot to pay him."

ROMAN DICE THROWING.

Devices Used to Prevent Fraud In the Days of the Caesars.

The number of dice used was three, being marked with a minimum of one and a maximum of six spots. The most fortunate throw, called venereus by Cicero and basilicus by Plautus, was when the dice showed three seniones, or eighteen spots. The gravity of the losses depended naturally upon the amount of money at stake and the fines that were paid when the dice showed one or more aces.

It is difficult to explain what skill had to do with such a game. Still Isidore describes how inveterate gamblers could succeed in throwing the six and in avoiding the unit. In a graffito at Pompeii an honest player congratulates himself for having gained a good sum of money without fraud. Plautus dwells on these dishonest practices, to avoid which several instruments were invented, such as the horn and the fritillus.

It seems, however, that these instruments did not always fulfill their purpose. A third one was consequently invented in the shape of a tower, with a spiral staircase inside and a funnel on top. The dice, shaken first in the horn or in the fritillus, were thrown into the funnel and rolled down the spiral staircase until they landed on the table. Such precautions rendered cheating almost impossible.

INK THAT LIVES.

The Indelible Writing Fluid Used by the Old Irish Monks.

It is impossible to read the most ancient histories of the Irish saints without noticing how large a part books play in their lives.

In the library some cut the sheets of parchment or even sewed together in the neatest way the old shreds, for the monk must not waste the gifts of God, especially when they are rare and dear. They polished it on one side until it was smooth and laid it near the scribe. Others prepared the peculiar thick inks of the Irish writers, very much like varnish, in different colors. The red was the most beautiful, and after 1,000 years it yet shines as the day it was first used. It was got from a kind of cockles collected on the seashore. Then there were black and green and golden inks, used in various thicknesses by the illuminators and the artists in miniature.

All these inks will resist chemicals that corrode iron. The ink was placed in thin conic glasses attached either to the side of the desk or to the chair, sometimes to the girdle of the writer, often fixed to the end of a pointed stick placed upright in the ground. It is owing to this peculiar skill in making ink that so many of the old Irish manuscripts have come down to us.—London Answers.

MISSING PERSONS.

Thousands Yearly Disappear and Are Never Heard From.

More than 5,000 persons annually disappear in the United States and are never heard from again. At first blush the assertion seems incredible, but police statistics furnish confirmation. The actual figures, based on a conservative calculation, are even more alarming than those given.

The tragedies of real life hidden within these peculiar cases, if they could but be brought to light, would rival many of the novels penned by the world's greatest writers. No subject that can be imagined has such weird fascination as that of the thousands and thousands who have gone down this grand canyon of oblivion.

It would be possible to fill many pages with the absorbing stories of these curious cases, but nearly every reader of the newspapers, whether he lives in village, town or city, is probably acquainted with some instance of the kind concerning either friend or relative. Men and women who have lost all they treasured most in life in this manner go about vacantly, numbly, ever waiting for the return of the missing one—a dream that never comes true.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Trousers In England.

Strange though it may appear to the present generation, it seems that trousers when first introduced into England were regarded as anything but a mark of respectability. In the original trust deed, drawn up in 1820, of Bethel chapel, Cambridge street, Sheffield, there was a clause containing the following prohibition: "Under no circumstances whatever shall any preacher be allowed to occupy the pulpit who wears trousers." It is scarcely necessary to add that knee breeches and gaiters were then the correct attire.

A Flier.

"What's the reason you are so late?" demanded Mrs. Suburban.

"Well, you see," explained her bemuddled husband, "the train I came in on went so fearfully fast that we skipped several towns and had to go back after them!"—Detroit Free Press.

His Enviable Position.

"Are you in any way related to the nobility, Mr. Goldwaller?" inquired the reporter.

"Nope!" replied the rectangular but eminently astute old millionaire. "You see, all my children are boys."—Puck.

Our Flexible Language.

"Pa, what does it mean when you say that one man completely overshadows another?"

"Why—it means that he outshines him."

"Oh!"—Cleveland Leader.

Mean.

First Fair One—How dreadful it is to have a skeleton in the family! Second Fair One—I know, dear. Have you ever tried exercise?

A Bishop's Pun.

Henry Niles Pierce, Episcopal bishop of Arkansas, was as inveterate and clever a punster as the noted English divine, Sydney Smith. On one occasion a lady in expressing her admiration of his erudition exclaimed:

"Why, bishop, you are a perfect ocean of learning."

"No, madam," was the modest rejoinder, "I'm only a part of the see of Arkansas."

THE SACRED BO TREE.

One of the Most Wonderful Natural Growths Ever Known.

In October, 1887, the sacred bo tree, at that time supposed to be the oldest living vegetable monument on the earth's surface, was uprooted and destroyed by a cyclone which swept over the island of Ceylon. The oldest written description of the sacred bo tree now in existence is that by the celebrated Chinese historian, Fa Hian, who visited the island and the sacred tree in the year 414 A. D. According to this learned Chinaman, the tree was at that time 702 years old, having been planted in the year 288 before our era by King Devinipiatissa.

As soon as it was known throughout the island that the tree had been destroyed by the fury of the elements great crowds of mourners gathered around its "sacred remains" and held regular funeral services for two or three weeks. After the season of mourning was over the tree was cut into proper lengths, each piece wrapped separately in white cloth and cremated with the same funeral rites which would have been given a member of the royal family.

So perished the sacred bo tree, one of the most wonderful natural growths known to the world—a tree which had been worshiped daily, one might almost say hourly, for 2,175 years.

THE CHOICE OF MATES.

Artificial Matrimonial Selection Has Given Poor Results.

No one knows what type will be the best for survival in an unknown future environment. We often see the extinction of families of parents whom any physician would have pronounced ideal, but their children lacked resistance to the invasion of pathogenic organisms or there was some other defect which made them easy targets for climatic causes of physical decay.

On the other hand, we quite often find that parents below par physically have fine families. The curious unions which take place must be the result of laws such as we find in every biologic phenomenon. Man has the same instinct found in lower animals to select a mate who is more or less different from himself.

Should like types mate, their common characteristics may be so exaggerated as to be harmful and the line perish. It is an instinct of those of great intelligence to marry those of less than the average, for the offspring revert to the better average. It is very evident that if we try to improve the race intellectually by the marriage of like types we will violate the natural law upon which our existence is based. Artificial matrimonial selection has been tried, though the results were disastrous.—American Medicine.

HIS "KINGSMAN."

The Silk Neckerchief Worn by the London Costermonger.

Speaking of London costermongers, Mayhew says: "The man who does not wear his silk neckerchief—his 'kingsman,' as it is called—is known to be in desperate circumstances." The neckerchief is more prized than any other item of his attire and a coster's caste is at stake if his kingsman be not of the most approved pattern.

This habit is derived from the gypsies and doubtless dates from some long forgotten oriental custom. It is very curious that a taste for similar colors prevails among the Hindoos, gypsies and costermongers. Red and yellow are the favorite colors and the oldest. Of these, the coster chooses his plush waistcoat and his kingsman, the gypsy his breeches and his wife her shawl and gown; the Hindoo his robe and turban. If a fight occurs, the favorite colored article of dress receives the greatest care. The pugilistic coster ties his kingsman round his waist or his leg, where, by the rule of the ring, it is comparatively safe.—London Telegraph.

The Origin of Grocer.

Grocer appears in Holinshed's Chronicle, 1580, as "grosser," and in other mediaeval records it is sometimes written "engrosser," and was applied to the spicers and pepperers who were wholesale dealers in various spices—that is, who dealt en gros—in large quantities, as distinguished from "regrators," who were retail dealers. The Grocers' company first adopted the word grocer in 1373, when the spicers and pepperers allied themselves into a single corporation.—London Express.

Bad Writer With a Good Memory.

Harvey Waters, an expert on patent cases, had occasion to write Rufus Choate on some important question, and when he received the reply was unable to read a word of it, so took the missive to Mr. Choate and asked him what he had written. Mr. Choate replied: "I never can read my writing after the ink is dry, but if you tell me what it is about I will tell you what I have written." And he did.

Weak Lungs Bronchitis

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

"I had an awful cough for over a year, and nothing seemed to do me any good. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was soon cured. I recommend it to all my friends whenever they have a cough."—MISS M. MEYERS, Washington, D. C.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

Ayer's Pills keep the bowels regular. All vegetable and gently laxative.

WHAT SHE PLAYED.

The Last Music That Theodore Thomas Heard on Earth.

During the last illness of Theodore Thomas, although he was not at any time unconscious or delirious, he hardly noticed the members of his family as they came and went at the bedside. But one morning he seemed to be better.

He made little jokes with the doctors and his sons and talked about his White mountain home. At 12 o'clock he seemed tired. The editor of his autobiography says that he sank into a dreamy state, and then roused himself to say to his wife in a lingering, ecstatic voice:

"I have had a beautiful vision—a beautiful vision!"

Then he drifted off into silence.

His wife thought he was tired and went downstairs to luncheon, but chiefly with the purpose of leaving him to rest. He had given her a chime of bells, to be used in summoning the family to meals, and because of his illness they had never been rung in the house. Now, because he seemed so much better, she played on them a little bugle call that came into her head.

"Do you know what you have played?" asked one of the family. "Taps—the call that is sounded over the graves of dead soldiers."

She rushed back to the bells and played the call engraved on a metal plate above them. Afterward she found that this was reveille, the soldier's signal to rise.

So it had chanced that the last music Theodore Thomas heard on earth had been symbolic of death and the resurrection.—Youth's Companion.

THE DAINTY WASP.

Apparatus With Which He Makes His Complicated Toilet.

"Wasps are exceedingly dainty in their habits," says a writer in the Pilgrim, "and, in order that they may gratify their instinct for neatness to the utmost, nature has provided them with a set of marvelously delicate combs and brushes. If we look closely at the wasp's legs we will find that each bears on its outermost long joint two small, movable spines, known as the apical spurs, and if we examine these with a magnifying glass each is seen to be provided with a row of fine teeth, so that the apparatus answers for a coarse and fine toothed comb.

"The tidying up process consists of various perfectly definite steps, usually taking place in a particular sequence. First, it passes both front legs over the face from above downward, and after repeating this movement several times draws them through the jaws. This is to remove any foreign substance which may have collected on them. The legs are then passed backward from the forehead, much as we should smooth back our hair. The wings are then stroked again and again from the base to the tip, although the most careful observer would fail to detect anything upon them. The abdomen is next carefully stroked from base to tip until every hair points in the right direction and a gloss as fine as satin is attained. Last of all, each of the six legs, in turn, is laboriously drawn between two of its fellows, so the wasp is once more ready to face its world."

A Story of Washington.

George Washington's head gardener was from some European kingdom, where he had worked in the royal grounds. But coming to America he left his wife behind. Homesickness for his "gude" woman's face soon began to prey on him, and Washington noticed the anxious eye and drooping spirits of his servant. Finally the man went down to the river and declared his intention of shipping to the old country, when who should come up and lean over the side of a newly arrived vessel but his wife. The kind hearted general had secretly sent for the woman, and she fortunately surprised her loving husband in one of his fits of despondency.

A Startled Guest.

Mme. Patti took elaborate precautions against burglars at Craig-y-Nos, her castle in Wales. A guest there who was spending a sleepless night rose before dawn to open his bedroom window. Immediately there was a violent ringing of bells in different parts of the castle. The visitor made his way downstairs, only to find himself in imminent danger of being lacerated by a whole troop of snapping and snarling dogs. It turned out that he had unwittingly set the diva's patent burglar traps going, the dogs being released from their chains by an electric connection with the window.

Cats' Eyes.

What is the correct color for cats' eyes as related to the color of the cats? is the question which has been answered as follows: A black cat or one known as a "blue" cat should have amber or orange eyes. White cats must have blue eyes, chinchillas green, though orange are permissible; orange, cream or fawn cats must have orange or hazel eyes; smokes, orange eyes.

Belated Advice.

"That coat looks shabby," remarked Hicks to his intimate friend, the poet. "Why don't you have it turned?"

"Do you think this coat has three sides?" asked the impecunious one sadly. And nothing more was said on the subject.

Patriotic.

"That horrid Uxorly has married again?"

"Yes, and he's awfully fond of his latest wife. He says she's his glorious fourth."—Chicago Tribune.

The haughty are always the victims of their own rash conclusions.—Le Sage.

Asking Too Much.

He With the Whiskers—Say, feller, why don't you wear two glasses instead of only one? He With the Monocle—Why, deuce take it, y' know, a fellah has to see, doesn't he?—Cleveland Leader.

Never be grandiloquent when you want to drive home the truth. Don't whip with a switch that has the leaves on it if you want to tingle.—Beecher.

The Dog Has No Mechanics.

In no well attested case has a dog shown any sense as to the nature of any mechanical contrivance. Dogs will learn which way a door opens, and rarely if ever do they undiscerningly close it when it is slightly ajar when they wish to pass through the opening, but I have never been able to observe or obtain evidence to show that they would pull down the latch in the way in which a cat readily learns to do. Much as dogs have had to do with guns, they display no kind of interest in the arms except so far as they are tokens of sport to come. They connect the explosion with the capture of the game and will search for it in the direction in which the barrel was pointed. I have not, however, been able to find that they know, as they might readily do, when the weapon was loaded and when empty. They show no interest in it, such as monkeys readily display toward any mechanical contrivance to which their attention has been directed. All these negative features indicate that the mechanical side of the canine mind is entirely undeveloped.—London Standard.

Men Who Make Clubs.

As to social clubs of men, there are two classes of members—the positive and the negative. In an organization of a thousand members you will find, probably, nine hundred and ninety-nine negatives and one positive. This one positive is seldom the president, but nearly always the treasurer or secretary. It is he who regards the club as his home, his family, his wife and children. His whole heart is wrapped up in its success. He brings in the new members and is always on hand to shoulder burdens which the negatives willingly impose upon him. He never rebels, never protests, never complains. A club is a community of selfish interests, as a rule, and every selfish negative agrees with every other selfish negative that such and such a man is the ideal secretary, treasurer or manager. A good secretary or treasurer is seldom promoted; he is too useful.—New York Press.

One of the Cluster.

A man is but a cluster on the great human grapevine. He begins to dry up the moment he is cut off from his fellows. There is something in the solidarity of the human race which cannot be accounted for in the sum total of all the individuals. Separation from the mass involves a mighty loss of power in the individual, just as there is a loss of cohesion and adhesion involved in the separation of the molecules and atoms of the diamond. The value of the gem is in the close contact, the compactness and the concentration of the particles which compose it. The moment they are separated its value is gone. So a strong, effective man gets a large part of his strength from the vital connection with his fellows.—Success Magazine.

Founded on Herring Bones.

Dutch monopoly of the North sea fishing grounds during the seventeenth century brought such wealth and prosperity to Amsterdam that the capital of Holland was popularly said to be founded on herring bones. No less than 50,000 Hollanders were directly engaged in fishing the coasts from near Yarmouth to as far north as the Shetlands, and 150,000 more were employed, indirectly, in the distribution and sale of the fish. Sir Walter Raleigh pointed out to James I. how the Dutch sold to the Yarmouth herring mongers fish caught in their own seas for English gold, with which they built annually a thousand ships and fishing boats.

The Voice of Sincerity.

Children are said to be good, although unconscious, judges of human nature, and most of them do at least recognize sincerity and detect pretense.

"Come here, my little darling," said the book agent. She had a face which belied her words, but she was trying to cultivate the little daughter of the woman who had not yet come downstairs. "I do so love children," she added, in a clear tone, as she heard footsteps on the stairs, "but you seem to like the kitty better than me. Why are you so fond of her?"

"'Cause she purs as if she meant it," said the little girl calmly.

Where He Drew the Line.

M. de Sainte-Beuve, the popular French writer, once fought a duel. When the principals took their positions, it was raining hard. Sainte-Beuve had his pistol in one hand; with his other hand he held up his umbrella The seconds protested.

"I have no objection to being killed," said he, "but as to being wet—no, no!"

No Plagiarism There.

"I challenge you," said the young poet, "to find a single line that I have borrowed or stolen from any one."

"There's no doubt," replied the critic, "that it's all yours. But if I were you I wouldn't let it happen in my next book."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Perfect Gentleman.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is a perfect gentleman? Mr. Broadhead—A perfect gentleman, my son, is a man who, when you start to tell him your troubles, does not break in and try to tell you his.

The Tables Turned.

The Editor (gloomily)—I must say you don't seem to realize how terrible it is to lose you. The Authoress (sweetly)—You mustn't take it too much to heart, my friend. Rejection does not necessarily imply lack of merit.—Judge.

Horrible.

St. Peter—You married for money, I believe? Fair Spirit—Y-e-s. St. Peter—You may come in, but you will have to spend eternity with the man you married.

Suffering becomes beautiful when one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.—Aristotle.

The saying that beauty is but skin deep is a skin deep saying.—Herbert Spencer.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1905.

☞ From copies of newspapers and private letters from eminent citizens lately received from Sioux Falls by Hon. John M. Harlow of this city, it appears that ex-Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota is trying to reinstate himself in the good graces of the Republicans of that State with a view of becoming a candidate for Governor next year, but so far his approaches towards the party have met with scant encouragement. Some years ago Pettigrew was sent to the U. S. Senate by a South Dakota Republican Legislature, but he hadn't much more than fairly taken his seat before he turned traitor to his friends, since which his political course has been marked by changes and vagaries that have cost him the confidence and respect of the people of that State. He became in turn a Populist, a Bryanite, a Solialist, a full blooded Democrat, and is now trying to sneak back into the Republican fold purely for selfish purposes, but his prospect for getting there is slim indeed The Republicans have a lively recollection of his bitter personal abuse of McKinley, and still more bitter of Roosevelt, and will have none of him. This is clearly shown by the communications that Dr. Harlow has received from leading Sioux Falls gentlemen, and papers published in that city and elsewhere in South Dakota.

☞ There is a decided lull in politics just now; the political pot, which is heard so much about isn't doing any boiling to speak of; everything is quiet at party headquarters. In the Republican camp candidates for Lieutenant Governor and Attorney General are said to be doing some hustling, but not a great deal; dogdays weather is not well suited to vigorous campaigning And, besides, the major part of the party appear to have taken it for granted that Guild and Draper will head the Republican ticket, and in this city it looks as though a considerable majority of the Republicans favor Sanderson for Attorney General. We have been told that the Democratic State Committee Headquarters in Boston is a lonely looking place. The Democrats don't know what to do about the Governorship. Since Douglas went back on them they have been all at sea, so it is reported, and can't tell which way to turn for a candidate; indeed, the rank and file don't care much whether school keeps or not, and the leaders are not working overtime. However, things will probably brighten up in the course of two or three weeks, and more will be doing in the political line.

☞ Country Editors are learning, about these days, that, as a general thing, candidates for office are not overburdened with modesty, or destitute of the article called cheek. With all the assurance in the world the aspirants for high official positions forward to the Editors portraits of themselves accompanied by biographical sketches, with private notes kindly consenting to the publication of the stuff, and all they ask in return for the favor is half a dozen copies of the paper containing it, postage prepaid by the publisher. This is the course many candidates persue to get advertising for nothing, and there are a plenty of Country Editors just fools enough to do it. It is advertising, and nothing else, and should be paid for at schedule rates. The JOURNAL is open for such business when furnished by candidates of its own party (no Democrat need apply) and the money to pay for it comes right along in the same envelope. And not otherwise.

☞ If no hitch occurred in the official programme, the Japanese and Russian peacemakers got to work on preliminaries of the meeting at the Kittery Navy Yard, Aug. 9. For some days previous to that date there had been a tremendous exhibition of fuss and feathers in the yard and all about there; but nobody was hurt, and the Envoys pretended to be immensely gratified with the magnificent reception which they received from the Navy dignitaries, the Governor of New Hampshire, Staff, and Military, officials from Washington, and soforth. But what the public are the most anxious to learn now is Japan's demands on Russia as conditions of peace. It is expected that Japan's plenipoteniaries will speak and make these demands known within a few days; and then, if they are not rejected, flatly and finally, the hard work of the vastly important conference will begin in good earnest.

☞ The Educational Number of the N. Y. *Observer*, Aug. 3, contained an elaborate article from the pen of Dr. Eph. Cutter, formerly of Woburn, on "Diction in Sacred Music Singing," the ideas of which, being clothed in technical language, are not easily grasped by the JOURNAL. As near as we can get at it from a perusal of his article, the Doctor has but little use for the modern church Quartet, principally because of an absence of diction in the vocal productions of the members.

☞ "Next year there will be 20 percent more gypsy and browntail moths than this year," says a permanent authority on that subject.—*Exchange.*

That must be discouraging news to State Moth Superintendent Kirkland, at $5,000 salary peran.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
Grace L. Norris—Mort. Sale.

— Miss Annie Cook is at Raymond, N. H.

— E. E. Foss, letter carrier, is at Popham Beach.

— Mrs. John Jameson is with her son and his family at Martha's Vineyard.

— William A. Hyde was in this city a few days ago, the first time in 7 years.

— Rev. James F. Doherty of St. Charles church went out on vacation last week.

—Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Gertrude M. Heartz is visiting in the Maritime Provinces.

— Bertha M. Burbeck is to pass the remainder of the vacation season at Concord, N. H.

— Lawns and meadows need rain judging from their color and general appearance. Farmers say so, too.

— Richard Holland, of the "Hustler's" staff, left last Monday for New York, where he will spend his vacation.

— Mr. A. W. Cobb, the popular fish purveyor of this city, and wife are taking their vacation down on the Cape.

— Florence E. Barrett, teacher in the Union school, is taking her vacation among the Granite Hills of New Hampshire.

— D. J. McDonald, ticket seller and telegrapher at the Centre B. & M. station, is spending his vacation in Nova Scotia.

— The next holiday on the docket is Labor Day, Sept. 4. That will be a legal one in this State, and everybody can have a frolic.

— Miss Mary Maguire of Lake avenue, one of our popular school teachers, is spending her vacation at Newcastle, N. H.

— Mrs. Sarah Nichols goes to York Beach today where her brother, Capt. John E. Tidd, and wife are sojourning at the present time.

— Several Woburn members attended the reunion of the 32d Mass. Regiment Association at Nantasket Point last Saturday.

— Charlie A. Jones, President of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, and family are passing the vacation season at famous York Beach, Maine.

— Mrs. Albert P. Barrett has gone down to her son's homestead in Whitman, or near there, and the head of the family will follow suit in due season.

— Rested and refreshed Officer O'Neil has returned to his beat up and down in front of the JOURNAL office, with an eye, incidently to other spots along the street.

— Miss Isabel M. Wetherell, one of the smart teachers of Rumford school, is passing her vacation at Portsmouth, N. H., where the Peace Envoys are, and Elliot, Maine.

— Miss Mary Feeney, the stenographer at the Boston office of the Edison Electric Illuminating Co., has returned from a fine vacation outing on the Maine Coast.

— Mr. C. Winfield Smith, who has been taking his vacation in the White Mountains with headquarters at Franconia, N. H., is to return to his home here today or tomorrow.

— It is expected that Col. A. L. Richardson, who suffered a paralytic shock in his Boston office last week, will soon be able to leave the hospital and return to his home here.

— Prof. A. A. Woodbridge, who was Superintendent of Schools in this city during the year 1884, was drowned at Cohassett last week. He was 64 years old, a native of Newcastle, Me.

— By order of the Board of Health the old Nash house, 44 Park street, has been demolished. The Board are looking carefully after the health of the city.

— The Waldo E. Buck household of Worcester, formerly of Woburn, are at Allerton, down by the briny ocean, and presumably having a good time.

— Mrs. Mary A. Carter of Bennett street, and her daughter Ada D. went to New York City last week and are still touring in parts foreign to their home.

— The authorities have got so far as to agree on what kind of a new drinking fountain shall take the place selected for it to occupy at the Common. Great bodies move slow.

— The best place we know of to get a counter, or table lunch, or a nice package of choice eatables for home consumption, is at Estabrook's old and popular bakery on Main street.

— Harry Morse and wife of New York City are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds on Church avenue this week. Harry boarded some years in the Simonds family in his boyhood days.

— Mr. L. Willis Varney of the L. E. Hanson jewelry firm in this city, was detected in setting 'em up in great shape the other day. The cause of it was the arrival of a fine big girl at his house.

— School Superintendent Clapp comes and goes like the old woman's soap. One day he is seen flitting about the streets of the city, and the next, his office chair is vacant, and nowhere is he to be seen.

— The Board of Health have set a gang of men to work cleaning the vegetable collections from Horn Pond. It is a good plan. By the way, have the public observed an "earthy" taste to the water of evenings?

— Judge Charles D. Adams is building another dwellinghouse at No. Woburn. He has faith in the future importance of Ward 6 as a residential quarter of the city, and has a plenty of money with which to back it up.

— Commodore William W. Crosby and Edward F. Wyer, of Innitou Canoe Club, are active participants in the aquatic sports of the American Canoe Association at Sugar Island in the St. Lawrence River this week.

— The *Times* issued a creditable souvenir number last Saturday, especially designed to boom business in this city. It abounded in good pictures with interesting descriptive notes. Haggerty is nothing if not enterprising.

— Grace L. Norris, Esq., of the Law firm of Norris & Norris, this city, goes to Nahant next week for her vacation. George W. Norris, senior member of the firm and City Solicitor, and wife have been stopping there of late.

— The remains of Dr. Robert E. Jameson, whose funeral was held at Jamaica Plain last Sunday, were brought here for burial. He was a younger brother of the late John Jameson, lawyer, and a Veteran of the Civil War.

— Miss Susie Tidd is visiting at Nantucket.

— Law breaking autoists continue to be arraigned and fined in the District Court. Good enough for 'em!

— Judge George S. Littlefield of Winchester has occupied the Bench in the District Court considerably of late.

— The right time to advertise the heaviest is when trade is dullest, for it is then that business is wanted and needed most.

— Lusious peaches and fine melons are the chief attractions at Angelo Crovo's excellent fruit store. They are all right.

— Rev. H. C. Townley, of Peekskill, New York, a former pastor, will preach at the First Baptist church next Sunday and the Sunday following.

— Miss Mary Haggerty of the *Times* office has returned from Bellows Falls, Vt. Miss Grace Keefe of that office is enjoying a two week's vacation.

— Mr. John Willey who died at Lynn last Tuesday was at one time a resident of Woburn and agent of the American Express Co. of this city.

— The alarm from box 32 at 10 P. M. last Friday evening, was for a fire which destroyed a tar shed on Lexington street, owned by J. M. Ellis, the cause being unknown.

— Mr. Samuel Cummings, of Cummings, Chute & Co.'s Central stables, had his left side injured recently by one of his horses; but although painful, it has not kept him from his duties.

— The Woburn Brass Band furnished music for the parade of the crack Canadian Regiment in Boston last Sunday. The Regiment were royally entertained by the military and civic authorities of Boston, and had the time of their lives.

— Mr. and Mrs. James Leslie of Peterboro, N. H., has been enjoying the company of old friends and relatives here this week. They used to live in Woburn, but have been residents of N. H. 30 years. Each is 79 years old, hale and hearty.

— Cashier George A. Day of the National Bank is spending the week at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine, where so many good Woburn people do congregate during the torrid reign of the Dogstar. The Cashier went down last Saturday morning in his auto.

— The rain that fell on last Wednesday afternoon was not copious, but far better than none, although some of the merchants Day people might have thought otherwise. It gave the ground a fairly good wetting down, and helped out the watering carts in good shape.

— A couple of weeks more and Woburn vacationists will begin to turn their steps homeward, some of the vanguard having already arrived. Rested and recruited they will resume business and work with keener zest, and feel that their summer outing has not been spent in vain.

— Supt. of Highways, Hugh Martin, is a busy official these times. There are at least 100 men at work on the streets doing numerous jobs everyone of which has to be carefully looked after by Supt. Martin, and the men kept busy. It is no fool of a job he has to attend to every day.

— Tax Collector Maguire and his very competent Assistant, Miss Mary Godkin, are busy grinding out more trouble for the taxpayers, by which is meant that they are making out bills for people to pay. That ancient "saw" about "death and taxes" cuts as lively a figure today as ever it did.

— Dr. Robert E. Jameson, a brother of the late John Jameson, died at his home in Jamaica Plain last Friday, aged 68 years. Previous to 1861 he was a resident of Woburn, and married Annie R. Ingalls, daughter of Ezra C. Ingalls, in 1865. He had lived at Jamaica Plain about 34 years.

— William Bawdick was in Court last Wednesday morning charged with several cases of theft, and his case continued to next Monday. There were four complaints against him, and it was said that Chief of Police Merrill of Reading has several more to be presented. Many hens were included in the thefts.

— Last Wednesday was Merchants Day in this city, and a Sabbath stillness and repose prevailed in the streets all day long. There were no public demonstrations of any kind—just a dropping of working tools, closing of stores, and going off somewhere—mostly to the beaches—and coming home "as tired as dogs" at night.

— The report that P. H. Jackson & Co., contractors for building the new schoolhouse wanted to be released was destitute of a shadow of foundation. After furnishing the bond required they asked for the check of $1,000 deposited by them as a guaranty of good faith and received it. Out of this grew the story that they wished to give up the job.

— Hen thieves seem to be more numerous than ever in this neighborhood. They are robbing henneries right and left. Fred Olson, former gateman at Church avenue, is a constant sufferer and has lost many hens and chickens of late. It used to be said that a sheep stealer was the meanest of all the Lord's creation, but a hen stealer is fully as mean.

— At the State rifle shooting match last Friday the 5th Regiment, of which our Co. G is a member, carried off the honors, as usual. Woburn marksmen made the following scores, that of Capt. McCarthy, 132, being the highest during the match; Lieut. Tornrose 113; Capt. McCarthy 132; Private James Durward 123; Sergt. Fred C. Kean 126; in a possible 150.

— Rev. William H. Scott, pastor of St. John's Baptist church, left here a few days ago for New York City on a month's vacation. Unless the yellow fever scare in Virginia renders it imprudent for him to do so, he will visit Middlesex county in that State where he taught school for some time before leaving for the North in 1869, and other localities there. Mr. Scott is a native of Virginia, and it is partly for the pleasure of visiting the scenes of his boyhood that he turned his face towards the sunny South this week, and partly to see how it would seem to have a vacation for once in his professional career.

— Mrs. Angelo Crovo has returned from a visit to her parents at Carlisle.

— The shores of Mishawum Pond were thronged with Khiko picnickers the other afternoon.

— Miss Katherine Feeney and Miss Alice Murphy are taking theirs at famous Old Orchard.

— Mrs. H. B. Clewley and her boy are away down in the wilds of Eastern Maine for their vacation.

— Hon. E. D. Hayden and wife are at their old time vacation resort near Moosehead Lake in Maine.

— The Davises of Arlington Road go to Flagstaff, Maine, a week from tomorrow for their vacation.

— The weather last Sunday was lovely, and the little shower in the evening was a welcome visitor.

— William O'Reiley, employee at the B. & M. freight house, took his vacation down in the Provinces.

— Alice O'Brien, the accomplished organist at St. Charles church, went to New York for a visit last week.

— The Walnut Hill A. C., gave another successful trolley party to Revere Beach last Saturday evening.

— The National Band was scheduled for a concert on the Common last evening. They are playing in fine form this season.

— The Woburn Brass Band will hold their first grand concert and dance Friday evening, Sept. 1, at the Auditorium, and it will no doubt be a grand success, as they have given the public some excellent music this season. A concert will be given from 8 till 9 30 on the Common, after which they will proceed to the Auditorium, where dancing will be enjoyed until a late hour.

— It would not be at all surprising if those people who seek official or other interviews with Water Commissioner Hayward would soon be obliged to visit Milford, N. H., to catch his ear. He has gone so far as to threaten to leave for that town at the earliest opportunity, and what complicates the case, and makes it more difficult to handle, is the fact that Mrs. Hayward backs him up in his daring designs.

— Mr. L. A. Fowler is about to sell his grocery stock and business in the Stearnes building on Pleasant street and move with his family to British Columbia, where he intends to live in the future. He will first visit his brother at Vancouver, then look carefully over British soil and the advantages there before finally selecting a permanent place of abode in that far away country.

— The Boston *Herald* of Aug. 4 contained a good likeness of Capt. J. M. Ellis, the Woburn contractor, accompanied by an appreciative sketch of him and his work. By the way, a rumor is in circulation to the effect that the City Council are willing to allow City Treasurer Buck to sell sufficient of the schoolhouse bonds to pay Capt. Ellis for his work on the building. We do not know how much there is in the story.

— Mr. C. W. Fitz, senior member of the firm of Fitz & Stanley, proprietors of the old reliable Boston Branch grocery establishment, left here last Tuesday for the pleasantest trip of the season. His plan was to first visit Niagara Falls; then cross the Lake to Toronto, Canada; thence up the St Lawrence River, through the romantic Thousand Islands; and so on to his journey's end. No pleasure route could possibly be more captivating.

— When Capt. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, is tickled almost to death over anything he generally manages to catch the ear of the JOURNAL man and empty into it some of his jubilant spirits. Last Tuesday, Aug. 8, he was made a third grandfather, or the grandfather of a third grandchild, it having been the happy fortune of his son Selwyn and wife to become parents of a bouncing girl that day, and, of course, Capt. John lost no time in forwarding the good news to friends and former neighbors.

— Last Monday was a hot one to all intents and purposes. Not only hot—90 degrees in the shadiest spot that could be found—but the atmosphere was so thoroughly impregnated with steam and tepid water, in common parlance, humidity, that it was, to the last degree, enervating and most uncomfortable to endure. It was a typical dogday, with all the customary trimmings, and to say that man and beast sweat and puffed and panted would be stating the case with unjustifiable mildness. The simple, unadorned fact is, it was a scorcher.

— The Boston & Maine Railroad officials say that the rush for Maine seacoast resorts this season has broken all previous records. Every nook and corner of the Maine seaboard has been and is filled to its utmost capacity with pleasure and comfort seekers, to handle whom and their luggage the popular Boston & Maine has had to put its best foot forward. Soon the great crowds will turn their faces mountainward, and again that railroad system will have its hands full. Where do all these people come from, and whence comes the money to pay their bilsl?

— It will take but a short time to connect the Lowell & Boston street railway line with the Boston & Northern at Pleasant street, and immediately after the trick is done the former will resume operations. It is one of the finest summer routes in this vicinity, and the country through which it runs affords a fair amount of winter travel. As a through line from Boston to Lowell, via Somerville, Medford, Winchester, Woburn, Burlington, Billerica, etc., it can't be beaten. Burlington people are rejoiced at the prospect of an early opening of the L. & B. for business.

— J. W. Smith, the Boston U. S. Weather and Crop Director, says this about crops in his report ending August 7: Crop conditions have greatly improved since the last report was written, due to precipitation of the last two days of the week ending July 31st and the first few days of the past week Corn and potatoes show the greatest improvement, as at last report they were in a somewhat serious condition, owing to lack of moisture. The former is now generally in a normal condition. While the nights have been rather cool, the low temperature has not been a great hindrance to the development of crops.

— Mrs. Sara C., wife of Lawyer Samuel W. Mendum, is at Lisbon Road, Lewiston, Me.

— E Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

— Yesterday was another hot one. Nobody can rightfully accuse dogdays of not having lived up to their representation this year.

— Mr. Ernest Borden, well known at the South End, is here from Bristol, Conn., where he has been employed. He is in doubt as to his returning to that place.

— As a favor to Rev. Fr. Walsh, who has been one of their staunch friends, the South End Social Club will present a drama for the benefit of the St. Charles church soon. Mr. Frank M. Doherty will have full charge of it, his ability as a manager being well known about town.

— An unknown man tried to end his life near the Winchester line on lower Main street last Sunday afternoon, and would no doubt have succeeded, had it not been for a bystander who knocked a small flask of arsenic, which he was about to drink, from his hand, just as he was raising it to his lips.

— It would be an impossible undertaking to convince Mr. Frederic A. Flint, chief of the old and favorably known merchant of G. R Gage & Co., that there is a spot on the Coast of Maine, or other Coast, that has any business to be mentioned the same day with Camden, on the fair Penobscot waters. Every summer season for well nigh a quarter of a century he has taken his vacation outing at that delightful seashore town; and this not to be an exception, unless he fails to make the riffles all right, of which there appears to be no danger. He will remain at Camden until near the end of dogdays.

— Linnells, the Bonds, the Bracketts, the Leathes, and all the other people who composed the Woburn summer colony at Southport, Maine, except a brace, or so, of fine young ladies of the Leathe family, returned to their homes in this city last Saturday night, or Sunday morning, we can't positively say which. James H. Linnell said the colony never enjoyed themselves better in the world than they have this season. He and his wife were at Southport and neighboring seaside resorts three weeks, and everything was so delightful and lovely that it was with the greatest reluctance that they bid farewell to the Maine Coast. In short, they all had a grand time.

— Just how and when the official embroilment over the matter of building the new schoolhouse is going to end is a question that we don't pretend to be able to answer. It seems to us that the City Council are acting unwisely and contrary to the wishes of the people. The loan order was passed, the contracts have been let, the public expect the house to be built, and for the Council to gig back in the breeching at this stage of the business, looks bad and is bad. There was no good excuse for the rejection of the request of the Board of Public Works for an additional sum with which to prosecute the work and foot the bills, and the Council's attitude cannot be justified in reason.

— Engineer Charles Chase says that not until long after he came to the Boston & Lowell Railroad as an employee were there any Sunday trains on the Woburn Branch, except a cab to and from Winchester every Sunday morning and evening, and Conductor "Dick" Carton corroborates the B. & M. engineer's statement. Both testify that the late Mark Allen, Editor and proprietor of the Woburn *Advertiser*, was responsible for the inauguration and running of Sunday trains between Woburn and Boston, to which, on the start, there was strong opposition. He personally canvassed the matter, secured a large number of petitioners for them, and finally the Railroad Company put on the Sunday trains, increasing them in number as public needs demanded.

— Last Sunday morning Mr. F Percyval Lewis and his mother, Mrs. Annie Lewis, landed in Boston from Europe well and happy. They repaired forthwith to Wellesley Hills, where they are to remain a few weeks, or until they have made plans for future operations. They went to Europe in August 1903, and after some time spent in sightseeing, settled down in Leipzig, Germany, the former to pursue the study of music and perfect himself in the art of organ and piano playing, while Mrs. Lewis, in addition to polishing up her musical education, did a good deal of piano teaching in that city. During their residence at Leipzig they traveled quite extensively in other European countries, and since last April, when they gave up living longer in Germany, nearly their whole time has been devoted to visiting the principal cities of the Old World. They enjoyed their residence abroad very much, although Mr. Lewis felt sure, when he visited the JOURNAL last Monday, that for him there is no country under the sun that begins to equal America. Possibly Percy and Mrs. Lewis may return and take up their residence in this city again.

— A week ago yesterday Dames Higgins and Taylor and their brother, Marcellus Littlefield, went by trolley to North Berwick, Maine, to visit an esteemed cousin, Mrs. Jennie (Littlefield) Greenleaf, of that fair town, and returned on the Saturday forenoon following. Unfortunately for them they found that the street railway line ended at South Berwick, which obliged them to make the remaining 5 or 6 miles by steam rail; nevertheless, they, by their spokesman "Cel." declared it to have been the most delightful and everyway charming trolley trip of their lives. It is many miles from Woburn to North Berwick overland, and it was a long ride for the party above named, but every rod of it was immensely enjoyed by them. The beauty of the Merrimac Valley is unsurpassed; quaint old Newburyport is always interesting; the Piscataqua at Portsmouth is picturesque; and the work of the haymakers of Kittery and Elliot increased their interest in the panoramic scenes through which they passed. "Cel." repeated, with emphasis, the statement that it was the trolley trip of their lives.

— Mr. Alfred Willoughby of Rockland, Maine, formerly and for many years one of the most highly respected citizens of Woburn, is visiting old friends and neighbors here at the present time, and keenly enjoying the outing. He came down from Hollis, N. H., his native town, last Monday, where he attended the Willoughby family reunion, as he has done in years past, and passed a few days very pleasantly, especially with some of the schoolmates and associates of his boyhood days. Mr. Willoughby will remain here and hereabouts until about Sept. 1, when it is his purpose to return to Rockland. Many friends and former Woburn acquaintances gave him a cordial welcome to the old home.

— Frank Sullivan and some friends took a trip to New Hampshire in an auto a few days ago.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

School Meeting.

At a meeting of the School Board held last Monday evening contracts for the repairs on various school buildings, to the amount of $6,500, the sum appropriated, were let. On account of the importance of the matters involved, and the necessary discussion of the points raised, the meeting was prolonged to a late hour.

The bids and awards were as follows: On the new heating plant at Union Street, the Woburn Machine Co. were awarded the contract at $1575. Other bids were L. W. Thompson, $1577; Fuller & Warren Co. $2489.

Supplementary heater at Cummings school, Woburn Machine Co. given contract for $1250. Other bids Edward E. Parker, $1285; L. W. Thompson, $1400; Fuller & Warren Co., 1597.

S. B. Andreason was given the contract on Cedar and Goodyear schools, the former at $35, the latter, $312. Other bids on the Cedar school were, George E. Brown, $100; A. Y. Smith, $48. On the Goodyear, A. Y. Smith, $328; Geo. E. Brown $287.80.

George E. Brown awarded Union Street school contract at $385.91; A. Y. Smith's bid was $405; S. Andreason's $409.

George E. Brown also given Plympton school, figure $198.21. Smith, $247; Joseph Delorisa $266.

Awards for painting contracts—Rumford school to Stockholm & Poulson $316. Other bids on that school, C. Peterson, $335; L. J. Lawson, $421; C. A. Dearborn, $420; C. B. Sherburne, $378.50. Parker school went to the same firm for $159. Other bids: C. Peterson, $165; L. J. Lawson, $275; C. A. Dearborn, $193; C. B. Sherburne, $165.

The Goodyear and Union Street school contracts were awarded to C. Peterson at $120 and $175 respectively. Lawson bid $164 and $239.60; Stockholm & Poulson, $152 and $215; C. B. Sherburne, $165 and $198; C. A. Dearborn, Goodyear, $147.

Plumbing—to Chester L. Smith $292.15; Adam & Kavanaugh, $208.50; Shaw & Campbell, $315; W. G. Stretton, $316.25.

Masonry—to Herrick on Morse Street and Parker schools; E. R. Williamson, Main Street school. Morse Street—Herrick $8.75; Williamson, $9.00. Main—Herrick, $9.35; Williamson, $9.00. Parker—Herrick, $9.00; Williamson, 12.00.

Shades—Edward Caldwell given contract. His price, Rumford 31, Plympton, 6; M. A. Burnes, Rumford 37.50, Plympton 7.50.

A Touching Story

is the saving from death, of the baby girl of Geo. A. Eyler, Cumberland, Md. He writes: "At the age of 11 months, our little girl was in declining health, with serious Throat Trouble, and two physicians gave her up. We were almost in despair, when we resolved to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. The first bottle gave relief; after taking four bottles she was cured, and is now in perfect health." Never fails to relieve and cure a cough or cold. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; 50c and $1.00 guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

Base Ball.

Reading was defeated in a fast game Saturday by Somerville 3 to 2.

The latest remark from the fan club is; who is the best man, McMahon or Marrinan, both High school boys?

Patrick Meagher of this city, who has been playing with the fast New London team, is back again with the Leominster team, where he is a great favorite.

The Ashford A. C. of Montvale were defeated by the Stoneham A. C. last Saturday at Rowe's Hill, Stoneham, in a fast game 10 to 8. The Ashfords have won 4 out of 6 games this season. Their next game will probably be with a strong Malden team at Malden next Saturday.

At Manchester Field, Winchester, last Saturday, North Woburn had no great trouble in defeating the A. C. team of that place, in a featureless game, Marrinan having the Winchester batters at his mercy at all times, allowing them but one hit, which did no damage to the score of 5 to 0.

A large number of people from this city, went to Stoneham last Saturday, to see the Wakefield-Stoneham game. Harkins of this city played with Wakefield, and Rupp of this city with Stoneham. Higgins, late of the South Border team, who was signed by the managers of the Stoneham team, strained a ligament of his pitching arm recently, but expects to be in harness for tomorrow's game or next Saturday's.

Public is Aroused.

The public is aroused to a knowledge of the curative merits of that great medicinal tonic, Electric Bitters, for sick stomach, liver and kidneys. Mary H. Walters, of 546 St. Clair Ave., Columbus, O., writes: "For several months, I was given up to die. I had fever and ague, my nerves were wrecked; I could not sleep, and my stomach was so weak, from useless doctors' drugs, that I could not eat. Soon after beginning to take Electric Bitters, I obtained relief, and in a short time I was entirely cured." Guaranteed at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c.

Real Estate.

The E Prior Real Estate Agency has recently sold the following pieces of Real Estate:

House and barn, No. 87 Main street to Robert T. Spencer.

Dwellinghouse and land Center street.

House and land Nos. 36 and 38 Beacon street to Edward B Simonds.

For Mrs. Nellie S. Shaw, house and land on Beach street.

House and land No. 54 Prospect street, buyers name not made public.

Lot of land to Anna P. Jackson.

Dwellinghouse and land No. 8 Cleveland avenue, purchaser buys for occupancy.

For J. B. Phipps to Rosa Robinson, house and land No. 30 Union street.

The Bishop house (so called, No. 142 Montvale avenue, sold to Alfred Elson the photograper, who buys for occupancy.

In Wakefield, house and land, No. 1 Edmund Place to John I. Stewart.

Other trades soon to be consumated.

Wrong to Scrape Moth Nests.

In response to numerous inquiries, Superintendent Kirkland states that the practice of scraping gypsy moth nests from the trees is not an effective remedy, and will simply lead to more trouble from the caterpillars next year. Eggs scraped off and scattered in this way will hatch next spring and yield caterpillar swarms.

The correct way to destroy gypsy moth nests is to soak them with creosote mixture applied by means of a small brush. This preparation can be obtained at any of the seed stores at a small expense and may be applied to the nests at any time from now on.

Superintendent Kirkland urges citizens to treat the moth nests as fast as they are laid on the tree trunks, fences, etc., making another examination of the trees after the leaves have fallen to destroy any nests which may have escaped observation.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES FOR MEN AND BOYS

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises.
Single-breasted and double-breasted sack suits in
Worsteds, Cheviots, and Blue and Black Serges
For outing wear and for the hot months we offer
Flannel Coats and Trousers

MEN'S AND BOYS' HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—There will be no public services during August. The reading-room will be reopened on Monday Sept. 4.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—8th Sunday after Trinity. 7 P. M., Evening Prayer.
Music by Vested Choir.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. W. H. Rollins. Subject: "Visions and Dreams."
No Sunday School.
7 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. and Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. H. C. Townley of Peekskill, N. Y.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 2, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Cyril Easton Brown Jr. of Athol, Mass., and Lois Una Harrington of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 5, Mrs. Ellen Dunnigan, aged 68 years.

In this city, Aug. 9, Annie J. Kelleen, aged 30 years, 2 months, 29 days.

East Woburn.

John Joyce, an employee of J. J. Mead, on Washington street, driving with a load of produce to the Boston market last Sunday, was thrown from his wagon and now lies in a serious condition at the Massachusetts General Hospital. His heavily loaded team had started the descent of Winthrop street, Medford, near the Oak Grove Cemetery, when the breeching gave way, causing the horse to run. It freed itself from the harness, pulling Joyce from his seat to the ground. His left arm was broken in several places, pieces of the bone projecting through the flesh, his left leg was fractured and he received internal injuries. He was conveyed to the hospital in the police ambulance. Later the wagon was found in a field about fifty feet from the scene of the accident, where it had landed after dashing down the hill and over a stonewall.

Card of Thanks.

To all the friends, neighbors and relatives who so kindly sympathized with us by act and word in our recent bereavement, and for the beautiful flowers which they sent, we can only say, words cannot express our gratitude.

S. EDWIN SAWYER.
CHAS. H. SAWYER.

Fine Outing.

WOBURN, Aug. 9, 1905.

ED. HOBBS: Last Saturday wife and I returned from our vacation at Littleton, N. H., where we passed two delightful weeks at the Mountain Home House, E. D. Sawyer, proprietor.

This is the fifth season that we have been entertained at that hotel where we have always found the arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of the guests most satisfactory, and our fellow patrons genial and sociable.

Truly yours,
AMBROSE BANCROFT.

Peculiar Disappearance.

J. D. Runyan, of Butlerville, O., laid the peculiar disappearance of his painful symptoms, of indigestion and biliousness, to Dr. King's New Life Pills. He says: "They are a perfect remedy, for dizziness, sour stomach, headache, constipation, etc." Guaranteed at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store, price 25c.

Literary Notices.

Waiting for a bite is the title of the front page picture of the August AMERICAN BOY, bringing a vision of cooling breezes, sandy shores, camps, boats and woods, with all the delightful occupations incident to the good old summer time. Of course every reader of The AMERICAN BOY will want to know about the American Boy Day celebrations and this number contains an account of the splendid one at the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Ore., with pictures of many of the boys and their friends who took part in it; and also of the celebration at Bedford, Pa., with a large group picture. Those fine continued stories, For the Mikado and A French Frog and an American Eagle, still increase in interest. The various departments are all replete with good things. In addition there are over seventy-five illustrations. Subscription price $1 00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

The boyhood of John Boyle O'Reilly is the subject of a very interesting paper in the August issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE The writer, Brian O'Higgins, visited the places where O'Reilly's youth was spent, and talked with the people who knew him. Photographs of the composing room in which he worked on the *Drogheda Argus*, of Dowth Castle, the monument in the little cemetery and of the unveiling ceremony, help to bring before the reader the scenes the writer describes Count Francesco Vannutelli writes of The Black Pope. The Star-Spangled Banner, is the subject of a patriotic article; and John Robertson recounts various manifestations of The Vacation Spirit. Other illustrated papers are A Holiday in Perugia, by Anna Seaton Schmidt; Some Irishwomen in London, by C. O'Conor Eccles; Two Women of the Stage, by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, and People in Print. Marie Donegan Walsh describes the Marian celebration in Rome. There are poems and stories by Margaret Chadwick, J. Gertrude Menard, and Grace Keon.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John E. Hall, of Lawrence, in the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the Mechanics Savings Bank of Reading, dated May 28, 1898, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2659, Page 31, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to Grace L. Norris of said Woburn, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on

Wednesday, September 6, 1905,

at three o'clock and fifteen minutes in the afternoon, on the premises, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situate on the easterly side of John street in said Reading, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner thereof on said street at land of Skinner; thence the line runs in a southerly direction by said street one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to a stake at land now or formerly of Martha Smith; thence easterly by said land of Smith seventy-four (74) feet; thence northerly one hundred and fifteen (115) feet to land of said Skinner; thence westerly by land of said Skinner seventy-four feet to point of beginning.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes, and $100.00 will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

GRACE L. NORRIS, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, August 7, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by D. Osborn Gillette, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Nellie S. Shaw, of said Woburn, dated November 6, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2607, Page 578, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

TUESDAY, September 5, 1905,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A lot of land and the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing four thousand one hundred seventy-five square feet and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by Main street, there measuring sixty-three and 96-100 feet; southerly by Manning street, there measuring seventy-six and 82-100 feet; easterly by land of John Johnson, there measuring forty-seven and 38 100 feet; and northerly by land of John Johnson, there measuring seventy-five feet. Being a portion of Lot 3 shown on Plan of Land in Woburn, Mass., belonging to John Johnson, G. F. Hartshorne, C. E., April, 1891, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 105, Plan 45.

The premises will be sold subject to taxes of 1904 and 1905, and to other municipal liens, if any; and two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, August 8, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Bridget Hooper of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Lawrence Martin of said Woburn, dated May 1, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2974, Page 474, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, the sixth day of September 1905,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded westerly on Washington street, there measuring ninety-four (94) feet; northerly on land formerly of James Hill, there measuring two hundred twelve (212) feet; easterly by the Canal, there measuring one hundred four (104) feet; and southerly by land formerly of Martin Murray, there measuring two hundred forty-one (241) feet.

Fifty dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale, and the property will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes.

HAROLD P. JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
August 4, 1905.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mathew Stevenson otherwise known as Mathew C. Stevenson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William H. Stevenson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of September A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

For Many Years No. 34 Temple Place, BOSTON

Has been well and favorably known as a place where honest and conscientious medical advice, correct and scientific treatment, and speedy and permanent cures were assured.

Out of this door have walked thousands, in full enjoyment of health and strength, who had been given up as incurable by their family physician.

This fact has made the name and fame of

Drs. F. A. & J. A. Greene

Known and acknowledged throughout the entire country as most successful physicians in the cure of chronic and nervous diseases.

The doctors are proprietors of the well-known medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy. This famous Cure is compounded and prepared under their own personal supervision and is guaranteed to be fully up to the standard as regards strength, efficiency and excellence.

The public Health Lectures will be resumed in the fall.

Drs. F. A. & J. A. Greene can be consulted personally or by letter, without charge.

HOT WEATHER DISINFECTING.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol LIQUID CLEANLINESS TRADE MARK

Is the most economical and effective household disinfectant, deodorant and cleaner.

At all dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c. and $1 00.

☞ Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.

GO TO Bass Point

Ideal Resort for a Day's Outing

BY BOAT FROM LYNN FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square. Round Trip Ticket with coupon good for all attractions 25c. For Sale at Lynn Wharf.

Fiendish Suffering

is often caused by sores, ulcers and cancers, that eat away your skin. Wm. Bedell, of Flat Rock, Mich., says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, for Ulcers, Sores and Cancers. It is the best healing dressing I ever found." Soothes and heals cuts, burns and scalds. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; guaranteed.

Whitcher's PILL BOX

35c. a Box

KODAK SUPPLIES

SOUVENIR STATIONERY

—of—

Woburn—2 Views

Highest Grade Linen

ESTABLISHED 1884

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FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY

BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

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Savings Bank Block, Woburn — Telephone 131-2 | Boston Office, 93 Water Street — Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

CUT GLASS!

You can hardly go wrong in choosing something in Cut Glass for a wedding or anniversary present. And you certainly can't go wrong in coming here to purchase it. We have a beautiful assortment of the latest designs, including Water Bottles, Bowls, Bon Bon, Olive and Oil, from among which anyone can surely select a gift for the amount they wish to spend.

SIMMONS watch or lorgnette chains for graduation

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches a specialty.

Pierce's Almond Cream Lotion.

A pleasing cosmetic for softening and beautifying the skin, removing pimples, freckles etc. During hot weather it is particularly recommended for removing tan and sunburn, also to allay inflammation after shaving. Guaranteed to be from poisonous drugs.

Generous Bottle, 23 Cents

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Public Telephone. Free Messenger Service.

We save you money on all Drugstore Goods.

THE BOMB That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities conclude that Pneumonia and Grippe are outcome of the malarial germ. It follows (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets are recognized as a disease, and hence are recognized as a cure by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price—if your druggist can't supply you. 50c. a Box. EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

We are receiving some very fine.

NEW CREAMERY BUTTER

PRICES ARE LOWER.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 169-4.

No One Thing Adds So Much to the Summer Pleasure as a

Let us show you the one you need for this season.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,

361 Main St.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

EVENING OFFICE AT National Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Was Your Home Comfortably Warm Last Winter?

If not why not prepare to keep out next winter's cold? You can save fuel too. Advice and estimates cost you nothing. Consult us before the head of the procession never have to wait. Telephone Woburn 246-6

EDWARD E. PARKER,

No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Sale of Unredeemed Real Estate by the City of Woburn.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, July 17, 1905.

In conformity with the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the public and all persons interested as former owners, or occupants of each of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, are hereby notified that said parcels have been conveyed according to law to said City of Wobuin, for non-payment of taxes and assessments, and the time in which each of the estates might be redeemed by the owners thereof having expired, each of said parcels will be offered for sale in accordance with section 67 of Chapter 13 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room No. 3 Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 2nd, 1905**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to the highest bidder for each of the several parcels a quit claim deed will be delivered. For further particulars reference is made to the Registry of Deeds, for the Southern District of the County of Middlesex, the volume and page numbers following the description of each parcel, indicating the record of the deed under which the said City of Woburn now holds title to the estate described.

The sums set against the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the taxes and assessments for the non-payment of which said estate was sold to the City of Woburn, together with the subsequent taxes and assessments, interest on the same, and all lawful costs and charges, but not including costs and charges incident to this sale. And none of the said estates will be sold for less than the amount set against the said estates, respectively.

WARD 2.

ESTATE ELLA R. FITCHETT.—About 6,067 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 64, 65, 66, and 67, shown on Plan of section B, of Mt. Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 13, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2864, Page 301. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. $21 95

ESTATE LAZURS WERNER.—About 2,882 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 4, Section A, on Plan of Mt. Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 13, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2864, Page 305. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 38

ESTATE PETER COTE.—About 4,682 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Fulton street, being lot 6 on plan of Highland Park lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 91, Plan 48, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 161. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 80

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1860 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 29, Block 5, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 164. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 31

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 41 and 42, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 165. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4265 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 43 and 44, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 166. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3299 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 17 and 18, Block 5, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 167. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1550 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 51, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 168. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 31

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 54 and 55, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 163. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 2462 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 59, Block 7, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 162. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 31

WARD 4.

ESTATE MARY E. O'BRIEN.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 402, Block 29, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises desbribed in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 280. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 17 02

ESTATE PRESCOTT C. BRIDGHAM, FREDERICK C. BRIDGHAM AND FRANK F. TRIPP.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 299, Block 19, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated Oct. 3, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2772, Page 121. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 17 74

ESTATE WILLIAM A. FLAHERTY.—About 8,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 136 and 137, Block 9, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1960, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 351. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 87

ESTATE HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 4000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 89, Block 7, shown on Plan of Land belonging fo the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 27, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 403. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 74

ESTATE ADDIE PERRY AND JAMES A. HADLEY.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 1, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 27, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 400. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 74

WARD 5.

ESTATE AUGUST NAGLE.—About 3,325 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 25, shown on Plan of Building Lots, of Edmund M. Warren, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2515, Page 222. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 23 13

ESTATE WILLIAM A. MARSHALL.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 113 Bird street, shown on Plan A of Montvale Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Toxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2515, Page 217. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 37

ESTATE GEORGE S. BAILEY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 202 Dale street, shown Plan A of Montvale Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2515, Page 205. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years, 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 36

ESTATE CHARLES H. PIERCE.—About 2790 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 46 shown on Plan of Suburban Land and Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 85, Plan 49, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 289, amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 14 70

ESTATE FRANK EYERS.—About 2430 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 29 shown on Plan of Middlesex Park, Section B, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 94, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 265. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 00

ESTATE DANIEL FRASER.—About 4,610 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 47, shown on plan of Building Lots at Walnut Hill, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2823, Page 353. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 14 35

ESTATE LARS HELRICH.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 62, 63, 64, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 355. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE JOHN C. WINCHESTER.—About 6,650 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 44 and 45, shown on Plan of Building Lots at Walnut Hill, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 49, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 198. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 72

ESTATE C. W. FLEMING.—About 2,808 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 39, shown on Plan of house lots in Montvale owned by Henry S. Moody, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 85, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 81. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 81

ESTATE MARGARET A. MCDONALD.—About 2808 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 37, shown on Plan of house lots owned by Samuel A. Moody in Woburn, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 85, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 133. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 86

WARD 6.

ESTATE HANNAH GILMAN.—About one quarter acre of land situated in said Woburn off Mountain street, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated September 30, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2,988, Page 412. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 11

ESTATE JAMES HENRY BARTON.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 22, Block 3, Section B, on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 29th, 1894, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2302, Page 363. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1892, 1893 and 1894, with interest and legal charges being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 10 84

ESTATE ELVAN S. CUTLER.— About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 39, Block 28, Section B, on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11th, 1895, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2426, Page 133. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interust and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 83

ESTATE JOHN A. SULLIVAN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 48, Block 4, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 147. Amount due thereon for the taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold, 20 30

ESTATE SYLVIA BATTEL.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 31 and 32, Block 20, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 123. Amount due thereon for taxes of the year 1894, 1895, 1996, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 21 20

ESTATE ANNIE ANDERSON.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 20 and 21, Block 26, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 121. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 29 52

ESTATE WILLIAM H. HARDY.—About 1749 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 11, Block 6, Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 140. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 59

ESTATE ENNIS H. CARLE.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 37 and 38, Block 4, Section B, Shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 125. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 83

ESTATE MARY FLYNN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 45 and 46, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 135. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 83

ESTATE WILLIAM TAYLOR.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 8, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 149. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 28 58

ESTATE REBECCA A. CONTE.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 130. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1093 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 31 86

ESTATE REMBOLD SCHOLZ.— About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 15, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 144. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the amount for which said estate will be sold, 16 95

ESTATE WILLIAM S. VALENTINE.— About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 7, Block 5, Plan A of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2515, Page 224. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being least amount for which said estate will be sold, 24 33

ESTATE ALVAH N. CHASE.— About 2310 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 4, Block 39, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 403. Amount due for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 18 84

ESTATE WILLIAM C. SPENCER.— About 5000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 10 and 11, Block 30, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 425. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold' 24 99

ESTATE BERNARD D. ROGERS.-About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 11, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 420. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 18 23

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

THE STATE DEBT

It Has Been Incurred In Making Wise Improvements.

NOT LARGE FOR GREAT STATE.

Boston—The condition of the commonwealth in regard to its indebtedness is an improvement this year over that of last by nearly a million dollars. As a matter of fact, the state is not nearly as badly off as our campaign orators on the Democratic side would have the people believe. The net indebtedness of the commonwealth on account of direct loans is $31,549,750, to pay which there is in the sinking fund $17,126,168.74, making the actual net direct debt $14,423,581.26. Last year the net direct debt was $15,576,595.11.

The contingent debt of the state today is $66,614,412, to pay which there is in this sinking fund $6,440,744.43. But the contingent debt is only nominally a debt at all. It represents the amount for which the commonwealth has pledged its credit for the construction of state armories in various cities and towns of the state, and for other public work, done within and for the Boston Metropolitan district, all of which sums are to be repaid to the state by those cities, towns, and districts for whose benefit the work was done. The contingent debt of the commonwealth cost the state itself not one penny in any way whatsoever.

In the city of Lawrence for instance, it became desirable to erect an armory for the use of the state militia. The commonwealth issued bonds, took charge of the work of construction, completed the building, and paid the bills. The city of Lawrence by a series of annual payments provides the funds for paying off these bonds, and the state has merely pledged its credit in the transaction, but has not incurred a single penny of actual expense thereby.

The Contingent Debt

Several years ago the city of Boston and surrounding towns saw that it would be a great advantage if they could consolidate for special purposes in the Boston Metropolitan district, and as a unit secure a supply of water from some available source, and construct, own, and operate all the paraphernalia requisite for this purpose. This was authorized by an act of the legislature, and the state assumed the duty of issuing bonds for this expense, and also took charge of the construction and operation of the works.

On the books of the commonwealth the state appears to owe nearly $40,000,000 on account of this work, but this debt is entirely contingent. The city of Boston and the cities and towns comprising the Metropolitan district are annually liquidating this debt, and will ultimately pay every dollar of it into the treasury of the commonwealth. The same is true of the bonds issued under the head of the Metropolitan park loan. The sum total of this issue is $8,320,000. The Metropolitan sewerage loan, amounting to $13,797,912, stands on exactly the same basis. It should be said in regard to the Metropolitan loan for parkways and boulevards that as this money is expended in the construction of parkways and boulevards, thereby benefiting the whole commonwealth to some extent at least, one half of the cost is assessed upon the state at large and the other half upon the Metropolitan district alone. This loan amounts to $14,185,000.

The state armory loan, amounting to $2,084,000, is also a contingent debt which will ultimately be paid by the cities and towns where the armories are located.

The direct debts of the state consist of loans for state highways, for grade crossings, for prisons and hospitals, for the new state house and grounds, for the Spanish war expenses, for harbor improvements, and for the Fitchburg railroad loan. These aggregate $31,549,750, to pay which there is in the sinking fund, set aside for that purpose, $17,126,168.74, making the direct debt $14,423,581.26.

This latter sum represents the exact amount of actual indebtedness for which the commonwealth of Massachusetts is liable.

Great Care Has Been Exercised

This entire debt was incurred for legitimate purposes. It would be very difficult for any one to point out a place where any wise economy could have been exercised. The state highway loan was issued for the purpose of constructing state highways throughout the commonwealth, in order that means of communication between different localities might be improved. Certainly no one would advise against this work or desire to cease the construction of these highways.

The law for the abolition of grade crossings was enacted in obedience to a tremendous public sentiment throughout the state, and these crossings cannot be abolished without the expenditure of money on the part of the commonwealth. This work is one of the most urgent and necessary to be pointed out.

The prison and hospital loan was another crying necessity. Practically all the prisons and hospitals throughout the commonwealth were greatly overcrowded, and it became necessary to build extensive additions or construct entirely new buildings in order that the unfortunate people confined in these prisons and insane hospitals might not suffer. Certainly no one could raise his voice against this work, and if it is to be done, the money necessary has to be provided. The state house loan was issued for the purpose of constructing the new state house annex and for the purchase of land in its vicinity for the state house grounds.

The Fitchburg railroad loan was never a liability. There are sufficient funds in the treasury of the commonwealth to liquidate it when it becomes due.

It may be stated that the bonds representing the Fitchburg railroad securities loan came into the hands of the commonwealth at the time of the sale of the Hoosac tunnel to the Fitchburg Railroad company. The state received for that sale $5,000,000 in Fitchburg railroad bonds and 50,000 shares of the par value of $5,000,000 of common stock. The bonds bore 3 percent the first five years, 3½ percent the second five years and 4 percent after 10 years. These bonds were put into various sinking funds.

The State Issues Bonds

When the bonds of those various sinking funds became due, it was necessary to secure money to meet them, and the question arose whether it was well to put upon the market $5,000,000 worth of Fitchburg railroad bonds, which at that time were quoted at about 85 percent, making a loss to the commonwealth, or whether it were not better to issue state bonds, and take up this $5,000,000. The state treasurer of that year and the legislature authorized the issue of $5,000,000 of bonds to bear interest at the rate of 3½ percent per annum, and it was provided in the bill authorizing the loan that the interest received on the Fitchburg railroad bonds should be used for the payment of the issue of bonds, known as the Fitchburg railroad securities loan, and it has been so applied ever since. The 5,000,000's of common stock was sold to the Boston and Maine when the Fitchburg railroad was leased to that road, and they were paid for at par.

The harbor improvement loan was issued for the purpose of improving various harbors of the commonwealth which has also been regarded as exceedingly important and necessary work. The Spanish war loan was made necessary by the expenses incident to the part taken by this state in the Spanish war of 1898. All these expenses have been deemed vitally necessary by those who have been in charge of the state governmnt.

Before Governor Douglas was elected he declared strenuously in favor of reducing the running expenses of the state, and also in favor of limiting and cutting down the debt. He had no sooner been inaugurated than he discovered the difference between theory and practice. Instead of cutting down the running expenses of the commonwealth under his leadership, they have been increased to the extent that a $4,000,000 tax is found necessary. It is also found that there are many things in the line of permanent construction and permanent improvements which it is absolutely necessary should be made, and to pay for these additional bonds have, as a matter of necessity, been issued, thereby increasing the state debt.

Hosdital and Prison Expenses

Hospitals and Prisons Expensive

One of the largest items in the direct debt is that for the construction of new buildings and additions to our prison and hospital buildings. The total to date is $4,767,250. The commonwealth has always been considerate in her treatment of the unfortunate and insane within her borders, as much so as any other state in the union, and more so than most of them. She has exercised the feeling of kindly charity for these wards, dependent upon her care. With such a history as hers, she could scarcely do otherwise. It is, however, a startling fact that the number of her insane and criminals are steadily increasing. Whether this is due to so great an influx of population from foreign shores, is an open question. At all events, it is a condition which promises to grow rather than to diminish.

Bishop Clark and the Polite Stranger.

There was no limit to the humorous situation for which the Right Rev. Thomas L. Clark, bishop of Rhode Island, was responsible. Some years ago while attending a lecture in Boston he observed a man sitting three seats in front whom he thought he knew. He requested the person sitting next to him to "punch" the other individual with his umbrella.

The polite stranger did so and, the disturbed person turning his head a little, Bishop Clark discovered his mistake. It was not the person he supposed. Fixing his attention steadfastly on the lecturer and affecting unconsciousness of the whole affair he left the man with the umbrella to settle with the other for the disturbance, and, this man being wholly without an excuse, there was, of course, a ludicrous and embarrassing scene, during all of which Bishop Clark was profoundly interested in the lecture.

At last the man with the umbrella asked, rather indignantly, "Didn't you tell me to punch that person with my umbrella?"

"Yes."

"And what did you want?"

"I wanted to see whether you would punch him or not."—Boston Herald.

A Lawyer's Nerve.

A self satisfied young lawyer went over to Michigan from Ohio to represent a client of that state who was mixed up in some litigation over which the Wayne county court had original jurisdiction. In the course of argument the Buckeye lawyer became tangled, and the judge kindly advised him to back up and repeat with greater deliberation. Then the court let the youth down by saying, "If you do that I will be better able to follow the thread of your contention." "Glad to accommodate you, judge," said the young man as he recovered his confidence. "I am dealing with a very complicated point of law, and I suspected that it might be too intricate for your honor to follow at the rate I was going." The dignity of the court was knocked out, and he joined heartily in the general laugh.—Kansas City Star.

The Japanese Jury.

In the Teiyei era (along about the middle of the thirteenth century) a Japanese statesman brought the laws in touch with the people by establishing a council of state, with twelve judges, the same as our jury. Before these twelve all litigation was brought for investigation and decision. The plaintiff and defendant had their spokesmen, who argued and defended the case, and afterward the twelve retired into a closed chamber, where the following oath was administered:

During the deliberation of a case, and the decision afterward between right and wrong, neither family connection nor sympathy with, nor antipathy against, the party shall influence. Fear not a powerful family or favor not a friend, but speak in accordance with the dictates of truth. Should there be a case decided wrong and redress refused to a man we shall be punished by all the gods and goddesses of the realm. Thus we swear, and affix our signatures.

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WINCHESTER.

Everybody is away from home, and it is terrible dull here.

Considerable many weddings have been solemnized in this town of late. They were probably the leftovers from June.

The venerable and estimable ex-Representative of this town, Mr. Samuel W. Twombly, celebrated his 83d birthday at home on July 31, 1905. His friendly callers found him in good health and spirits, and showing all signs of "a long life and a merry one" yet to come to him.

The Republicans of this town are not rending their nether garments over the Attorney General matter. It is all a question of personal likes, dislikes, and indifference. Judge Littlefield, while taking but little interest in it, says Lawyer Sanderson would make a good Attorney General.

The opening up of the Lowell & Woburn (L. & B.) trolley line will give Judge Littlefield another pleasant route for his popular trolley trips. It is a mighty pretty country from Woburn up through Burlington and Billerica. The Judge's excursions this season have been popular.

Our respectable patrons of the B. & M. heartily approve of the Company's recent order for the arrest of all persons on their trains who use profane or vulgar language, and are pleased with the arrest of some of the violators of the order. The low down drunken fellows who, dead to all decency, offend well behaved passengers with their foul language deserve terms in the House of Correction.

Answers For Napier.

Sir Charles Napier hated a man who had not an answer ready for him. He once asked Richard Burton, the explorer, how many bricks there were in a newly built bridge. Richard, knowing his foible, answered without hesitation, "Two hundred and twenty-nine thousand and ten, Sir Charles." He turned away and smiled. Another time he ordered a review on a grand scale to impress certain chiefs. "Lieutenant Burton, be pleased to inform these gentlemen that I propose to form these men into line, then to break into echelon by the right and to form square on the center battalion," and so on, for about five minutes, in military technical terms for which there were no equivalents in these men's dialects. "Yes, sir," said Richard, saluting. Turning to the chiefs, Richard said, "Oh, chiefs, our great man is going to show you the way we fight, and you must be attentive to the rules!" He then touched his cap to Sir Charles. "Have you explained all?" he asked. "Everything, sir," answered Richard. "A most concentrated language that must be," said Sir Charles, riding off with his nose in the air.

The Strongest King.

The strongest king on record, so the story goes, appears to have been Caius Julius Verus Maximus, the son of a Thracian peasant and emperor of Rome. It is related that with one of his fingers he stopped a chariot dashing by at full speed, that he could draw a loaded wagon, by a blow of his fist could break the hardest stones between his fingers and split trees with his hand. This redoubtable sovereign was eight feet high, and his wife's bracelets served him for finger rings. We have passed over Og, the king of Bashan, who, as the rabbis say, was nearly six miles high, drank water from the clouds and toasted fish by holding them up to the sun and who, when Noah refused him shelter in the ark, survived those troublous times by wading through the flood, which only reached to his knees, and of Atlas, king of Mauritania, who is said to have supported the world upon his shoulders.

A Bored Princess.

F. Leveson-Gower, long prominent in England, published a volume of reminiscences, in which he tells the story of Princess Lieven: "What the princess chiefly suffered from was intense boredom, which amounted almost to a disease. If nobody called during the afternoon, she would roll on the floor from ennui. On one occasion, when on her way from England, she got so much alarmed at the prospect of traveling from Calais to Paris alone that she offered a seat in her carriage to a respectable looking clergyman on board the steamer, which he joyfully accepted. When seated beside her, he talked so incessantly as to drive her wild. She could only relieve her feelings by putting her head out of the window and screaming out to the wind, 'Il m'ennuie—il m'ennuie!' (He fatigues me.)"

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YOUTH IS CONTAGIOUS.

And Young Wives, It Is Caimed, Rejuvenate Old Husbands.

"Strange statistics," said an insurance agent, "are collected in my business.

"I have found that the more times a man marries the younger in comparison with himself he wants his wife to be. For instance, his first wife on the average is four years younger than he. His second is ten. His third is twenty or thirty.

"What do these statistics prove? Do they prove that as a man gains in years and experience he finds that it is best, for many reasons, to be almost as old as his wife's father, or do they only prove that as men approach old age they are more foolish than they were in youth?

"Old X., aged seventy, with a third wife of twenty-three, said on this head the other day:

"'You can't marry a girl too young. The younger she is the longer she'll keep her health and strength and beauty. Furthermore, the older you are the more respect she'll have for you. She'll reverence you and obey you as she would her own father or grandfather.'

"Young wives rejuvenate old husbands," the insurance agent ended. "They make these old fellows dress younger, talk younger, act younger and feel younger. Youth is contagious. A young wife is believed to prolong an old husband's life. If a man of seventy insured in my company should marry a girl of twenty, I'd consider him a better risk by 8 per cent than he had been before."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A CAUTIOUS ELEPHANT.

The Sagacity Displayed by the Animal When Near Quicksand.

One elephant which an officer of the Royal artillery lent to assist in extricating some camels which were being engulfed in the quicksands showed an amount of sagacity which was positively marvelous. It was with the utmost difficulty that we could get him to go near enough to attach a drag rope to one camel I wanted to rescue. In spite of our being about fifty yards from the bank of the river, he evinced the greatest anxiety, while his movements were made with extreme caution.

Despite coaxing, persuasive remonstrance and at last a shower of heavy blows dealt upon his head by the exasperated mahout, this elephant stubbornly refused to go where he was wanted, but with his trunk shoved out in front of him kept feeling his way with his ponderous feet, placing them before him slowly, deliberately and methodically, treading all the while with the velvety softness of a cat and taking only one step at a time. Then suddenly he would break out into a suppressed kind of shriek and retreat backward in great haste.

When the animal had nearly completed a circuit of the ground with the same caution and deliberation, he advanced to within ten yards of the poor camel, but not another inch would he move, though several men were walking between him and the camel without any signs of the ground giving way.—"The Camel," Major A. G. Leonard.

A Daily Mystery.

A man whose income is $50 a day lunching alone in a fifteen cent restaurant and a clerk whose income is $50 a month lunching with a young woman in a restaurant where the cash register doesn't ring up anything under $1. Which is cause and which is effect? Does the fifty-dollar-a-day man lunch thus cheaply that he may be reminded of troubles on earth, or does the fifty-dollar-a-month man dine thus expensively because he wants to forget? Or is the one a fifty-dollar-a-day man because he is careful and the other a fifty-dollar-a-month man because he is a spendthrift?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sensitiveness of Plants.

Darwin gave it as his opinion that some plants can see, and an Indian botanist relates some curious incidents which tend to verify the belief. Observing one morning that the tendrils of a convolvulus on his veranda had decidedly leaned over toward his leg as he lay in an attitude of repose, he tried a series of experiments with a long pole, placing it in such a position that the leaves would have to turn away from the light in order to reach it. In every case he found that the tendrils set themselves visibly toward the pole and in a few hours had twined themselves closely around it.

Animals and Flesh Eating.

Arguing against the eating of meat, an English writer remarks: "Almost any animal can be made to eat flesh. The kangaroo has canine teeth. Horses, oxen and sheep may be taught to eat flesh. Norwegian cows have been known to eat flesh. Goldsmith saw a sheep eat flesh. A carnivor sheep is now in London. Spallanzani has shown that a pigeon may be made to live on flesh and an eagle on bread."

Beautiful Comparisons.

The horse shares with woman the gift of the greatest animate physical beauty, and the classification does the lady no discredit. As for man, his partner in pulchritude is away down the line, probably a mule and maybe a burro.—San Francisco Call.

The Last Word.

"Does your wife insist on having the last word?" said the man who asks impertinent questions.

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Meekton. "She doesn't have to insist."—Washington Star.

Be extraordinary in your excellence if you like, but be ordinary in your display of it.—Balthasar Gracian.

The Muff.

In many of the portraits of the sixteenth century one often sees a strip of rich, soft fur wound around the wrist of a noble dame. This was used to cover the neck or fulfill the function of the muff, and to it was often attached a small animal's head or a skull cunningly wrought in metal and adorned with precious stones. The first Venetian muffs were small, made of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk lined with fur, the opening enriched with gold or silver buttons set with stones. By 1662 the muff seems to have been recognized as the necessary adjunct of the wardrobe of a woman of fashion.

His Last Wish.

"What are you doing with that sheet of paper, Orville?" sharply asked his wife.

"I am making a wish," answered Mr. Meekun.

"A wish?"

"Yes, my dear. In your presence I shall not presume to call it a will."—Chicago Tribune.

Model Wives.

In a wedding sermon entitled "The Rib Restored," preached in St. Dionis Back church, Fenchurch street, in 1655, by Richard Meggot, afterward dean of Salisbury, the preacher thus defined a good wife:

"A help she must be in her family, being not only a wife, but a housewife —not a field wife, like Dinah, nor a treet wife, like Thamar, or a window wife, like Jezebel, but a housewife."

And another preacher about the same date, the Rev. Simeon Singleton, said that a wife should be at once like and unlike three things. "First, she should be like a snail, always keep within her house; but she should not be like a snail, carry all she has upon her back. Secondly, she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like the town clock, always keep time regularly; but she should not be like the town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her."—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Patiently Wait For Her.

A Missouri contemporary rises to remark: "Once I was young, but now I am old, and I have never seen a girl that was unfaithful to her mother that ever came to be worth a one eyed button to her husband. It is the law of God. It isn't exactly in the Bible, but it is written large and awful in the miserable lives of many unfit homes. I'm speaking for the boys this time. If one of you chaps comes across a girl that, with a face full of roses, says to you as she comes to the door, 'I can't go for thirty minutes, for the dishes are not washed yet,' you wait for that girl. You sit right down and wait for her, because some other fellow may come along and carry her off, and right there you lose an angel. Wait for that girl and stick to her like a bur to a woolly dog."—Kansas City Journal.

Curious Bird Habits.

It is a well known fact that if the young of almost any kind of bird are taken from the nest before they can fly the old ones will feed them attentively if the cage in which the little birds are inclosed is placed somewhere where the parents can reach it, and a popular but erroneous belief is current that they do this for a time, and end by poisoning the young ones. This, however, is a mistake, the fact being that at a certain stage of a young bird's existence, when it is naturally able to begin catering for itself, the parent birds, also quite naturally, cease to attend it, and then, if the birdlings are shut up in the cage and their custodian has not thought of placing some food at their disposal they necessarily die, not from poison administered by the parents, but from starvation.

The Storthing.

Norway's legislative body is known as the storthing, which means the "great court" and should be pronounced to rhyme with "courting." The second part of the word is identical with the English word "thing," as the Scandanavian languages, in common with Anglo-Saxon, have the same word for "thing" and "council." In modern English a trace of the second sense survives in the word "hustings," which came to mean the public platform upon which a candidate appeared at election time, though originally the "husting" was the council at which the candidate was elected, the "house-thing" or house council.

How Thermometers Are Made.

A small glass tube blown into a bulb at one end is partly filled with mercury. The mercury is boiled to expel the air and fill the tube with mercury vapor and then the tube is hermetically sealed and allowed to cool. The gradations are found as follows: The instrument is immersed in ice water and the freezing point is found and is marked. Then it is placed in water, which is allowed to reach the boiling point, and so 212 degrees is found. The spans between are marked by mathematical calculations.

Monkeys and Knots.

The monkey's intelligence has never been able to arrive at a point which enables that animal to achieve the untying of a knot. You may tie a monkey with the simplest form of common knot, and unless the beast can break the string or gnaw it in two he will never get loose. To untie the knot requires observation and reasoning power, and, though a monkey may possess both, he has neither in a sufficient degree to enable him to overcome the difficulty.

Handing Out a Hint.

School Director (to teacher)—We were thinking of having a nice motto framed and put over your desk to encourage the children. How would "Knowledge Is Wealth" do? Teacher—That wouldn't do at all. The children know how small my salary is, and they might draw conclusions of their own.

Sullivan and Booth.

It is a pathetic as well as a humorous remark that Laurence Hutton in his reminiscences attributes to John L. Sullivan. When the news came of the death of Edwin Booth the great fighter in sincere sorrow remarked, "Well, there are only a few of us left!"

A Cuckoo That Stutters.

Even the cuckoo, which has no home, is strangely faithful to locality. In an Essex district an old cuckoo, known to the whole place by a distinctive stammer in his speech, was seen and heard regularly in the same parish for seven consecutive years.—London Outlook.

Continual Opportunity.

Great opportunities seldom present themselves, but every moment of every hour of thy conscious life is an opportunity to improve thyself, which for thee is the best and most necessary thing.—Ruskin.

A Smart Woman.

"Biggins' wife thinks he is the smartest man on earth."

"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "she doesn't think so. She merely makes Bliggins think she thinks so."

Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Blue Scarecrow.

The farmer's scarecrows were all garbed in blue.

"A blue scarecrow," said the man, "does more good than ten ordinary ones, for birds hate and fear blue as you and I hate and fear typhoid and consumption. A professor pointed out to me that blue was the thing for birds. At first I was unbelieving, but I experimented and found that professor to be right."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Matter Indestructible.

An essential property of matter, but which does not commend itself to superficial observation, like those of extension and resistance, is indestructibility. So far as experiment and observation can discover matter can neither be created nor destroyed. On the surface facts seem to contradict this assertion, for any particular portion of matter may be decomposed and resolved into its constituent parts so that it seems to have disappeared, because the form under which we knew it is no longer present. In reality, however, no diminution in the quantity of existing matter has taken place. One proof of this is easily afforded by combustion. If we allow a piece of wood or coal or any combustible solid body to "burn away," there will, as we all know, be ashes remaining. If while the combustion is going on we take means to preserve not only the ashes, but also every part of the body which would ordinarily be dissipated, as smoke and steam, and then weigh all the different substances, solid, liquid or gaseous, that we have obtained, we shall find the combined weights equal to the original weight of the body itself.

The Pillory In England.

It is difficult to realize that as late as June 26, 1830, so barbarous a punishment as that of the pillory was still inflicted. One Peter James Bossy stood in the pillory in the Old Bailey on that day for perjury and was the last of a long line of victims, for it was abolished immediately afterward. Originally, like most mediaeval punishment, it was intended more as a disgrace than as a bodily discomfort, but a crowd that would watch all night to gloat over a public hanging in the morning naturally did not spare the victims of the pillory, who sometimes died from the treatment they received. More humane was the punishment for perjury in 1468, when the offenders were merely sentenced to ride from Newgate to Cornhill with paper miters on their heads. But they knew a thing or two in the middle ages, and no doubt there was a street boy even in 1468.—London Chronicle.

Causes of Cancer.

"I could see no reason for the prevalence of cancer among the backwoodsmen of North America," says an English writer. "The other day, however, I happened to read in an account of the backwoods of Canada that the lumbermen maintain their remarkable powers on buckwheat cakes served with molasses, potato pies, baked beans, white bread, pork and bacon. So far good, but that tea, black as ink, sweetened with molasses or sugar house sirup, is always near the fire by day and by night and is used in vast quantities. Here we have the rich nutriment and the great excess of stewed tea and the excess of sugar, corresponding to the excessive beer and excessive coffee of parts of Holland, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Baden and Bavaria, in all of which cancer is exceedingly prevalent."

Apes and Beards.

Almost all apes have beards. Darwin says that gorillas, chimpanzees and orang outangs have also stiff and bristly hairs upon their upper lips, resembling cats' whiskers. The beards of apes possess a remarkable resemblance to those of men, in being almost invariably lighter in color than the hair of the head. In apes the chin growth is most frequently yellow or red, becoming white in age. It is common to both sexes, although more strongly developed in the male. Apes —and monkeys also—have eyebrows as well, which do not grow thickly together as in human beings, but are scattered through the hair, covering the part of the face which would be called the forehead in man.

Connecticut's Negro Governor.

The negroes of Connecticut were formerly accustomed to elect a governor for themselves. "Negro election," as it was called, generally took place on the Saturday following the election day of the whites. Just what the negro governor's duties and privileges were does not appear. At all events, he was respected as "gubernor" by the negroes throughout the state. The custom was established before the Revolutionary war and was continued as late as 1820.

Passport to the North Pole.

A passport to the north pole was issued some years ago by the governor of the province of Tobolsk, which stretches along the Russian shores of the Arctic ocean. The official was approached by two men who had been engaged to proceed to the north with an English expedition, then fitting out. Their petition was for a passport to the pole itself, but the governor pointed out that the pole was as likely to be in their home province as in any other, that it was extremely unlikely they would reach it and that, if they did, there were no police there to examine their credentials. At last, however, to satisfy them he ordered the issue of a document allowing them to pass without let or hindrance to the north pole.

Chair of the Giant Idris.

One of the mountain peaks of north Wales is known as the Chair of Idris, or Cader Idris, as the Welsh people call it, because its top is hollowed out like an immense couch. According to local tradition, whoever spends a night in the Chair of Idris will on the following morning be dead, raving mad or endowed with the loftiest poetical inspiration. No one seems to know exactly who Idris was or when he lived, but he must have been a giant if his body was in proportion with his celebrated "chair." Mrs. Hemans has a fine poem with the Chair of Idris as the theme, and Tennyson also mentions it in "Ænid."

Circassian Beauty.

Painting the eyes and eyelids is considered a great aid to the fascination of the female orbs. A Circassian to be really lovely must, in addition to being very corpulent, have golden hair and jet black lashes. Kohl is used by the Persian and Armenian women to lengthen their eyes. The bazaar women and nautch girls of most eastern countries dye their finger nails with henna, and where they wish to be thought great ladies they allow their finger nails to grow to an immense length and keep them in finely wrought gold sheaths.

A Curious Tale.

This curious tale of the Venerable Bede is told in the mediaeval "Golden Legend:" One day, when he was old and blind, the desire to preach came upon him. An attendant led him to a spot where he faced a heap of stones, and Bede, believing that a human audience was before him, delivered an eloquent sermon. At the end, it is gravely recorded, the stones cried "Amen!" no doubt to save Bede's feelings.

Facts About Bananas.

Under very favorable circumstances a banana plant may give a stem of fruit in nine months, but it generally takes from fifteen to eighteen months for the average plantations to be in full bearing. The life of a plantation varies according to the fertility of its soil and topographical situation. Some soils may need a rest in six or seven years, while others may last practically forever, as in cases where periodically enriched by alluvial deposits. Sandy loam, through which water or rain will freely percolate, is the best soil for bananas. The stalk needs a large amount of rainfall for its successful development, but water must not be allowed to remain on the surface or immediately under the surface of the soil surrounding it, lest the water be heated by the tropical sun and become stagnant, in which case it will kill the plant.—Chicago Journal.

Toothbrushes.

"In the straight toothbrush one thigh bone of a beef twelve inches long and four in diameter will cut four perfect blanks. The same bone will cut only two of these fancy curved pieces. That's one thing that makes the difference in cost between plain and fancy," said a manufacturer. "When the bone is cut to length and shaped, bristles are hand drawn by wire or thread through the brush part, each group of bristles having its own leader. Then they are securely fastened, and the work is finished. When the bristles first go in they are fully three inches long. After being firmly secured they are cut down to the size required. What bristle is best? Well, in some respects that's a matter of taste. It is all hog bristle, but whether soft or hard depends on the user."

A Man Eating Tiger.

In 1891 one of the Hagenbecks and Herman Boger, a hunter in the family's employ, went to India for tigers. Hearing of a savage man eater in a certain district, they organized a party and sallied forth to find him.

Crouching like a cat, with back up and whiskers bristling, it waited its chance for a spring. One of the natives, more venturesome than the rest, boldly charged it. With a sudden blood curdling growl it was upon him and he was brushed from his horse like a man of straw. And then, though he was a man of fully 145 pounds weight, the great beast seized him as a cat seizes a kitten and started off with him toward the jungle. It was impossible to shoot for fear of killing the man, and so we had to make the chase one of strategy. Finally, near the edge of the undergrowth, we cornered the tiger, and it dropped its luckless burden. Then a bullet from an express rifle ended its days of pillage. It had carried the man half a mile, and, strange to say, he was little injured.—Leslie's.

Corsica and England.

It is an almost forgotten fact that for a period of a little more than two years during the Napoleonic wars Corsica was a British possession. After the evacuation of Toulon the British government felt it necessary to take the island, and Lord Hood, with Nelson as brigadier, was sent to drive out the French. With the capture of Calvi, July 12, 1794, where Nelson lost his eye, the island fell into British hands, and George III. formally accepted the crown of Corsica, appointing Sir George Elliot as British viceroy and allowing the Corsicans to retain their legislative assembly. In 1796 the activity of the French navy in other parts of the Mediterranean resulted in a sudden decision of the British government to withdraw from the island. The evacuation was completed on Oct. 26 of that year, and Corsica reverted to France.

Cooking In Naples.

In Naples cooking is done anywhere and anyhow—inside and outside, on sheet iron stoves, on tin boxes, in stone jars or in clay baked earth. Here a cobbler sits from early to late out on a corner of a sidewalk near a public "Latrina," to which he attends whenever necessary; when not, he mends; also makes shoes. Near him is a granite arrangement where he cooks his meals. It is about one foot high, square and open at the top, with space deep enough for some charcoal. Below the coal is a grate. On one side at the bottom is an opening for draft, and a savory smell always arises from a little black pot if one passes there at noon or toward the evening. I saw a stove and a woman busy cooking out on a balcony, with about six feet of stovepipe braced against the railing.—Chicago Tribune.

How Dew Forms.

Dew was formerly supposed to fall softly from the heavens, and to this belief may be ascribed many current and poetical phrases; but dew does not fall in the exact meaning of the term. The condensation of watery vapor follows upon the chilling of the air. This is seen as the earth cools toward night, and it takes place most rapidly near the ground. Grass and other vegetation cools more rapidly than the air above it. The air in contact with plants is thus chilled and deposits its moisture upon the leaves of the plants in dew. When the chilling of the air proceeds further, the moisture may be precipitated to a considerable height above the earth's surface, and it then becomes what we call fog.

Headstrong.

Mrs. Homer—Don't you think your husband is rather headstrong for an invalid? Mrs. Neighbor—Yes, and the doctor is to blame for it too. Mrs. Homer—Indeed! And why, pray? Mrs. Neighbor—He won't allow him to take any nourishment but goats' milk.

An Evident Alternative.

"She married him in spite of great opposition, didn't she?"

"Yes. If her marriage doesn't turn out well she'll only have herself to blame."

"Good gracious! Why? What's to prevent her blaming him?"

Love's Labor's Lost.

Poeticus—Have you read Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost?" Cynicus—No, but I've taken a girl to the theater and had her talk to the man next her all through the show.

The worst men often give the best advice. Our thoughts are better sometimes than our deeds.—Bailey.

The Pain Part.

"Do you take pains with your eating?" asked the doctor.

"No," sadly replied the dyspeptic. "The pains don't come till afterward." —Philadelphia Record.

Still Worse.

Penelope—It's dreadful! Papa wants me to marry a man I have never seen. Perdita—That's nothing. My father wants me to marry a man I have seen.

The Face Is an Index.

The face is an index to the state of one's physical well being. Symptoms of disease can be detected from it almost before the patient is aware that there is anything the matter. For instance, excessive pallor indicates poor circulation and possible heart trouble. Incomplete exposure of the eyeballs, rendering the whites of the eyes visible during sleep, is a symptom of all acute and chronic diseases of a severe type. Twitching of the muscles is a herald of nervous exhaustion. Widening of the orifices of the nose with movements of the nostrils to and fro points to embarrassed breathing from disease of the lungs or channels leading thereto. Contraction of the brows indicates pain in the head. Sharpness in the nostrils is a symptom of pain in the chest. Bagging under the eyes, when not a facial characteristic, points to kidney trouble. Twitching of the eyelids associated with oscillation of the eyeballs or squinting, heralds the visit of convulsions.—American Queen.

A Kipling Lament.

In Laurence Hutton's "Talks In a Library" he tells as follows of meeting Rudyard Kipling at a luncheon given to the latter by Richard Watson Gilder. "Another engagement made me late, and I entered the room as the party was breaking up. I was introduced to Mr. Kipling, with whom I exchanged the traditional few formal words, and we drifted apart, but a moment or two afterward he placed himself on the arm of a chair in which I was sitting and said: 'I didn't realize, Hutton, when I met you a moment ago who you were. Dear old Wolcott Balestier, your friend and mine, tried so hard and so many times to bring us together in London and elsewhere and now he is gone, and I can't understand it all. He died so suddenly and so far away; we had so much to say to each other, and now I have got to wait so long before I can say it.'"

An Ancient Tune.

"We Won't Go Home Till Morning" is not a modern song; at least the air is not modern, for it dates back to the times of the first Duke of Marlborough. It is the old French air of "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre; Dieu sait quant reviendra" ("Malbrouk has gone to the war; the Lord knows when he will come home again"). The second verse hinted that the Duke of Marlborough would be a long time away. "Il reviendra-z-a la Paques, ou a la Trinite" ("He will return at Easter or Trinity Sunday"). In south Yorkshire, in England, that air exists as a children's song:

Mollie Brooks, she went to be shaved;
Mollie Brooks, she went to be shaved;
Mollie Brooks, she went to be shaved
and the barber cut her chin.

"Mollie Brooks" is a corruption of Marlborough.

Both Saw the Monkey.

"I had a most terrible experience today," declared the pretty girl to her boarding house companions. "I was walking along the street, when suddenly I heard a most peculiar noise. I looked up, and there on a stoop stood a most hideous monkey, leering at me. It startled me, and I stepped back quickly, putting my hand to my eyes. Then the man who was coming just behind me remarked:

"'You're all right, little girl. I see it, too, and I've been on the water cart for weeks.' Now, what do you suppose he meant?"

The men boarders who were at the table answered not, but the wife of one of them explained to the girl later on.—New York Tribune.

A Remarkable Comedy.

The most remarkably comedy ever written is "The Visionaries," by Desmarets, the protege of Richelieu. Every character in the play has a hallucination of one kind or another. One is a coward who thinks he has conquered the world, another a poet who conceives himself better than Homer, another a lover who becomes enamored of every heroine he reads of in a romance, another a beggar who thinks himself richer than Croesus.

Women's Letters.

"As far as I have had the opportunity of judging, it appears to me that the usual style of letter writing among women is faultless except in three particulars—a general deficiency of subject, a total inattention to stops and a very frequent ignorance of grammar." Such is the brief summing up of woman as a correspondent, given some hundred years ago by Henry Tilney.

Logical.

"You've been kissing Margie Hunter."

"Oh, Nellie, what a story!"

"Yes, you have, Robbie Dickerson. You don't like peppermint, and she always gets peppermint chewing gum. Oh, I can put two and free togevver." —Life.

Quite Apparent.

She—You know, judge, our characters are different, and I don't want to be in his way— He—Yes, your honor, she is peculiar, and I don't want to interfere— Judge—I understand. You ask for a divorce out of pure love.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Tidy.

"Is Spooney's wife a good housekeeper?"

"Well, I should say so. Why, he has to keep a private detective to watch his clothes so he can tell where to find them. She's so tidy."—Liverpool Mercury.

Nothing Left but the Bark.

"He belongs to one of our oldest families, but he is a consumptive. He coughs dreadfully."

"Yes, he says all he ever got from the family tree was the bark."

The Stork's Balancing.

No one has really seen a stork until he has watched him stand on one leg beside his nest. After one has seen this feat he is sure it was a stork. Nothing in the animal kingdom is more marvelous than the way this great bird can balance his long body on a piece of bone which is no thicker than a wheat stalk and to behold also the perfect ease with which he goes to sleep while still poised in this critical position.

Not Interested.

Father—Robert, is it not about time that little boys were in bed? Robert (aged six, carelessly glancing at his watch)—Really, father, I must be excused from venturing an opinion. It is a subject in which I have little interest. I have no little boys, you know.

Fashionable Term.

"McBluff is suffering with rheumatism, I hear."

"No, he isn't suffering. He's got it, but he's quite proud and happy. His doctor calls it 'gout.'"—Philadelphia Press.

KEEP COOL

JAYNES' NERVO
Root Beer Extract

Protects you against summer heat and discomfort. JAYNES' NERVO ROOT BEER is the ideal hot weather temperance beverage. One bottle will make from five to ten gallons of delightful, strengthening summer drink. Cools the blood, invigorates the system, drives out that tired feeling with which summer weather, and tones up the nerves and stomach. JAYNES' NERVO ROOT BEER is the healthiest beverage in existence. Good before, after, and during meals. Good all the time. It is easily prepared at home and no boiling is required. Adding a few drops of JAYNES' NERVO ROOT BEER EXTRACT to a glass of sweetened water makes a refreshing drink.

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Heredity Mysteries.

"If there is much virtue in the doctrine of inherited qualities, why is the reverse so plainly the case in a multitude of instances, between brothers or between sisters?" said an observer of men and things. "Years ago I began to make a study of this matter, and I have a book at home filled with cases bearing on fraternal disparities. I know of a learned jurist, and a most excellent man from every point of view, who has a brother in the penitentiary. I knew of a family of six brothers, three of whom were men of the highest social and business standing, while the other three were knaves and vagabonds, outcasts from society. They had the same father and mother, the same moral and intellectual training. Whence the difference? I know of two sisters, one of whom is an angel and the other a totally depraved creature. Inherited qualities often exist and are influential in the formation of character, but the law of their transmission is wholly uncertain."—Washington Post.

Motley's First London Dinner.

When Mr. Motley, the historian, was American minister to London he had trouble at his first dinner party. Mr. Leveson-Gower says: "At that time couples were sent in to dinner in pairs, but nobody's place was fixed. Unfortunately the Turkish ambassador was allotted to Lady Waldegrave, who did not care to have him as her neighbor. She consequently told him that his place was at the other side of the table. He, with oriental politeness, did as she bade him and sat down opposite to her. This upset the whole arrangement. The couples wandered about the room like sheep that were being driven out of a field. Mr. Motley, who had every merit except a good temper, went into a passion, and I nearly died of laughing."

The Dance of the Gods.

At the great festival of the New Year held in Lassa the "dance of the gods" is performed in the presence of the grand lama. A long cable of twisted leather thongs is stretched from a high point in the battlements of the lama's palace to the plain below, and two men slide from top to bottom, lying on their chests and spreading out their arms as if to swim. The tremendous rapidity of the descent is frequently fatal to the dancers, but there are never wanting fanatics who will undertake it in the hope of a happy transmigration or adventurers attracted by the value of the reward offered by the court.

Father of Electric Railways.

The honor of first suggesting an electric railway must be accorded to Thomas Davenport of Brandon, Vt., blacksmith and electrician, inventor and scientist. In 1834 he ran a toy motor mounted on wheels on a small circular railway, and a year later he exhibited it at Springfield and at Boston. Then it gave up the ghost, and for more than twoscore years various inventors, in utter ignorance of the principles of the modern dynamo and with no source of power except the zinc burning primary battery, labored with small reward.—Century.

Proving His Love.

Bride—I know you don't l-love me! Groom—Why, child, what makes you say that? Bride—Because you're not jealous. Why, Mayme Gray's been married nearly a year, and her husband's so jealous that he's shot at her twice and tried to kill himself three times!

Poor Polish.

"So he said I was a polished gentleman, did he?"

"Well—yes. It was the same thing."

"Ah! What was the exact word?"

"He said you were a slippery fellow." —Cleveland Leader.

Not Quite Clear.

Green—Jones was run over by a trolley car yesterday. They say he cannot recover. Brown—Who said he couldn't recover, his doctor or his lawyer?—Chicago News.

Her Idea.

Mr. Settledown—I'd prefer to stay at home once in awhile. My idea of domestic bliss was to have a home of our own. Mrs. Settledown—Exactly, and some place else to go to.

Admiration is the daughter of ignorance.—Franklin.

Democracy on Warships.

Visitors to the big warships in the navy yard are surprised to hear the way the enlisted men address their officers with the title of "Mr." Everybody below the grade of captain on the ship is addressed with a simple "Mr." This is to save time, as commander, lieutenant commander, lieutenant and midshipman require too much time to enunciate. A national guard officer of rank below that of major visiting the yard the other day was surprised to hear a lieutenant commander referred to as "Mr." The very thought of such a thing happening to him in the armory made him almost shiver. "Ah," said he, "I see why it is. The officers are on board day after day, while we guard officers are in the armory only now and then. Consequently, we can stand a little waste of time in hearing our titles uttered."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Slit In the Coat Lapel.

A unique and beautiful custom among the orthodox Jews is directly responsible for the angular slit in the lapel of the modern coat. The Jew when death visits his household takes a knife and, cutting the lapel, murmurs in Yiddish, "O God, I accept thy judgment." This custom has come down from antiquity and is known as "krea" (rending the garment). The cutting of "krea" is associated with such solemn and religious obligations that many a stern Hebrew father, as a punishment for a son or daughter who marries out of the faith, will rend his garment as a token of the death of such a child. The act is emblematic of the profoundest grief, but also has its comforting influence, for it accepts with the resignation of the typical religious Jew the will of the Almighty.

A Story With a Moral.

A prominent New York banker was dilating on the dangers of deceit. By way of illustration, he told of a society woman who saw in a jeweler's window a collar of pearls that she wanted. She inquired the price and was told $6,000. She gave her check for $3,000, saying she would send her husband to see the pearls, but the jeweler was to tell him they cost only $3,000. The storekeeper was familiar with that sort of game and agreed. The husband came to see the pearls, and that evening told his wife he had bought them. His wife delightedly asked if he had brought home the collar, whereupon he replied: "No, dear; I had it sent to my mother. You know, it is her birthday tomorrow."

Horrible Heroism.

One of the Resolution's gunners was standing by his gun as the ship sheered abreast of De Grasse's flagship. The gunner was all ready, just going to fire, when a shot came in at the port and took his leg off at the knee. As quick as thought the man pulled off his neckcloth and tied his leg above the stump. The next instant he seized his shot off limb and thrust it into the muzzle of the gun, which went off two seconds later. "My foot," shouted the man exultantly, "is the first to board the Ville de Paris."—Frasier's "Famous Fighters."

A Famous Beauty.

Mme. de Remusat had features so perfect that her contemporaries said she was worthy to sit as a model for a Greek goddess. The flesh of her face closely resembled alabaster, and yet she was not pale and did not give the impression of being in delicate health. Her beauty attracted universal attention to her, no matter where she went, and even in old age she retained most of her good looks.

Simpler.

Simpler—They are going to be married? Why, I didn't know they were engaged. Smarter—Well, you see, there are so many engagements broken nowadays that they thought they wouldn't get engaged—just simply married.—London Answers.

When His Trouble Comes.

Smith—Do you mean to say you don't have any trouble in keeping your wife dressed in the height of fashion? Wedderburn—That's what I said. My trouble comes when I don't keep her dressed that way."

The Evil of Inheritance.

It is not so bad when a rich man cuts off his heirs for spite. Inheritance has worked enormous mischief ever since there were fortunes to leave. In most cases it is a misfortune to be an heir.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Business Cards.

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No Opening For Him.

"Morning! Gov'nor in?" inquired a confident looking stranger of a young man who was weighing sugar in a thriving village grocery store.

"Yes, sir."

"Um-m! Advertised for a manager, I believe?"

"Yes, we have."

"Present manager anywhere about?"

"I'm acting in that capacity at present."

"You are! Well, then, you can give me a tip as to what kind of a codger the govn'nor is, anyway. Old?"

"No; about my age."

"What's your trouble with him—close fisted?"

"Some people think he is."

"That's the trouble with most of 'em, but trust me to get the worth of my time out of him, one way or another," with a wink. "Just give him my card, will you?"

"I'm engaging the new man, if you're applying for the place," returned the other.

"You are? Well, now, do you think you could come to an immediate decision if I made it worth your while?" with another wink and drawing a bill from his pocket.

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Ah!" chuckled the applicant, flicking the greenback across the counter, "I thought that would fix it. When shall I show up for biz?"

"Why, I don't believe you'd better show up at all for business here," replied the other quietly, pushing the money back to its owner. "You see, I happen to be the 'governor' myself, and—I don't believe you're just the man we're looking for. Good morning, sir!"

Short on Words.

Bishop Thirlwall, an English prelate, had the greatest possible aversion to answering questions. One day a tailor said to him when he had been summoned to take the bishop's measurements, "What are your lordship's orders?" "I want a suit of clothes." "Here is a very nice cloth, my lord." "Ah!" "And this is likewise a very good one." "Yes." "Here is another of excellent quality." "Very." "Which material will your lordship decide upon?" "I want a suit of clothes." And that was all the answer the tailor could get. When the new gardener accosted him as he was walking, book in hand, in the garden to ask, "How will your lordship have this border laid out?" there was no answer. "How will your lordship be pleased to have this border laid out?" was the next attempt. Still there was no reply, but when the question was repeated for the third time the answer came, "You are the gardener, I believe, and I am the bishop."

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VOL. LV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1905. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 38.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.[illegible], 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.09, 3.0[illegible], 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.[illegible], 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.[illegible]1, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.
Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.[illegible], 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.0[illegible], 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.09, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.[illegible], 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24 3.23, 4.[illegible]6, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06 2.[illegible], 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.
All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.
Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.
Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.
All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.[illegible]5, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m
Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m. then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25 then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 8.[illegible]0 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.
*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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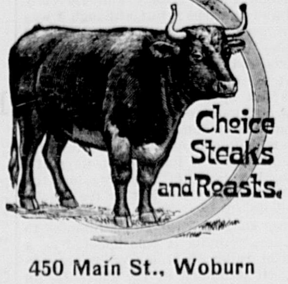

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

MELISSA'S LETTER

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1905, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

It was rainy within and without. Melissa looked through dim eyes at the streamy window panes, the long slant lines outside. Her aunt Judith viewed them instead with satisfaction—they would serve so well to excuse Melissa's nonappearance at the cemetery. Nobody, indeed, would go there but the men of the post, the fifers and drummers, and maybe a few fool politicians, intent on catching the Grand Army vote. Thus thought Aunt Judith to herself.

As Miss Hill and later Mrs. Bent, Aunt Judith had not spent fifty odd years in Carmel town without finding herself able to forecast rather accurately what the townfolk would or would not do.

Until this season she had been strenuous in observing Memorial day. Even yet, notwithstanding her quarrel with the Farings and all their tribe, she did not mean openly to slight the occasion. She did not mean either that Melissa should go along, the pet of thinning, gray bearded ranks, her arms full of flowers for the quiet green graves. Melissa wasn't a child any more—going on nineteen and with her head full of love and marriage.

Neither Melissa nor Aunt Judith had kith or kin in the cemetery; there had been no man of their blood to go off to the fighting. All the same, Melissa had always saved her choicest blossoms for one especial mound, Private John Faring's grave. John Faring 3d, the private's great-nephew, had seen her do it, with openly worshiping eyes. "He's your Uncle John, too," Johnny had said, over and over, "because as soon as we grow up your name will be Melissa Faring."

When a very young man proposes, his elders often dispose—otherwise. John and Melissa had found that out when Miss Adrienne Day came on the scene. That was six months back. Miss Day had a temper and a big nose, but she also had a fortune in hand.

Judge Faring and the madam were mightily taken with her, as she in return was taken with their son. So they had set to work to break off that childish affair between John and Melissa. They were not mercenary, only thriftily ambitious for their one child. Therefore it seemed to them hard and cruel the way Mrs. Bent took fire at their well meant suggestions. Sell them her house and go away indeed! She would have them know if there was any moving done they might do it themselves. She would have them remember also a Hill had founded Carmel; also that the Farings of that time hadn't amounted to much. But they were not to think that she was for hanging on to Johnny Faring. Goodness knew, Melissa could have better chances simply for turning over her hand. She (Mrs. Bent) had felt all along that with her looks and her blood Melissa ought to look higher. But as to telling the child what to do—well, that remained with herself. Still if Melissa had any Hill blood in her, it was mighty unlikely she would go into a family that didn't make her welcome.

The inevitable outcome was a break and a pair of sore hearts. Then fate took up the running and in cruel kindness gave Melissa a fortune—a fortune twice as big as Miss Adrienne Day could show. Johnny Faring did not give up hope until he heard of it. Then he turned very white, and after a sleepless night shook the dust of Carmel from his feet. He could never go to Melissa and make her hear reason now that such going would seem shameless fortune hunting.

As yet the fortune had made little outward change, except that there were no more customers coming to the Bent house, the old Hill homestead. Aunt Judith bustled about helping the maid of all work, the while keeping a covert watch upon her niece. After a little she said, speaking half meditatively:

"Come on up in the garret, Melissa. A rainy day like this always makes me want to rummage. Besides, I've got to get out the flags. We'll put one right on the peak of the porch and the other over the front door. Of course nobody'll see 'em. Even this town won't turn out in face of such a storm, but I just can't let the day pass same as any other. Even if the flags do get spoiled we can afford to buy new ones."

"Yes," Melissa said absently, "but—I don't feel like rummaging, Aunt Ju. I think I'll go write some letters instead, if you don't mind."

"H-m! Who to?" Mrs. Bent asked sharply.

Melissa smiled wistfully. "I—hardly know," she said. "Maybe I shan't write any—only sit and sew. It's about all I can do. I think there will be no getting out today."

"There won't be. Take care of yourself. Don't mope," Mrs. Bent said, hustling away.

Melissa went softly to her own room, opened her desk and swiftly wrote three lines. Then she huddled into her waterproof and stole out very softly with what she had written tucked safely in her breast. She crept through the garden, longing, yet not daring, to take the best of its bloom, darted through the gate and almost ran to the cemetery.

On the way she stopped here or there to pluck roadside blossoms—white clover, folded dandelions, big, blue, scentless violets. All these she bound into a knot with a blade of grass. It was not a big knot. It would hardly show in the long grass over a sunny grave.

As she bent at last to lay it on the grave she thrust into it the note. Then, without a backward look, she hurried away. In a little while she was home again, with her absence undiscovered. She sat down by the window, but her eyes were no longer dim. Instead they looked out at the rainy world, bright and full of expectant hope.

John Faring 3d had come home for Memorial day and in spite of the storm went out to the cemetery. The post had come and gone—all the old fellows in carriages heaped with flowers—but somehow the graves did not look as he remembered them. The flowers were humped and lumped and straggly. Private John Faring had not been forgotten, but his resting place especially was unlike itself. John 3d knelt down by it, heedless of oozy turf, and tried with mannish awkwardness to better its arrangement. Thus his eyes rested upon the knot of wild flowers and caught the dull gleam of sodden paper in the midst of them. Reverently he unfolded the note and read with blurred vision:

> Dear Uncle John—I bring you all I can—this year. Aunt Ju owns the flowers—and she hates your name. But I love it. John Faring is the best name in the world. I wish my name might be Faring.

There was no signature. John 3d needed none. He bent and kissed the knot of flowers, still fresh under the pouring rain, then, with an unuttered prayer, turned about and went with long strides toward the Bent house. Melissa had called to him. He would go to her in spite of pride, in spite of unmanly fear. What if the world did scoff? He could endure it a hundred times over just to look once again into her eyes and see happiness. He had been a coward, no kin at all to the soldier sleeping there in peace, to have let the quarrel of the elders separate him from his sweetheart—his sweetheart—doubly dear in that she had shown herself thus brave.

Melissa met him on the porch. The wet flag bravely strove to flutter in the rainy wind over their heads. For a minute they stood apart, looking one at the other. Then John held open his arms, saying:

"Darling, I found the letter, and I am never going to leave you unless you say I must."

"I say you must stay," Melissa said under her breath and hiding her face in his breast.

Auctions In France.

The French mode of conducting auctions is rather curious. In sales of importance, such as of land, houses, etc., the affair is placed in the hands of a notary, who for the time being becomes an auctioneer. The property, whatever be its nature, is first examined by competent judges, who fix upon it a price, considerably less than its value, but always sufficient to prevent any ruinous loss by a preconcerted plan or combination of bidders. The property is then offered with the fixed valuation stated. The auctioneer is provided with a number of small wax tapers, each capable of burning about five minutes. As soon as a bid is made one of these tapers is placed in full view of all interested parties and lighted. If before it expires another bid is offered, it is immediately extinguished and a fresh taper placed in its stead, and so on until one flickers and dies out of itself, when the last bid becomes irrevocable. This simple plan prevents all contention among rival bidders and affords a reasonable time for reflection before making a higher offer than the one preceding. By this means, too, the auctioneer is prevented from exercising undue influence upon the bidders or hastily accepting the bid of a favorite.

Always remember that it is easier to kill time than to make up time.—St. Louis Star.

Old Age and Matrimony.

When he was considered quite an old man James, Lord Balcarres, went to stay with old Lady Keith. There were a number of young ladies in the house and, before he arrived, Lady Keith said to them: "Now, there is this old gentleman coming to stay, and I particularly wish that you should all endeavor to make yourselves as pleasant to him as you can." They all agreed to do so, but a Miss Dalrymple said: "You may all do what you like, but I'll bet you anything that you please that I'll make the old gentleman like me best of us all." And so she did. She made him perfectly devoted to her all the time he was there, yet when he asked her to marry him she laughed in his face. Lord Balcarres was extremely crestfallen, but when he went away he made a will settling everything he could upon Miss Dalrymple. Somehow she heard of this, and said: "Then, after all, he must really care for me, and I will marry him." And she did. He was fifty-eight then, but they had ten children.

Wise M. P.'s.

It need hardly be pointed out, says the author of "Fifty Years In Fleet Street," that to be elected a member of parliament does not necessarily imply intellectual superiority. Shortly after the Burmese war a young civilian, home on leave, happened to mention Burma.

"Ah, yes, Burma," said an M. P. with whom he was sitting at table. "I had a nephew who was in Burma, only he used to call it Bermuda."

On another occasion, in the month of March, some one said to Mr. Livesey:

"This is a cruel east wind."

"Yes," was the would be witty reply. "I expect it will be Easter before it is over."

This was repeated by the author of the book quoted to a respected member of parliament, who observed gravely: "I fancy he's right. I have known it last till Easter and longer yet."

A Glasgow Cemetery.

The Necropolis cemetery, Glasgow, as originally planned, contained almost exactly twenty-four acres available for burials, and it was suggested that each division of one acre should be named after a letter of the Greek alphabet, which contains twenty-four characters. For various reasons this idea has not been fully carried out, but fifteen sections of the cemetery have been so named from alpha to omega, the monosyllable letters between these being omitted. The names have not been applied in any particular sequence, but with the aid of a small map they are useful in locating any particular spot in what is now one of the most densely filled graveyards in the kingdom.

Not a Messenger Boy.

A beggar accosted a man on the street the other day and poured out a tale of woe, to which the gentleman patiently listened. Then he took out a card bearing his name, which was that of a well known philanthropist who contributes largely to an organization working for the relief of the poor. This he handed to the man after writing an introductory note thereon. The beggar turned away with disgust written on his face and the parting remark:

"Say, d'ye t'ink I got time to beat it up to dat joint? I'm too busy workin' dis pike to waste me time dat way. Wot d'ye t'ink I am—a messenger boy?"—New York Times.

The Difficult Persian Tongue.

Of the difficulties in the language of Persia a traveler writes: "The words one uses in a letter are almost entirely different from those used conversationally, and those in an ordinary prose history are again different. Then it is almost impossible to distinguish the tenses, and, lastly, the adjective is generally indistinguishable from the substantive, and the link between an adjective and the term which it qualifies is the same as the sign of the possessive. For instance, the text, 'This is my beloved son,' may be read in the Persian Bible 'This is the son of my beloved,' without the slightest violence to the grammar."

Origin of One Graveyard.

The family of a member of parliament from Yorkshire has a private graveyard and has had it for several generations. The founder of it was a Quaker, and the rector of the parish in which he lived said to him after a dispute on religious matters: "Well, if you don't come to church when you are alive, you will when you are dead." But the Quaker thought otherwise and founded the burial place, which is used to this day.

A Popular Language.

"I've called half a dozen bell boys this morning, and they haven't brought a thing I've ordered," said the irate guest. "Are they all deaf?"

"Yes," explained the hotel clerk, "but they can hear through the palms of their hands. Money talks, you know. It is the only language they can understand."—Detroit Free Press.

A Useful Paragraph.

Singleton (reading)—It is said that the last word in an argument is often the most dangerous. Wedderly—Would you mind letting me have that paper? Singleton—What do you want it for? Wedderly—I want to show that paragraph to my wife.

To Be Discovered by Experience.

Furious Old Gentleman (to new Scotch footman)—Do you take me for a fool, sir? Footman—Weel, sir, I'm no lang here and I dinna ken yet.—Dundee Journal.

Moral Courage.

It is moral courage that characterizes the highest order of manhood and womanhood, the courage to be just, the courage to be honest, the courage to resist temptation, the courage to do one's duty.—Samuel Smiles.

The Old, Old Story Boiled Down.

She (early in the evening)—Good evening, Mr. Sampson. Same She (late in the evening)—Good night, George.

Pascal has a beautiful definition of rivers. He says they are roads that march.

POP GOES THE WEASEL.

The Meaning of These Words In the Old English Song.

How many people know the meaning of the words "Pop goes the weasel" in the song? Many of us have probably regarded them as a meaningless tag, having some dim Cockney bearing on the animal. Such a bearing they have, but in an unexpected way. A writer in Notes and Queries affirms that the words refer to a purse made of weasel skin which opened and closed with a snap. This brings the line out of irrelevant jargon into the main sense:

> Up and down the city road,
> In and out the Eagle;
> That's the way the money goes—
> Pop goes the weasel.

The "popping" or snapping of the purse is declared to be the equivalent of "Bang went saxpence."

But this explanation is not, perhaps, so inherently probable as another which makes "weasel" a slang term for silver plate, prize cups, etc.—articles which, as the result of gadding in the City road, were pawned or "popped." This idea is repeated in a story of an Islington tailor who, through frequenting the Eagle tavern, had to pop his "weasel," an instrument used in the cutting of cloth. Whatever the weasel may have been, the song went round the world, and many a boy in faroff Brazil or Ceylon received his first idea of London's streets in its reference to the City road.—London Globe.

BIRD CUSTOMS.

The Habit of Billing and the Stock Dove's Bow In a Fight.

An Englishman, Edmond Selous, has been watching doves at play and in combat. Of the habit of "billing," in which so many birds engage when they are nesting, he says: "Where birds now merely 'bill,' they once, in my opinion, fed each other, or the male fed the female, but pleasure came to be experienced in the contact alone, and the passage of food, which was never necessary, gradually became obsolete. I think it by no means improbable that our own kissing may have originated in much the same way, and that birds when thus 'billing' experience the same sort of pleasure that we do when we kiss must be quite obvious to any one who has watched them."

Of a peculiarity of the stock dove Mr. Selous writes: "When these birds fight they constantly interrupt the flow of the combat by bowing in the most absurd way, not to one another, but generally, so to speak, for no object or purpose whatever, apparently, but only because they must do so. The fact is the bow has become a formula of courtship, and, as courting and fighting are intimately connected, the one suggests the other in the mind of the bird, who bows all at once under a misconception."

THE WORD "LOBSTER."

In Its Slang Sense It Has Been In Use For Centuries.

In letters from Sir Walter Scott to William Clark of Eldin, under date of Sept. 10 and 30, 1792, are found allusions to the word "lobster" as a playful sobriquet for the redcoat officers and soldiers of the British army. In this case a boiled lobster is meant, as per evidence of the following couplet, once familiar to the English street boys, and quoted whenever a rifleman in green was seen walking arm in arm with a soldier in red:

> There go two lobsters, claw in claw;
> One is boiled, and t'other's raw.

Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, in Cromwell's time, commanded a regiment of cuirassiers, who "from their complete armor obtained the nickname of lobsters." (Baldock's "Cromwell as a Soldier.") What was mere raillery in England may readily have grown into an expression of hatred and contempt in America at the time of the Revolution, and, in point of fact, Bancroft's "History of the United States" relates that "lobsters" was one of the abusive epithets applied to the soldiers by the mob on the occasion of the Boston massacre.—Philadelphia Press.

A Taste of Fame.

When Thackeray was a candidate for parliament from the city of Oxford some one remarked to him that he must be well known to most of those whose votes he sought. "Now," said Thackeray, laying down his knife and fork and holding up a finger, "there was only one man among all that I went to see who had heard my name before, and he was a circulating librarian. Such is mortal fame!" That was in 1857 and "Vanity Fair" had been published ten years.

Her Unhappy Way.

"That girl has an unfortunate idea of repartee."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "She has an idea that she is saying smart things when she is merely saying things that smart."—Washington Star.

Her Duplicate Presents.

She—Did your sister get any duplicate wedding presents. He—Yes; she married a widower with two boys.

Is It Your Own Hair?

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.

"I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hairgrower that was ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truthfully say that I am greatly pleased with it. I cheerfully recommend it as a splendid preparation."— MISS V. BROCK, Wayland, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

The Sloping Floor.

The architects of a new building recently completed and which extended from one street through to another found a difference of thirty inches in the street levels of the two thoroughfares. Steps at either end of the building were regarded unfavorably, and so it was decided to build the first floor on an incline. At first sight this slope was not noticeable, but the clerks discovered it in the most unthought of way. Several of them were comparing notes on the all absorbing question of socks one day, and one of them remarked: "I can't seem to get socks any more that wear well. Mine have holes in with one day's use."

"That's odd," said another salesman. "So do mine, and they never used to."

Others echoed the experiences, and finally the solution was offered by the department superintendent, who said this was due to the man walking on an incline so much. "Your socks are all right," he said, "but they won't stand the wear incident to traveling up and down hill all day."—New York Mail.

Jefferson's Prayer and Poultice.

Joseph Jefferson was suddenly taken ill once while visiting at the home of a friend. The wife of the friend whose hospitality he had enjoyed became alarmed over his condition and, being of a religious turn of mind, wished to instill in the mind of the actor her belief in the necessity for spiritual contemplation. A call to his room for the purpose of applying a poultice gave her the much desired opportunity.

"Mr. Jefferson," she said, nervously shifting the poultice from one hand to the other, "for your sake, for the sake of your friends, your family, I—I would like to pray for you."

The actor listened attentively, and his answer came slowly. "Yes, madam," he said, "you may—for my sake, for your sake, for everybody's sake—but for heaven's sake put on that poultice!"—Boston Herald.

Bankers Like Mohammedans.

A swarthy man drew $500 out of the saving fund, and the cashier said on his departure:

"If all our depositors were like that gentleman our concern would soon become rich. Murad Ali is an Indian, a native of Calcutta, and his religion forbids him to take interest on money. He has had a savings account with us for twelve years. His interest altogether has amounted to $700. But he has never accepted a cent of it. It has all flown back into our coffers again.

"All Mohammedans are like Murad Ali. They won't take interest on their money; hence India, I think, must be a grand country for the banking business, and how glad our bankers would be if Mohammedanism were to spread a little!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

In Search of a Lodging.

There is a story of a home loving farmer who started for the west and came home "to spend the first night." This was a question of sentiment. But another man, quoted by the Philadelphia Ledger, had a more practical reason for seeking cover. He had been hired by a close fisted farmer, who believed in burning the candle at both ends. The first morning the new man was called at 3 o'clock. About fifteen minutes later he came downstairs with his bag in his hand.

"Ain't you goin' to work?" asked the farmer in surprise.

"No," was the disgusted answer. "I'm goin' to hunt up some place to stay all night."

Cuff Buttons.

"Your cuff buttons are not properly worn," said a jeweler to one of his customers. "What's the matter with them? Haven't I got them in my cuffs?" "Yes," replied the jeweler, "but you are like a great many other people; you are not a close observer. You have the little gold piece at one end of each link placed so that in one cuff it is toward your body and in the other away from you. The small end of the link should in every case be toward you. Yet nine men out of ten pay no attention to this detail. The careful dresser never has the small end of a link button on the far side of the cuff."—Philadelphia Record.

Woolen and Worsted.

If a piece of woolen cloth is examined through a microscope, the two yarns—warp and weft—are found to be so crossed and closely matted together as to be indistinguishable, but in a piece of worsted material you can easily distinguish them. This is due to the fact that woolen goods are made from short stapled carded wools, whose fibers in the process of carding have been made to overlap each other so as to become closely matted or felted, while worsted goods are made from long stapled wools that have been carded and then combed till the fibers lie as straight and parallel as possible.

A "Wild Hair."

A "wild hair" is the most annoying freak of nature a man can be afflicted with. It grows in from the eyelid instead of out and, constantly brushing against the eyeball, sometimes causes an irritation that results in a loss of sight. To pull it out gives only temporary relief, since in a few weeks it comes back, as well grown and strong as ever. The only way to kill it is to destroy the sac from which it springs. This is done by means of the electric needle.

Her Sick Friend.

Mamma—Ethel, where have you been all this time? Ethel—Sitting up with a sick friend. Mamma—Nonsense! I believe you've been in the parlor all evening with that Mr. Softleigh. Ethel—Well, ma, he's lovesick.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Most Natural Inference.

They had just become engaged.

"Herbert," she said, "are you sure that you love me?"

"Absolutely," he answered.

"How can you tell?"

"By the fact that I am anxious to marry you."

Like Father, Like Son.

Mr. Gotrox—When I was your age, sir, I didn't have a dollar. Cholly Gotrox—Well, dad, when I am your age I probably won't have a dollar.—Puck

STAMMERING.

The Cure That One Sufferer Invented May Help Others.

Among the minor arts of great importance is the self cure of stammering, which comes upon so many in early youth. In the memoir of the author of "John Inglesant," which his widow prepared, we read a rather touching confession. "I contracted the habit of stammering," wrote Mr. Shorthouse to Lady Welby, "as a delicate little boy of three at a large day school. It was not such a misfortune as might be supposed. For without this thorn in the flesh 'John Inglesant' would never have been written or conceived, and much which is very dear to me in philosophy would have been unknown." Few stammerers can bring forth a classic from their affliction, and some would even refuse the author's fame at the price of the speaker's embarrassments.

In many cases the self cure of stammering is easy. The present writer was a sufferer when a boy at a day school. He set himself to invent the cure. It was absolutely necessary, he found, that the opening syllable of a sentence should be said several times before the sentence was under way (just as the billiard player waggles his cue before the correct stroke). It occurred that the stammering might be done silently. So that little boy stammered firmly to himself with tightly closed lips, imagining himself to be speaking. It was easy enough, when the requisite number of "tut-tut-tuts" or "gug-gug-gugs" had been achieved in silence to start the sentence. Since then he has never stammered—aloud.—London Chronicle.

A SILVER BRIDGE.

Quaint Ceremony That Goes With a Roumanian Wedding.

At Roumanian weddings it is the custom at the wedding feast for the groom to receive his bride over a bridge of silver.

Coins are placed in a double row across the table, and over this the bride daintily steps to her husband's waiting arms.

The ceremony of laying the bridge is one of the interesting events of the wedding feast following the religious ceremony. When the guests are brought to a proper spirit of festivity by the good cheer at the board a space at the head of the table is cleared and from a bag are drawn silver coins procured for the purpose, the proper provision being the production of coins fresh from the mint.

These are laid in a double row across the table, and when all is ready the father of the groom makes a speech to his son, admonishing him to see that his bride's way through life is always paved with silver.

A proper response is made, and, mounting a chair, the elder man swings the bride lightly to the table. Carefully avoiding the displacing of a coin (for that would mean bad luck) the girl makes her way across the short silver pathway and leaps into the arms of her spouse.

At wedding feasts where ostentation is desired the bridge is built lengthwise of the table.

A Criticism by Liszt.

A story of Liszt recites that on a certain occasion a Miss M. was playing a sonata by Sterndale Bennett, a work of a very prosy type and certainly lacking in anything like spontaneity or poetry. Liszt was evidently not familiar with it, so, after playing some six or seven pages, he gently tapped Miss M. on the arm and said, "Mademoiselle, would you kindly name the piece you are performing?" "Certainly, sir," she replied. "It is the sonata 'The Maid of Orleans,' by William Sterndale Bennett." "H'm," said Liszt. "It's a pity the original manuscript didn't meet the same fate as the 'maid.'"

Strawberries.

Lord Sefton, the renowned gourmet, was once interrogated as to the best mode of eating strawberries and replied: "Sprinkle them slightly with powdered white sugar candy and a few drops of Malmsey. Take them after breakfast or for supper or after dinner after a plain biscuit ice." When a once well known diplomatist attended his first garden party after arriving in London he was shown a dish of strawberries and cream. "Pourquoi faire?" cried he, explaining that he could not bring himself to fancy that the mess was intended for the food of men.—London Truth.

Bank of Ireland Guard.

The Bank of Ireland, like the Bank of England, has a military guard, which is relieved every twenty-four hours. Immediately after the mounting of the new guard every morning a knock at the door of the officer's room announces the arrival of the head porter with a large book, in which the officer signs his name, rank and regiment, and on the departure of the porter with the book a half sovereign is found on the table. It is the officer's perquisite.

The Bad One.

"That brother of yours, Lucy," said the man of the house, "seems to be a pretty tough character."

"'Deed he is, suh," replied the colored maid. "He jes' natchelly seems to be de white sheep ob our fambly, sho' 'nuff."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Cooks.

Mrs. Hatterson—What! You've had fourteen cooks in three months? Mrs. Catterson—Yes, and I didn't please any of them.

Labor is the inevitable lot of the majority, and the best education is that which will make their labor most productive.—Froude.

Sorry He Spoke.

"I wish, Mrs. Brown," said the boarder to his landlady, "I wish you'd give me the receipt for that pudding we had yesterday."

"I'd much rather give you a receipt for the board you had last month," returned the landlady tartly.

That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.—Goldsmith.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1905.

☞ According to statements made by the Medford *Mercury* the merchants of that city have about come to the conclusion that the closing of their stores as now practiced does not pay. They shut up shop on Wednesday afternoons and every evening of the week at 7 o'clock, except Saturdays, which rule has driven business from Medford to neighboring cities and towns, not alone during the closed hours, but permanently. Why shouldn't it? When people go there to trade and find the stores closed against them they are disappointed and, having trolley lines and cheap fares at their command, they naturally drift to other places where business houses are kept open. Repetitions of this finally drive them away from the Square for good and all, and merchants elsewhere get the benefit of what the Medford dealers are beginning to realize is an unprofitable practice. A study of the question has convinced the *Mercury* that the store closing practice is a decided injury to the business of Medford.

☞ When you come to think about it, the large increase of water consumption by the people of Medford, of late, is not to be wondered at. It results from closing out the great distillery there, so the Malden folks say, and their explanation seems to be a rational one. Perhaps Pitman, the venerable and versatile Editor of the *Mercury*, wouldn't agree to it; but, then, he is an interested party, and whatever he might say on the subject should be taken with many large grains of salt. And, besides, we heard the other day that "Pit" offered to reopen the old distillery in case a certain friend of his would pay him a visit before the end of dogdays; which seems to clinch the statements of the Malden people, that the permanent closing of her N. E. Rum factory has forced Medford to betake herself to a different and less harmful kind of tipple.

☞ The Japanese and Russian Peace Envoys at Kittery Navy Yard are making progress. Seven of the 12 articles have been agreed on and settled, but the real bones of contention are yet to be fought out, two of which are the questions of indemnity and the surrender of Sakhalin Island, now in possession of Japan, to that country by Russia. Russia has agreed to abandon Manchuria to the Chinese, which was really all that Japan began the war and have been fighting for. Since the conferences and business of last Wednesday the prospects for peace have brightened up considerably.

☞ Mr. John F. Wood of Gleasondale, a high grade newspaper man, politician, and typical Cape Cod-er, dropped in on the JOURNAL yesterday and seemed to enjoy his visit. Although a long way yet on the sunny side of life, he has probably owned and "run" more newspapers than any other man in Massachusetts, and is still open for business. Just now John has a candidate or two on his hands and is looking after their interests in Middlesex County.

☞ We are indebted to Representative Herbert S. Riley for a copy of "The State House, Boston, Mass.," of which Ellen Mudge Burrill is the author. It is a neat and handy volume of 100 pages published under the authority of a Resolve of the Legislature of 1905, and divided into four parts, the first of which is a history of the present State House. The book is a good thing to have near at hand.

☞ The Reciprocity convention which met at Chicago last Wednesday seems not to have been a wholly harmonious affair. Eugene Foss of Boston was a conspicuous figure in the meeting. Reciprocity, the name of the movement, was abandoned for "Dual Tariff," and under it the war is to be waged by Mr. Foss and his co laborers.

☞ Col. Charles W. Woodward of Wakefield visited our city last Wednesday and, as usual, gave the JOURNAL a call. His intimate business relations with the Boston & Northern Street Railroad Company lead our people to expect something in that direction every time he puts in an appearance here; but he had nothing new to offer last Wednesday.

☞ Hon. Daniel Winn Lane is a candidate for a third election to the State Senate from a Boston District and bids fair to have pretty nearly a walkover on election day. It is a strong Democratic District, but Mr. Lane, a staunch Republican, has captured it twice, and will do it again this fall, no doubt.

☞ Technically, yesterday was the last of dogdays.—*Boston Globe, Aug. 14*.

The reign of Sirius, or Dogstar, is from July 25 to Sept. 5, inclusive, which period is known as and called dogdays. In making statements of such importance one should strive to be as accurate as possible.

☞ Senator Cabot Lodge has got back from Europe and pretty soon the political pot will begin to boil. He visited President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay last week and, strange to say, there wasn't the least sign of the Boston *Globe's* "estrangement" between them anywhere in sight.

☞ In its issue of Aug. 12, speaking of the Attorney Generalship campaign, *Practical Politics* said: "George Sanderson is doing work in Middlesex County which is going to count for more than has been estimated."

☞ The Boston Chamber of Commerce Reciprocity statesmen have agreed to recommend Hall and Goetting for the Lieut. Governor nomination at the Republican State convention. They can't stomach Draper.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

H. H. Rogers—Mort. Sale.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
Mrs. W. R. Putnam—To Let.

— Mrs. Joseph F. Winn is at Manchester, N. H.

— Mrs. Etta C. Grammer is at Poland Springs.

— Mr. Charles M. Munroe and son are at Cottage City.

— Mr. Herbert B. Dow and family are at Marblehead Neck.

— Mayor Reade was a guest at Crest Hall, Winthrop, last week.

— Read what the Boston Branch say in their ad. about flour.

— Mary G. Richardson of Arlington Road is at Belgrade, Maine.

— James A. Brown, wife and son are at Hampton Beach this week.

— Miss Alice Grammer and Miss Marion Shaw are at North Falmouth.

— The B. & N. trolley excursions to the beaches are the most popular things out.

—Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols reports everything lovely at Littlejohn Island in Casco Bay.

— Mr. Frederic A. Flint is now happily domiciled at his summer home in Camden, Maine.

— The 5th Regiment didn't do as well at the Wakefield Rifle shoot last Tuesday as it ought and might.

— Mr. S. R Moreland, formerly of Burlington street, this city, has changed his residence to Medford Hillside.

— Mr. Harry F. Parker of Church avenue, bookkeeper in a Boston business house, takes his vacation in New Hampshire.

— Edward T. Brigham of the Thompson hardware establishment and wife have got home from their annual vacation outing.

— Miss Maud McGrath went to Old Orchard Beach early this week accompanied by William McGrath and Miss Margaret Whalan.

— Section Director J. W. Smith says in his report ending Aug. 14, "the present condition of crops are similar to those of last report."

— Misses Anastatia and Margaret Reade are having a delightful time entertaining Misses May and Margaret Clahan of New Jersey this week.

— President Aylward of the City Council has gone so far towards announcing his candidacy for the Mayoralty as to say he is in the hands of his friends.

— The number of laborers on the streets at the present time is said to be close to 200; but that is but a fleabite to what it will be just before the city election.

— Among the buildings struck by lightning during last Saturday's thunder storm were a barn of W. R. Cutter's, and a house of Mrs. Louise Winship's on Willow street.

— Mr. Squire B. Goddard and family are at Beach Bluff near Swampscott enjoying their vacation. They have spent several summers there and like it very much.

— Doctor and Mrs. Winn, daughter of Mayor Reade, and family have left here after a delightful vacation for Green Harbor where they will stay the remainder of the season.

— Yesterday and the day before Rev. G. Sigfred Swenson, pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church, attended the monthly missionary meeting of the Boston District at Pigeon Cove.

— Mr. Charles E. Tripp, of the firm of B. A. & C. E. Tripp, undertakers, is recovering from the effects of blood poisoning a couple of years ago, and regaining his former health.

— Mrs. W. R Putnam, 60 Union street, advertises a neat, handy and desirable tenement in Buell's Block to rent at a reasonable price. It is centrally located, and handy to everything.

— According to the edict of the Business Men's Association only two more Wednesday afternoon store closing remain. Then it will seem as though something was doing in the city.

— The State of Maine shootists carried off first honors and won the highest prize for marksmanship at the inter-State shooting matches at the Wakefield Rifle Range last Tuesday. Of course!

— Mr. S. B. Goddard was greatly surprised to learn, as he did from a local paper, that he is the owner of a large farm at Blue Hill, Maine; and equally so on learning of his possession of a daughter.

— Overcoats and furnace fires have been considered necessary to comfort and happiness some days this week. But the radical weather change from last week was hailed by everybody as a perfect delight.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout, who is in the employ of the Magee Stove and Furnace Co. of Boston, went to Megantic, Canada, last Monday night on business for the Company, and returned a few days later.

— They do say that George Durward's sweet corn beats the band. It is the genuine "Crosby," and no discount. It is equally superior for the pot or "roasting ears," and epicures will have no other.

— Tomorrow, if nothing happens to prevent, P. O. Clerk William E. Kenney will start out on his annual vacation of a couple of weeks. Just where he will go for rest and comfort has not yet been determined on by him.

— The State census of 1905 shows that Wakefield has a population of 10,266, a gain of 1962, or 23 63 per cent, in the last 10 years. Malden gained 27.88 percent, and Melrose 18.47. Each of the places did well.

— Mr. Warren N. Blake and family are at Thetford, Vt., the native town of Mrs. Blake, and the cherished spot where they usually pass the summer months. It is a fine country for woodcock and quail shooting, a sport dear to Mr. B's heart.

— Master George P. Wyer and his mother, Mrs. Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, left here last Monday for the summer home of the family in Northern Vermont. Postmaster Wyer will also spend his vacation there, as he has for many years past.

— The Woburn Brass Band are to start on their 5 days Down East trip next Monday. They go as musicians for a hightoned Boston society; destination, the lower Kennebec River, several towns and cities of which are to be visited by them.

— Mrs. John O'Donnell of Main street this city identified the unknown woman who was found dying in Boston last week, as Miss Annie Fallon, formerly of this city. She has been taken off the dangerous list at the Mass. General Hospital.

— Mr. C. B. Leathe of West Medford is rusticating on the Kennebec, and reports "something doing" sailing, fishing, clamming, etc., "every day and every hour." There is no better place hereabouts for a vacation than down on the Maine coast.

— Mrs. Annie S. Lewis and F. Percyval Lewis are visiting relatives in Manchester, N. H. Last Sunday, Mr. Lewis played the organ at St. Paul's Episcopal church in Concord, N. H. In a few days they return to Massachusetts, address Wellesley Hills.

— Mary D. Prior, one of the High School's fair maiden teachers, is at Kennebunkport, York county, Maine, from which quaint old seaport she will return in season to resume her educational work under Master Owen's supervision.

— Miss M. Louise Bacon, bookkeeper at the insurance agency of Goddard & Son, Savings Bank block, and a cousin of hers from Kansas, are taking their vacation pleasures at Henniker, N. H. They left here last Saturday.

— Dr. S. W. Kelley and spouse are at home again from a seaside outing in Maine, the former being in a condition once more to deal out "bolusses and blisters" to everybody's heart's content, in which occupation he occupies a front seat.

— At a meeting held last Monday evening Trinity Club adopted a constitution and bylaws, and elected temporary officers. Permanent officers are to be chosen on Oct. 2, next. The object of the Club is to do church and parish work and promote the interests of both.

— The 80th birthday anniversary of Mr. William H Gray of Vernon street was duly observed on Friday, August 11, by the many good friends of the family. The esteemed couple received many calls and congratulations, and a pleasant day was spent by all concerned.

— Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney of Warren avenue has been having a real good time in New Hampshire. A rich New York uncle invites her to his vacation home in N. H. in the summer time and will not take "no" for an answer. She enjoys life up there among the "Old Granite Hills."

— Whitcher's new schoolhouse postcard is selling like everything. There is a brisk demand for them, and those who would get a supply to send to friends must hurry up. He is also issuing more cards containing other Woburn scenes. The postcard is the greatest craze of the year.

— The postcard picture of Orr's Island, in Casco Bay, the scene of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island," makes one sigh heavily for the seashore. There recently appeared in the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* a fine writeup of Orr's by a talented correspondent of that paper.

— Commissioner Hayward and Superintendent Spencer, with their men, were busy all last Sunday repairing bursted waterpipes at Montvale, the leaks having been caused, it was thought, by recent electrical storms. An entire relay of mains and pipes will become necessary before a great while.

— There has been a larger increase of population in Medford during the last 10 years than in any other city of the second class in the State. According to the census of 1905 its total is almost 20,000. But there will probably be a great falling off of people there now that the distillery has been abolished.

— There was another good rain last Tuesday, and no longer are complaints of a drouth heard. Now that the moon is on the wane more wet weather may be expected. Between the first quarter and full not much rain can be depended on; but from the full to the last quarter, and later, it is always safe, in summer time, to carry an umbrella.

— Farmers have had nice weather for making crops of late. Alternate showers and sunshine have brought the vegetables along in great shape, as the big loads that pass along the streets for the Boston markets abundantly prove. Boston would find poor picking if it were not for the market gardens that immediately surround it—very poor indeed.

— The lunar eclipse of last Monday night was a failure. It was only a partial affair at the best, and a poor show, at that. The sky was clear at 10 p. m. and gazers flattered themselves on getting a good view of the spectacle; but clouds soon made their appearance, the moon was obscured, and the show a poor one. Astronomers were greatly disappointed.

— The South Border Athletic and Outing Club, have stored their furniture in the building across the street from their former rooms, and are considering an offer from the owner of the Jefferson House to fix the stable in the rear, which has a hall upstairs for them Their former rooms will be made into a tenement house.

— Postcard privileges are being grossly abused. They are to be withdrawn, or curtailed, forthwith, and the sooner the better. Vulger and obscene cards, the inventions of nasty minds, go through the mails constantly, and, they say, Uncle Sam's ire is up, and something is going to happen. Cards sold by Woburn dealers are neat, nice, and good things to preserve.

— Mr. Francis A. Buckman and family and Misses Hattie and Anna Frye returned a few days ago from Wells Beach, Maine, after a fortnight's pleasant vacation there. Mr. Buckman and his party think Old Wells Beach is about the best there is. And so, also, does your's truly.

— The Industrial School closed for the season last Wednesday with a public exhibition of the work of the pupils. The term has been a successful one and fully demonstrated the utility of the School. The teachers were Frank Carter, Principal, with Agnes Gorden, Annie Dowe and E. D. Chadwell, Assistants. The attendance was large during the term, and progress of pupils highly satisfactory.

— Some people hereabouts are waiting with fear and trembling the report of Chief Pigin on the population of this city. The prevailing sentiment is that it will show a falling off from the census of 1900, for, on account of leather manufacturing conditions, there has been considerable emigration from here in the last five years. However, it may possibly turn out better than feared.

— Mr. Edward Caldwell, the furniture and house furnishings dealer, takes his vacation on the European plan, as it were. A day here and another one there at some desirable restingplace suits him better than long and exhausting stays at "popular resorts," the comforts of which dwell more largely in the imagination than in reality. And, then, Caldwell's motto is, "business before pleasure."

— The result of the Council hearing on the petition for the extension of the track of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Co from Winn street to connect with the track of the B. & N. on Pleasant street, held last evening, has not come to hand, but, as it would be a good thing for the city, doubtless the prayer of the petitioners was granted. Resumption of business by the former Company, or their successors, would help trade here.

— It is now believed that Com. Hayward's experiments for an additional water supply by boring near Horn Pond will prove successful. He is of the opinion that more water must be searched for from some source, and it certainly looks as though his recent explorations were in the right direction. The four borings produced good streams of excellent quality, and it is believed that the Commissioner's scheme, if prosecuted, would bring relief.

— The European Steamship Agency of Mr. M. J. Mulkeen, 480 Main street, is selling more tickets for Ireland and other foreign lands this year than last, the fares being still low, although not quite so cheap as last summer. Many of our foreign born citizens are revisiting their former homes on the other side of the Atlantic, and Mr. Mulkeen finds the ticket and exchange selling business close up to highwater mark. His Agency is popular with all classes of people.

— If the Lexington and Woburn trolley line authorities would reduce the fare between the two towns from 10 to 5 cents, according to the original agreement, and under which the line was operated with success for some time, they would find it doing a much better business than at present. There would be a large increase of travel, especially in the summer season when excursion parties to historic Lexington and Concord are most in vogue. They stand in their own light.

— The hottest discussion that we have had the good fortune to hear for many a day was that at City Hall the other morning over the introduction of water meters into this city. The disputants were Mayor Reade, Treasurer Buck, Janitor Connolly, Major Hall, and Rufus Hayward, and so earnest were they that their voices could be heard the whole length of the street. The particular point in issue was a "minimum" something or other, which was as remote from a settlement at the close of the debate as when it began.

— Cashier George A. Day of the Woburn National Bank returned from Lockaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine, last Saturday after a pleasant week's sojourn at that fine seaside resort. He felt certain that it is one of the best places on the Maine Coast for a restful vacation lounge, and spoke in the highest terms of the Inn and its hosts. He was especially emphatic on the subject of clams, averring, without fear of contradiction, that those of Pine Point are vastly superior to any others to be found on the American continent.

— The Manager of the Floating Hospital charity has notified Mrs. Henry M. Aldrich that Saturday, Aug. 19, has been designated as "Woburn Day and Night," and it is expected that several of our people will go down tomorrow and make the steamer trip On account of their uncommonly large contribution this year the Woburn public are honored by being allotted a double share in the outing—a day and night—instead of a day or night only as is the general custom This is appreciated and will be remembered by our people next Mayday.

— John P. Feeney, Esq , the respected ex Mayor of Woburn, a prominent Lawyer, and all round good fellow, repaired to his beloved wooded haunts in New Hampshire last week, where he proposed to rest on his oars for awhile and fat up It might be thought that he went there for fishing and hunting; but not so; his only fishing is for "gudgeons," and he "guns" for a different kind of game from that found in the Granite Hills and forests of New Hampshire. The opening of the Middlesex Courts in September will find him in his Woburn and Boston offices again ready for the fray.

— Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Harlow entertained at dinner last Monday Tone Telgen, Esq , a Lawyer of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, a gentleman whose acquaintance they formed in that city not very long ago. He is a young man of 24, a graduate of Wisconsin University at Madison, of its Law School, and was, for a time, a student in the office of Hon. Dighton Corson, who, for many years, has been Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Dakota. Mr. Telgen came East on business, and as Dr. Harlow has large financial interests in Sioux Falls and vicinity he improved the opportunity to call on our respected fellow townsman.

— School Supt. Clapp and family are at Wells Beach.

— Col. A. L. Richardson is at home from a hospital in Boston, looking well and improving.

— Hon. G. F. Bean and family have returned from Warner, N H , to their home in this city.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— The records show that last Wednesday was the coldest Aug. 16 ever known in Boston and vicinity.

— Rehearsals for the coming drama in aid of the St. Charles church will start Sunday at the South End Social Club Hall.

— A man was stabbed at the South End last Sunday and two men who took part in the affair were fined $15 in court Monday morning.

— Joseph Rooney and Edward McLaughlin, both members of the South End Social Club, are thinking of taking a trip to the city of churches.

— It is reported that Mayor Reade has suspended from his office, for a period of 10 days, Highway Commissioner Kelley for refusing to reduce the number of men at work on the streets, as requested by the Mayor.

— Mrs. Mary E. Piannett leaves here today for Sanbornton, N. H. She will be met in Boston by Miss Bertha Smith, teacher in the Goodyear school, who comes up from Northport, Maine, and is to go with her aunt Mary to N. H.

— Mr. and Mrs. Marcellus Littlefield are at Smithfield, Maine, for a fortnight's vacation. If Smithfield ponds are as abundantly stocked with pickerel and perch as they were in our fishing days of long ago, these two worthy people will find angling in them a great and glorious pastime.

Public is Aroused.

The public is aroused to a knowledge of the curative merits of that great medicinal tonic, Electric Bitters, for sick stomach, liver and kidneys. Mary H. Walters, of 546 St. Clair Ave., Columbus, O., writes: "For several months, I was given up to die. I had fever and ague, my nerves were wrecked; I could not sleep, and my stomach was so weak, from useless doctors' drugs, that I could not eat. Soon after beginning to take Electric Bitters, I obtained relief, and in a short time I was entirely cured." Guaranteed at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c.

Board of Public Works.

The Board held a stormy meeting last Wednesday evening. The trouble came up over a demand by Mayor Reade on Highway Commissioner Kelley for an immediate discharge of 125 of the 208 men and some 20 outside teams now employed on the streets, which demand Com. Kelley positively declined to obey. This occurred after the adjournment, but on Kelley's defy the Mayor immediately reconvened the Board for further action on the matter. Mayor Reade said the City Treasurer had told him that there must be a cutting down of highway expenditures. At present, he said, the Department had 208 men at work and 15 or 20 outside teams, and Com. Kelley had refused to comply with his request to discharge 125 men and all the outside teams.

No action was taken by the Board, but it is probable the Mayor will remove Com. Kelley from the Highway Dept. for when the latter went out the Mayor said: "You have heard what I requested you to do. I now order you to discharge those men and teams and you want to remember it. I can remove you from the highway department and I can do more than that." With this the incident ended.

Com. McHugh refused to sanction the bill of J. M. Ellis of $5000 for work on the foundation of the new schoolhouse, and thereupon Mayor Reade and Commissioners Hayward and Kennedy affixed their signatures, which constituted a majority of the members, and Ellis's bills were approved.

Why McHugh should deem it his bounden duty to try to block every step taken towards building the schoolhouse is difficult to divine.

A Touching Story

is the saving from death, of the baby girl of Geo. A. Eyler, Cumberland, Md. He writes: "At the age of 11 months, our little girl was in declining health, with serious Throat Trouble, and two physicians gave her up. We were almost in despair, when we resolved to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. The first bottle gave relief; after taking four bottles she was cured, and is now in perfect health." Never fails to relieve and cure a cough or cold. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; 50c and $1.00 guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

The Rockefeller Philanthropy.

There is no doubt that his charities are many of them personal and never known outside of his immediate circle. There are three or four old ladies in Cleveland, friends of his youth, to whom he gives a monthly income. Unfortunate Baptist ministers, worn-out teachers and missionaries in great numbers are helped by him, while the poor of all grades receive much direct help. Of course he gives much to his church, but he has never made any church the object of affectionate and lavish giving. He seems never to have been willing to give more than what he considered his share. . . . It has been computed that Mr. Rockefeller's entire gifts, public and private charities, have amounted to about $36,000,000. It would be fair to call the aggregate $40,000,000, and that would probably do Mr. Rockfeller full justice. It is not a great sum considering Mr. Rockefeller's vast income. Probably his dividends from the Standard Oil Company alone in the last three years would cover it. And the Standard Oil Company is only one of Mr. Rockefeller's dividend earners.

It is quite probable, that the man would give more money if he could give it, without doing, from his point of view, more harm than good. He hates waste and shiftlessness. He must have seen long ago that money given freely is more often than not administered carelessly. He must have seen how charity to individuals often engenders dependence, ruins self-reliance. He must have come to understand that lavish giving is a terrible social menace, injuring the self-respect of recipients, fostering greed for more. He must have learned that one of the most difficult things in this world is to give so that it will not corrupt and weaken. It is generally said by Mr. Rockefeller's friends that it is such consideration as well as his abhorrence of waste that has led him to establish the "Charity Bureau" at 26 Broadway which investigates before giving, and which in many cases audits annually the accounts of institutions which have taken his money. If Mr. Rockefeller thinks on these things and the care with which he scrutinizes his gifts, would lead one to think he does, may he not come to realize finally the utter impossibility of justifying by charity the injustice which such an accumulation as his has cost?—*Miss Tarbell in August McClure's.*

A Tramp's Lecture.

A tramp asked for a drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the proffered beverage one of the young men present exclaimed:

"Stop! make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't unloosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look tonight at you and myself, and it seems to be that I look upon the picture of my blighted manhood. This bloated face was once as handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, for I was a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, but I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect into a cup of wine, and, like Cleopatra, saw it dissolve, then quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children sweet and pure as the flowers of spring, and saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit its flame upon the altar and ministered before it, but I put out the holy fire and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambition that soared as high as the morning star, but I broke and bruised those beautiful forms and strangled them that I might hear their cries no more. Today I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home and a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All have been swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nervous fingers and was shattered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors were pushed open and shut again and when the group looked up the tramp was gone.—*Exchange.*

Peculiar Disappearance.

J. D. Runyan, of Butlerville, O., laid the peculiar disappearance of his painful symptoms, of indigestion and biliousness, to Dr. King's New Life Pills. He says: "They are a perfect remedy, for dizziness, sour stomach, headache, constipation, etc." Guaranteed at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store, price 25c.

Base Ball.

There was no game at North Woburn last Saturday.

Stoneham was badly beaten by Reading at Stoneham.

Woburn was well represented at the game in Boston last Monday, at which there was 20,000 people.

John O'Brien of the South End, has got together what he says will be a crack team, which he will present to the public Labor Day. John has played with the John P. Squire team this season.

Fiendish Suffering

is often caused by sores, ulcers and cancers, that eat away your skin. Wm. Bedell, of Flat Rock, Mich., says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, for Ulcers, Sores and Cancers. It is the best healing dressing I ever found." Soothes and heals cuts, burns and scalds. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; guaranteed.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—There will be no public services during August. The reading-room will be reopened on Monday Sept. 4.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. H. C. Townley of Peekskill, N. Y.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. J. E. Tuttle, D. D. Subject: "The Way of the Cross."
No Sunday School.
7 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. and Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, July 28, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Samuel Arbuthnot and Margaret May Kerrigan, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 10, Helen Burgess, aged 2 months.
In this city, Aug. 11, Annie C. Meagher, aged 20 years, 8 months, 21 days.
In this city, Aug. 11, Harold Robinson, aged 1 year, 11 months.
In this city, Aug. 12, Mary McConlogue, aged 56 years.
In this city, Aug. 14, Joseph M. Lucian, aged 10 months.
In this city, Aug. 15, Florence R. Manley, aged 17 years, 14 days.

WINCHESTER.

Would you believe it? some of our boys are still playing ball. Our boys have not been as successful as usual this season in their contests with foreign teams.

It seems to me that business was never so dull here as it is at the present time. Nothing doing, and nobody stirring. It's just like Sunday every day in the week.

This town isn't grumbling over the size of her tax-rate this year. She gets the worth of her money in improvements and in all the up-to-date municipal conveniences and good things, and so long as that is the case we don't kick. Winchester gets as much value received for her taxes as any town in the Commonwealth.

A gypsy moth specialist knocked all previous theories respecting the habits of the pest into a cockedup hat in the *Star* last week. He's got the things down to a fine point, and proves beyond a shadow of doubt that the theories of everybody else have been wrong from the start. His article in the *Star* is respectfully recommended to the perusal of Com. Kirkland; salary $5,000 per an.

It is with keen delight that I am able to record this week the return of quite a number of our vacationists to their pleasant homes here. They are the vanguard, the advance squadrons of the mighty hosts who will soon be on their way hitherward, whose return we are all waiting for with extended hands and warm welcomes. In the words of the lamented Isaac Watts, the hymnist, "fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, and bring the welcome day."

The Gift of Gardens.

God Almighty first planted a garden. And, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiwork, and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal order of gardens there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season.—Lord Bacon.

Tenement To Let.

I have a desirable tenement to let in Buel's Block, Main street.
Rent and terms reasonable.
Apply to Mrs. W R PUTNAM,
60 Union St., Woburn.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR

CLOTHES

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises.
Single-breasted and double-breasted sack suits in
Worsteds, Cheviots, and Blue and Black Serges

For outing wear and for the hot months we offer
Flannel Coats and Trousers

MEN'S AND BOYS'
HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET
BOSTON

A Pigeon With a Memory.

It seems really impossible to extinguish the homing instinct in a good pigeon. A story is told of a French carrier pigeon which was captured by the German soldiers during the siege of Paris in 1870. The bird was being carried in a balloon from Paris to some point in the country, whence it was expected to return to Paris with a message. It was taken to the German headquarters and presented to the commander, Prince Frederick Charles, who sent it to his mother in Germany. Here it was placed in a splendid roomy aviary and carefully fed and nourished; but, although it was kept here, living in the lap of royal luxury for four years, the French pigeon did not forget its fatherland.

At the end of that time the aviary was left open one day. The pigeon flew out, mounted high in the air, flew about for a moment as if to find the points of the compass and started in a straight line for Paris. Ten days afterward it beat its wings against the entrance to its old loft in the Boulevard de Clichy. There it was recognized, and, its case being brought to public attention, it was honored as a patriot returned from foreign captivity. It remained at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimation until it died in 1878.

A Personal Application.

When one of the large benefactors of Harvard college library was a business man in Lawrence a customer of his firm contracted a debt which ran along for a year or more without any signs of settlement. Several letters, says the Boston Herald, failed to bring about liquidation.

One day, while glancing over the religious notices in a local paper, Harvard's benefactor saw something which gave him an inspiration, and he went to his desk and wrote the following note to the debtor:

Mr. ——:

My Dear Sir—I see in the local press that you are to deliver an address on Friday evening before the Y. M. C. A. on "The Sinner's Balanced Account." I inclose yours, as yet unbalanced, and trust that I may have the pleasure of attending your lecture. Yours truly, ——.

A check came by the next mail.

Look For Happiness.

Some one has said that we find what we are looking for in this world. If that is true, and it is true in a certain measure, how very much better and more wholesome to be looking for kindness rather than slights, for happiness rather than misery, for the flowers of life rather than its thorns, says Woman's Life. Even when these things seem impossible you may think them so, and by the power of your illusions make them come true. Illusion and disillusion are to the mind what rose colored and blue spectacles are to the eyes—illusion the rose, disillusion the blue. It may seem a sort of child's play to hold so fast to that which may be mythical, but anything is worth while which makes for happiness and peace.

How Paul Jones Countered.

When the English government denounced John Paul Jones as a pirate the American naval hero neatly countered. He replied that he had looked in the dictionary and found a pirate defined as "an enemy of mankind," and, "as England was then at war with the whole of America, the greater part of Europe and much of Asia, not to speak of a bit of Africa, she in point of fact came as near being the enemy of mankind as could well be conceived and that England was therefore the pirate and not Paul Jones."

Napoleon as a Bogy Man.

Thackeray once saw Napoleon on the island of St. Helena. The novelist—he was born in Calcutta in 1811—was on his way to England as a child. "Our ship touched at an island where my black servant took me for a long walk over rocks and hills until we saw a man walking in a garden. 'That is he,' said the black man; 'that is Bonaparte. He eats three sheep every day and all the little children he can lay hands on.'" That black serving man was not the only person of the time to believe the story which he told.

Perfect Manners.

Politeness is perhaps instinctive with some, but with the majority it is a matter of training of the slow and careful discipline of voice and eye and carriage. Under this training all the angles of personal vanity and self consciousness are rubbed off, the person becomes adorned with grace, ease, gentleness and simplicity, and what may seem to the untrained observer as the perfection of naturalness may be simply the perfection of culture

Tall Enough to Stand It.

"Mrs. Spuddsworth, it seems to me," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "is rather inclined to loquacity."

"Still," replied her hostess as she straightened the $1,000 rug, "for a person as tall as her it ain't so bad as though she was shorter."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Attendance Accounted For.

Rev. Dr. Torker—I'm pleased to see that you attend church so regularly. I hope you have found grace. Farmer—Excuse me, but her name is Helen. Ah, there she is now. Good morning!

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John E. Hall, of Lawrence, in the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the Mechanics Savings Bank of Reading, dated May 28, 1898, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2659, Page 31, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to Grace L. Norris of said Woburn, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on

Wednesday, September 6, 1905,

at three o'clock and fifteen minutes in the afternoon, on the premises, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situate on the easterly side of John street in said Reading, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner thereof on said street at land of Skinner; thence the line runs in a southerly direction by said street one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to a stake at land now or formerly of Martha Smith; thence easterly by said land of Smith seventy-four (74) feet; thence northerly one hundred and fifteen (115) feet to land of said Skinner; thence westerly by land of said Skinner seventy-four feet to point of beginning.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes, and $100.00 will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

GRACE L. NORRIS, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, August 7, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by D. Osborn Gillette, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Nellie S. Shaw, of said Woburn, dated November 6, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2607, Page 578, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

TUESDAY, September 5, 1905,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A lot of land and the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing four thousand one hundred seventy-five square feet and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by Main street, there measuring sixty-three and 96-100 feet; southerly by Manning street, there measuring seventy-six and 82-100 feet; easterly by land of John Johnson, there measuring forty-seven and 38 100 feet; and northerly by land of John Johnson, there measuring seventy-five feet. Being a portion of Lot 3 shown on Plan of Land in Woburn, Mass., belonging to John Johnson, G. F. Hartshorne, C. E., April, 1891, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 105, Plan 45.

The premises will be sold subject to taxes of 1904 and 1905, and to other municipal liens, if any; and two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, August 8, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Bridget Hooper of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Lawrence Martin of said Woburn, dated May 1, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2974, Page 474, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, the sixth day of September 1905,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded westerly on Washington street, there measuring ninety-four (94) feet; northerly on land formerly of James Hill, there measuring two hundred twelve (212) feet; easterly by the Canal, there measuring one hundred four (104) feet; and southerly by land formerly of Martin Murray, there measuring two hundred forty-one (241) feet.

Fifty dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale, and the property will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes.

HAROLD P. JOHNSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
August 4, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick O'Riley and Ellen O'Riley, his wife, in her own right, to the Woburn Co-operative Bank dated August 14th, 1902, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2987, Page 546, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on **Saturday, the ninth day of September, A. D. 1905**, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the premises conveyed by said mortgage, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the westerly part of said Woburn, on Houghton street, containing thirty-nine thousand (39,000) square feet, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at a stone bound at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the westerly side line of said Houghton street and at land of one Grant; from thence the line runs a little east of south by and with said Houghton street about one hundred sixty-one and eight-tenths (161.8) feet to a stone bound; thence a little more east of south still by and with said Houghton street about one hundred fifty-six and one-tenth (156.1) feet to a stake at land of Jeremiah McMakin; thence westerly by and with said McMakin's land and land of Bacon and Colgate about one hundred forty-five and two-tenths (145.2) feet to land now or formerly of Mary Eaton; thence northwesterly on and by land last named about two hundred twenty and four-tenths (220.4) feet to land of said Grant; thence northeasterly on and by said land of Grant about one hundred ninety one and four-tenths (191.4) feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Ellen O'Riley by deed of Hannah A. P. Plympton et als., dated April 12th, 1894, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, May 7th, 1894.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
By John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., August 16, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George W. Hurd to George F. Holl, dated Feb. 1, 1904, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3081, Page 233, (and assigned by said Holl to Harlow H. Rogers), will be sold at public auction upon the premises, upon

Monday, the eleventh day of September, 1905,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Vernon street in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a point on said Vernon street distant, southerly from land now or formerly of Adna Page, measuring on said street 355 6-10 feet and running south four degrees and 58 minutes, east by said street 60 feet; thence at right angles, westerly by land now or late of Mary F. Foster, 100 feet; thence northerly by other land of said Foster 60 feet; thence easterly by other land of said Foster 100 feet, to the point of beginning; containing 6000 square feet.

$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

HARLOW H. ROGERS.
Assignee of said mortgage.

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CITY OF WOBURN.

Sale of Unredeemed Real Estate by the City of Woburn.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, July 17, 1905.

In conformity with the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the public and all persons interested as former owners, or occupants of each of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, are hereby notified that said parcels have been conveyed according to law to said City of Woburn, for non-payment of taxes and assessments, and the time in which each of the estates might be redeemed by the owners thereof having expired, each of said parcels will be offered for sale in accordance with section 67 of Chapter 13 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room No. 3 Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 2nd, 1905**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to the highest bidder for each of the several parcels a quit claim deed will be delivered. For further particulars reference is made to the Registry of Deeds, for the Southern District of the County of Middlesex, the volume and page numbers following the description of each parcel, indicating the record of the deed under which the said City of Woburn now holds title to the estate described.

The sums set against the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the taxes and assessments for the non-payment of which said estate was sold to the City of Woburn, together with the subsequent taxes and assessments, interest on the same, and all lawful costs and charges, but not including costs and charges incident to this sale. And none of the said estates will be sold for less than the amount set against the said estates, respectively.

WARD 2.

ESTATE ELLA R. FITCHETT.—About 6,067 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 64, 65, 66, and 67, shown on Plan of section B, of Mt. Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 13, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2864, Page 301. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. $21 95

ESTATE LAZURS WERNER.—About 2,882 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 4, Section A, on Plan of Mt. Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 13, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2864, Page 305. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 38

ESTATE PETER COTE.—About 4,682 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Fulton street, being lot 6 on plan of Highland Park lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 91, Plan 48, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 161. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 80

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1860 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 29, Block 5, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 164. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 31

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 41 and 42, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 165. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 4265 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 43 and 44, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 166. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3299 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 17 and 18, Block 5, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 167. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 1550 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 51, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 168. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 31

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 3000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 54 and 55, Block 6, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 163. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 23

ESTATE CHARLES M. MOORE.—About 2462 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 59, Block 7, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 114, Plan 42, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated April 22, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 162. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 31

WARD 4.

ESTATE MARY E. O'BRIEN.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 402, Block 29, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises desbribed in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 280. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 17 02

ESTATE PRESCOTT C. BRIDGHAM, FREDERICK C. BRIDGHAM AND FRANK F. TRIPP.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 299, Block 19, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated Oct. 3, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2772, Page 121. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 17 74

ESTATE WILLIAM A. FLAHERTY.—About 8,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 136 and 137, Block 9, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 351. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 87

ESTATE HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 4000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 89, Block 7, shown on Plan of Land belonging fo the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 27, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 403. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 74

ESTATE ADDIE PERRY AND JAMES A. HADLEY.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 1, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 27, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 3029, Page 400. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 74

WARD 5.

ESTATE AUGUST NAGLE.—About 3,325 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 25, shown on Plan of Building Lots, of Edmund M. Warren, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2515, Page 222. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 23 13

ESTATE WILLIAM A. MARSHALL.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 113 Bird street, shown on Plan A of Montvale Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Toxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2515, Page 217. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 20 37

ESTATE GEORGE S. BAILEY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 202 Dale street, shown Plan A of Montvale Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2515, Page 205. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years, 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 36

ESTATE CHARLES H. PIERCE.—About 2790 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 46 shown on Plan of Suburban Land and Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 85, Plan 49, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 289, amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 14 70

ESTATE FRANK EYERS.—About 2430 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 29 shown on Plan of Middlesex Park, Section B, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 94, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 265. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 00

ESTATE DANIEL FRASER.—About 4,610 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 47, shown on plan of Building Lots at Walnut Hill, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2823, Page 353. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 14 35

ESTATE LARS HELRICH.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 62, 63, 64, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 355. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE JOHN C. WINCHESTER.—About 6,650 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 44 and 45, shown on Plan of Building Lots at Walnut Hill, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 49, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 198. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 72

ESTATE C. W. FLEMING.—About 2,808 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 39, shown on Plan of house lots in Montvale owned by Henry S. Moody, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 85, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 81. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 81

ESTATE MARGARET A. MCDONALD.—About 2808 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 37, shown on Plan of house lots owned by Samuel A. Moody in Woburn, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 85, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 133. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 86

WARD 6.

ESTATE HANNAH GILMAN.—About one quarter acre of land situated in said Woburn off Mountain street, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated September 30, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2,988, Page 412. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 11

ESTATE JAMES HENRY BARTON.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 22, Block 3, Section B, on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 29th, 1894, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2302, Page 363. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1892, 1893 and 1894, with interest and legal charges being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 10 84

ESTATE ELVAN S. CUTLER.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 39, Block 28, Section B, on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11th, 1895, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2426, Page 133. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interust and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 20 83

ESTATE JOHN A. SULLIVAN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 48, Block 4, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 147. Amount due thereon for the taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold, 20 30

ESTATE SYLVIA BATTEL.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 31 and 32, Block 20, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 123. Amount due thereon for taxes of the year 1894, 1895, 1996, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 21 20

ESTATE ANNIE ANDERSON.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 20 and 21, Block 26, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 121. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 29 52

ESTATE WILLIAM H. HARDY.—About 1749 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 11, Block 6, Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 140. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 59

ESTATE ENNIS H. CARLE.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 37 and 38, Block 4, Section B, Shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 125. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 83

ESTATE MARY FLYNN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 45 and 46, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 135. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 83

ESTATE WILLIAM TAYLOR.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 8, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 149. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 28 58

ESTATE REBECCA A. CONTE.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 130. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1093 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 31 86

ESTATE REMBOLD SCHOLZ.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 15, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated December 11, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2426, Page 144. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the amount for which said estate will be sold, 16 95

ESTATE WILLIAM S. VALENTINE.—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 7, Block 5, Plan A of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated October 29, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2515, Page 224. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being least amount for which said estate will be sold, 24 33

ESTATE ALVAH N. CHASE.—About 2310 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 4, Block 39, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 403. Amount due for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 18 84

ESTATE WILLIAM C. SPENCER.—About 5000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 10 and 11, Block 30, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 425. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold 24 99

ESTATE BERNARD D. ROGERS.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 11, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 420. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold, 18 23

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

HARD QUESTIONS.

They Sound Simple, but You May Find the Answers Elusive.

"How many holes are there in a laced boot of the ordinary type? Do you know how many there are in the pair you are wearing? That is another question—and it is a little ambiguous, for the average man's ordinary laced boots are generally given away by his wife before he has had time to count the holes. "Which of the feet of a horse touch the ground in trotting?" asks the examiner. You may imagine the whole class raising arms and shouting, "All of 'em!"

Any one man may fog another with ignorance, for our knowledge is in patches. Is it worth your while, supposing you have any business to carry through, to ascertain how many V's there are on a clock face? Do you want to know how many ribs there are in the cover of your umbrella? This is the umbrella maker's business. You want only to find the time of day and avoid the rain. "Thousand words," says an editor to the amateur writer, who may be an umbrella maker. It happens many times a day. The amateur never knows what exertion and what space this means. But the journalist knows exactly the amount of gray matter, black ink and white paper the demand implies. How many words are there in this paragraph? Now—quick!

THE JAPANESE GIRL.

She Is Gentleness Itself, With an Air of Dainty Modesty.

There were not many Japanese women at the party, which made me wonder, considering the fact that there were hundreds of men present, but perhaps the absence of the many might be explained by the uncomfortable and self conscious air of the few who were there in most unaccustomed foreign finery. Not that they wore it so badly. Not at all. That is a fiction of the foreign woman who is pleasantly blinded to the imperfections of her own kind.

Of course there are no Japanese girls with Gibson figures of lissom grace and Fifth avenue strides of splendid freedom, but the same thing may be said of many other women in many other climes. Everybody cannot be an American girl, you know, and I declare I think the Japanese girl runs some of her European sisters a very close second in her ability to wear ungraceful clothes as gracefully as possible with very limited assistance from Mother Nature. All Japanese waist lines run up in front and all Japanese girls are "pigeon toed," but all Japanese girls are gentleness itself, and their dainty modesty serves to conceal a multitude of peculiarities.—Leslie's Weekly.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

A Text From Which Is Spun Lots of Stuff and Nonsense.

I take no stock in the lamentation of the sentimentalists about what they call "the good old times." There is a deal of stuff and nonsense trolled off on this text. Every man over fifty who is not precisely a boor is described as "a gentleman of the old school." We need but turn to the English satirists from Fielding to Thackeray to learn that all the essential ingredients of "Vanity Fair" had their existence 100 or 200 years ago. In the proportion that there were more nature and coarser fiber there were livelier doings. In proportion that there were fewer dramatic persons upon the stage there was better play for the individual. I confess that I like a little blood in mine. Sincerity even in wickedness has a flavor quite its own. But he who fails to see the world as it is and refuses to take it as he finds it falls inevitably betwixt the three legged stool of a very false philosophy and the high backed chair of a very ill judged perversity, with consequences sometimes serious and always humiliating.—Henry Watterson in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Success Following Failures.

We believe that nowhere is the man who has failed, without impeachment of his integrity, more sure of encouragement and assistance than here. Nowhere is there a more general and more active willingness to lend a helping hand to one who is down and is struggling to get on his feet again. Certainly in no country is a single failure so seldom accepted as final, and in none are there so many instances of successes following failures.—New York Times.

Giant Monument to a Child.

Mount Grace, in Warwick, Mass., seems to be in a way a giant monument to a little child. According to tradition, the Indians captured a Mrs. Rowlinson and her child. As the party were passing through the woods on their way to Canada the child died and was buried at the foot of the mountain. The child's name was Grace and the mountain has been Mount Grace ever since.

Peter the Great and Lawyers.

In Russia during the reign of Peter the Great private litigants might have their suits prosecuted free of cost by lawyers paid by the state. The emperor, discovering that his subjects were being imposed upon by their legal agents, who contrived to delay trials until they had sucked their clients dry, enacted that sufficient solicitors and attorneys should be employed at handsome yearly salaries to officiate for the public in every matter of law. He ordered further that these men should insert in a register written up daily the dates of applications to them and should proceed with the suits in the order in which they were received without respect of persons. If they failed to do so, if they accepted any bribe or fee or if they were dilatory these lawyers were to be knouted and sent to Siberia.

A VERY CAREFUL WOMAN.

Lady Eldon Could Not Abide Anything Like Extravagance.

Lord Chancellor Eldon was energetically aided in his parsimonious habits by his wife, of whom it was said that she and her daughter had but one bonnet between them. The Rev. R. H. Barham, author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," records in his diary an amusing story of Lady Eldon's penuriousness:

"June 1, 1822.—The chancellor is very fond of shooting. One morning last year his lordship, intending to enjoy a few hours' sport after a rainy night, ordered Bob, the pony, to be saddled. Lady Eldon told him he could not have it, but company being in the room, gave no reason. In a few minutes, however, the servant opened the door and announced that Bob was ready.

"Why, bless me," cried her ladyship, "you can't ride him, Lord Eldon. He has got no shoes on."

"Oh, yes, my lady," said the servant, "he was shod last week."

"Shameful!" exclaimed her ladyship. "How dared you, sir, or anybody have that pony shod without orders? John," continued she, addressing her husband, "you know you only rode him out shooting four times last year, so I had his shoes taken off and have kept them in my bureau ever since. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again. We shall be ruined at this rate."

CATCHING A LOON.

The Way a Hunter Got One and Why He Let It Go.

Once, and only once, I caught a young northern diver, says Graham West in Recreation. It was in July in the Laurentians in a little lake far back in the forest covered hills—loons always nest on small islands in lakes, never where foxes can get at the eggs or young. The birds at first are coal black. The one I took was the size of a pigeon and it took me twenty minutes to get it. When pursued the little fellows make for the open deep water, never skulk among the weeds, and rely entirely upon their wonderful diving powers. You can only catch them when they are very young and on a perfectly calm day when you can see them the instant they come up.

I followed the bird so quickly that I was always near when it rose and by shouting and brandishing the paddle frightened it into diving before it had regained its wind. At length it could not dive more than a foot or two below the surface and then I caught it in my hand. It was savage and seasick in the canoe. The mother kept near it from first to last, swam round the canoe, calling most plaintively the while, the note being "Whe-ou-ou," quite distinct from the usual mocking laugh, "Ha-ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!" I paddled the little loon about a mile and then put it overboard very gently, and the mother led it off in triumph.

Most Men Have It.

"That man who turned the corner a moment ago will probably go into No. 149," said the lazy man on the front steps.

The woman stood up to look.

"It was 147," she said.

"That is near enough," said the lazy man. "I knew he would stop some place in this part of the block."

"But how could you tell?" asked the woman.

"I could tell by the door key grab," was the reply. "Most men have it. Not one man in a hundred waits till he gets to his own door to take out his latchkey. The minute he turns into his own block he unconsciously digs into his pockets."—New York Post.

Bee Comb.

Bee comb or beeswax, the material of which the honey cells in the beehive are composed, is a wax produced by a system of chemistry carried on in the "wax pockets" which are located in the abdomen of all working bees. It is a peculiar substance and is said to be analogous to the fats of higher animals. Originally it was supposed that this wax was taken up in an almost pure state from the flowers by the bees, but recent experiments carried on by the leading botanists and chemists of the world conclusively prove that the bee is capable of elaborating his peculiar wax, although confined to a diet purely saccharine in its nature.

A Curious Fruit.

A writer in the National Geographical Magazine tells of a tree growing in the Malay archipelago, the Andaman islands and Ceylon, which produces a fruit used in fishing, with results of a remarkable character. The fruit is pounded up into paste and left in bags overnight, after which it is sunk at low tide in deep holes along the reefs. The fish soon begin to appear at the surface, some of them lifeless, others attempting to swim or faintly struggling, with their ventral side uppermost. In this condition the natives have no difficulty in picking them out of the water with their hands.

The Short Eared Owl.

The natives of Alaska say that the short eared owl, which is rather stupid and has a peculiarly shaped head, was originally a little girl. For some reason she was turned into a bird with a very long bill, much like a curlew's. Finding herself thus transformed, she started up in a wild, confused way and flew plump against the side of a house, compressing her bill and flattening her face.

Pleasant Relief.

Mrs. Spenders—George, I've got lots of things I want to talk to you about.

Mr. Spenders—Glad to hear it, my dear. Usually you want to talk to me about lots of things you haven't got, but must have.—Philadelphia Press.

The Better Part.

It is much more comfortable, both to yourself and the rest of the world, to be a pleasant ass than to be an unpleasant bear.—Florence (Ga.) Times.

Worse Than East Africa.

The worst climate I have ever experienced is that of New York, which presents all the disadvantages of the arctic and torrid zones.—From "The East African Protectorate," by Sir Charles Eliot.

Wise Daughter.

Father—If you paid more attention to cooking and less to dress, my dear, you would make a much better wife.

Daughter—Yes, father. But who would marry me?

She Remembered.

"Come back for something you've forgotten, as usual?" said the husband.

"No," replied his wife sweetly, "I've come back for something I remembered."

The Old, Old Scorpion.

Scorpions are relics of prehistoric times. They have been in existence since the middle silurian era, and through all the changes in environment in the millions of years which have elapsed they have remained practically the same in structural character, in habit. There is little, if any, evidence that these animals in the past days of their history have ever gained a livelihood by means other than those employed at the present day. But, though abundance of time has been granted them to become specialized into any number of strange forms, they have retained a wonderful resemblance to the original genera. Although the arms of the sea constitute barriers which scorpions cannot pass and although their means of dispersal are very limited, the antiquity of the animal is so great that it has succeeded in distributing itself over the greater part of the globe, outside of the arctic areas, and before the present period their distribution was even greater.

Woman at Her Worst.

In every sense the most objectionable dress ever worn by English women was that of the early sixties, writes Harry Furniss in the Gentlewoman. I defy any lady to appear refined in the correct fashions of that period. I was just old enough to look at them in picture books and gaze in my perambulator at the common objects of fashion with infantile astonishment. The hair stuck out at the back of the head, as a chignon or bun (really resembling a loaf), surmounted by a little black turban with a feather stuck in it; tight fitting purple jacket, strapped and crossed with black or red braid; panniers of gray color—bright yellow, say—on which were worked startling patterns in red braid; short full skirt—say of red—with wide upright stripes of purple braid; a red parasol, yellow gloves and violet boots completed a costume that our gentlewomen once wore!—Pall Mall Gazette.

Origin of Dog Days.

According to the generally accepted doctrine, the dog days begin on July 3 and end on Aug. 11, but there have been disputes as to every possible point about them. It was universally agreed that they were connected with the dog star. But which one—the real dog star, Sirius, or Procyon, the little dog? Then there were disagreements as to the particular astronomical performance of the star that fixed the dog days, as to their number, which varied in different estimates between thirty and fifty-four, and whether they were to be reckoned before, after or around the star's performances. The forty settled on precede the rising of Sirius with the sun. A belief grew up that in these days dogs went mad, but terrestrial dogs have really nothing to do with it. The original belief was that the star and sun together brought intense heat and all sorts of plagues.—London Chronicle.

Etymology of "Mutiny."

"Mutiny" is a word of terrible sound, partly because of the many dreadful events that it recalls and partly, no doubt, because to the ear it suggests "mutilate," but it signifies, etymologically, nothing more than "movement," and "commotion" ought really, again according to etymology, to be the stronger word of the two. The old French "meute," meaning sedition, to which the word is traceable, has given way to "emeute" in this sense, "meute" nowadays signifying only a pack of hounds, a much more innocent specialization of movement. It may be noted that, while Shakespeare knows "mutiny" in the modest sense, "Love's Labour's Lost" also speaks of "a man whom right and wrong have chosen as umpire of their mutiny," where "mutiny" only means discord or quarrel.

Military Discipline.

During the early conquests of the French in Algeria the quick tempered General P., thinking that one of his adjutants had displayed want of skill in carrying out his orders, so far forgot himself as to strike him with his riding whip. The officer seized his pistol, took aim at the general and was about to fire, but the pistol would not go off. Then the general immediately called out, "Eight days' arrest for not keeping your weapon in order."

A Storm.

The general public is of the belief that the word "storm" simply implies a precipitation of some kind, either rain, snow or sleet, when, in fact, in a scientific sense the word "storm" means "wind in motion," and when a storm is mentioned by the weather bureau it is expected that the winds will be high regardless of the attending conditions.—Toronto Mail.

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In the Dunes

By HONORE WILLSIE

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Lake Michigan is covetous of her eastern shore. Year after year her sands creep inland. Inch by inch, mile by mile, now a peach orchard is smothered, now a mellow wheatfield is blotted out, and in their stead scrub pines thrive and sand burs sprawl in the sun. Year by year the scrub pines grow stouter and the sand burs tangle thicker and thicker, and with each year the desolation of the sand dune country increases. Roads formed one month are shifting dunes the next. Inland lakes, once green and lovely, slowly and mercilessly are choked until only sand skirted pools remain. And still the desolation grows.

Katherine and her Great Dane huddled together under the scrub pine and watched the gray of the twilight turn to purple.

"Well, we're lost, Jacky," she said, "just plain lost! The hunting lodge ought to be over in that direction, but it's not, and they have supper so late they won't miss us for another hour. How would it seem to spend the night in the sand burs, do you suppose, Jacky?"

Jacky whined and laid his great head in the girl's lap. She rubbed his ears absentmindedly and started off over the dunes. "I'm not frightened," she said. "I'm just—just lonely. Well, let's empty our shoes, Jacky, and start on."

The low shoes once more securely tied, Katherine picked up the bit of fish rod with which as a staff she had strolled from camp early in the afternoon and struggled to the top of the dune, the dog trudging beside her, with now and again a growl at the shadowy pines. From the top of this heap of sand she saw another heap looming through the dusk. Down she waded, now leaning on her bit of bamboo, now holding to Jacky's collar, until from the top of this she discovered a third bur crowned dune. On the top of the third dune she dropped down to rest, while the dog crouched on her skirts, with watchful ears pricked forward. Suddenly he gave a little yelp and ran into the dusk.

"Jacky!" called the girl. Then she strugled after him through the heavy sand.

"Why," she said, "it's another little lake! Look out, Jacky; don't drink too much. I'm not thirsty enough to drink water I can't see. Why, how soft this sand is! Jacky—it—why—I'm in way above my ankles!"

She floundered toward the dog as he turned toward her with a whine, the instinctive desire in danger of the living for the living.

"Oh, Jacky, it's one of the quicksand bars!"

Trembling and panting, the dog threw himself against her knees, while his whines changed to sharp yelps. In vain Katherine struggled to draw her feet from the sand. It had closed about each foot with the grip of giant hands that insistently, silently drew her down. She stooped and felt Jacky's back. Already the quivering sands were half way up his legs. As she felt of him his yelping ceased. He reached up and licked the face bending over him. Then he crouched low, while Katherine felt his great muscles swell and stiffen. Then suddenly he hurled himself forward with all the strength of his lean, magnificent body and in three leaps had disappeared into the dusk. Katherine gave a low sob.

"Oh, Jacky, how could you leave me?" Again, summoning all her strength, she strove to follow him. But the struggle was worse than useless. And now the calm that had possessed her left her. She stooped and scooped at the sand about her ankles with bare hands, digging frantically, with low moans not unlike Jacky's. Handful after handful, then a pause, while she stared out into the darkness with shrieks for help. The sand had crept above her knees. With broken nails she stopped to listen. Yes, far out across the dunes she heard a man's shout and Jacky's excited bark, and again she raised her own hoarse cry. Then she heard the crackle of sand burs.

"Katherine, for heaven's sake, where are you?" His voice!

"Go back, Hugh—go back! I'm in the quicksand!"

Silence from the shore, then: "Stay perfectly still. I'll be out there in a few minutes. I'm going to cut pine boughs to walk on."

In utter thankfulness Katherine stood silent. Then surprise swept over her. Hugh! That was Hugh, whom she had not seen or heard of for a year, not since she had tossed the ring—the wedding ring—back to him and said:

"Well, six months have shown us what a fuddle we have made of marriage. Let's have sense enough to stop now. We evidently don't care enough to give in to each other."

Without a word Hugh had taken the ring and left her. And now to be found this way, and by him! In silence she watched the path he made grow out toward her and in silence heard Jacky's excited greetings to her from the shore. Then, after what seemed a lifetime of battle with a creeping sand, the man lifted her in his arms and silently carried her to the shore. She lay quietly, while the dog fawned about her and the man, a broad shouldered figure in the summer darkness, brushed the sand from her skirts and emptied her sodden shoes.

"What am I to do with you, Katherine?" he asked.

"I got lost from camp," she answered. "I don't know. Show me the way back, and I'll go when I'm rested. I don't want that coward Jacky, though."

"I was driving out to Camp Minitka. I didn't know you were there. John asked me—to effect a reconciliation, I suppose. It is like him. Jacky was running about among the burs, whining. Then he saw me and literally dragged me out of the buckboard and down here. I shall drive you back to camp and then return to town."

The girl put her arm about the dog, and he snuggled down beside her with a deep sigh. "That will be best, I suppose," she said.

"I think I shall leave you here," Hugh went on, "while I go back for the horse. It must be three-quarters of a mile away." He pulled off his coat, wrapped it about Katherine's shoulders and strode off into the darkness.

Katherine lay in the warm sand close to Jacky, who watched her every movement. She was not at all afraid. It seemed to her that, after the wonder of her rescue, she never again could know fear. Little by little the stars grew brighter and the answering glow of the sand seemed like the half light of some strange new dawn. At first she lay without articulate thought, thankful to be alive, to feel the warmth of the sand and of the great dog beside her, to rest her strained muscles.

Then suddenly the past year, which had seemed to her so heroic, so sacrificial, seemed very useless and shallow.

"I must find some new thing to do," she thought. "Hugh has gone on in his work. I must find work for myself."

She moved closer to the dog and half unconsciously raised her head from the sand to listen for the crackle of sand burs under heavy boots. Then almost without warning Hugh stood beside her.

"Can you walk," he said, "or shall I carry you?"

"Oh, I can walk," she answered as he helped her to her feet. They walked in silence to the buckboard. Hugh untied the horse and, reins in hand, stood waiting to help her.

Katherine stared at the man. She seemed to have awakened from a dream. "And I've missed a whole year," she said. "And who am I to set myself in judgment of us both? Hugh," with a pitiful little inflection of humility in her voice that was as strange to her own ears—"Hugh, will you—shall we try again?"

For one moment he stared at the drooping head of the girl. "Dear!" he said after awhile, and, gathering her in his arms, he climbed into the buckboard, and, with Jacky following close behind, they drove slowly off into the summer night.

Fencing For Exercise.

The enormous value of continual practice with the foils as a means of securing and preserving good health is, in my humble opinion, the main reason for the steady hold of fencing upon public favor in France and Italy. It is only of late years that the attention bestowed by medical men upon physical exercise, in France at least, where Dr. Lagrange's treatises have become classical, has given prominence to the worth of fencing as a health factor. Every one knows, or, rather, every one should know, that fencing presses into service every muscle of the human frame, that it creates and develops suppleness and quickness, that practiced in youth it imparts a freedom and grace of motion absolutely unattainable by other means, that it is not a violent exercise in so far as injury by strain is involved and, finally, that its perils are comparatively few. At very remote intervals one hears of a fatal injury resulting, almost invariably from a cheap or damaged mask or from the foolhardy practice of exercising without the usual head or chest covering or with an ill buttoned foil. The proportion of mishaps to the number of fencers, however, is infinitesimal.—Frederick A. Schwab in Outing.

A Long Walk.

The dear old professor was one of the kindest hearted men in the world, but he was also one of the most absentminded. He was recently visiting his newly married nephew, and, naturally, the young wife was full of the praises of her firstborn. The professor listened like a man in a dream to her recital of the remarkable fortitude with which he cut his teeth and his truly wonderful intelligence. At last the dear old fellow woke up with a start and felt he really must say something for the sake of at any rate appearing interested. "Can the dear little fellow walk?" he inquired mildly. "Walk?" said the proud mother. "Why, he has been walking six months!" "Dear me!" said the professor, lapsing once more into abstraction. "What a long way he must have got!"

American Clubs All Wrong.

"American clubs are few and small," said a social philosopher, "because they exist on a radically wrong principle. This principle is that club life is an extravagance, whereas the right principle of club life is that it is an economy.

"London is the club city of the world. Why are London's clubs so splendid and so popular? Because a man can dine, drink, smoke and amuse himself in them almost as cheaply as in his own house—far and away more cheaply than in a cafe or a hotel.

"Hence in London every man desires to join a good club, for a London club is an institution that actually saves its members money. But here in America our clubs are conducted extravagantly, and it is an extravagance to belong to them. Only the very prosperous American can afford to be a clubman."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Surgeon's Nightmare.

Two patients who called in company upon a noted surgeon found him bemoaning a twinge of pain in his right forefinger. The callers smiled.

"Great Scott, doctor," exclaimed one, "you don't mean to say that a pain in the finger bothers a man so used to scenes of suffering as yourself!"

"It certainly does," the surgeon answered, with a worried look. "How do I know that it isn't the first symptom of blood poisoning? That is the nightmare of the surgeon. No matter how careful he may be, he is liable to contract poisoning in operating, and that kind of poisoning is of the most virulent type. Any time a surgeon is complaining about a pain in the hand sympathize with him, for he is doing some hard guessing." — Philadelphia Record.

A Birth Watch.

When a child is born in certain English towns there is a race for the health department, especially if the event has occurred in the poorer district. The reason for the haste is not a desire to see that the record of vital statistics is properly kept, but because there is a reward of a shilling to the one who is first to notify the health officer, provided this notification is given within forty-eight hours. As soon as the tip is received the mother is visited and given a printed slip with directions as to the best means of caring for the child, and the officer who makes the visit is expected to see that the directions are clearly understood.

A Whip In the Pulpit.

A writer in an English review tells a reminiscence of a brother of a famous dean of Christchurch. The brother was rector of a small parish. His eccentricity was somewhat remarkable. He was a famous whip and drove a splendid team, of which he was very proud. He was fond of showing off how he could flick a fly from either of his leaders' ears without touching the horse. This accomplishment he transferred to a rather unexpected locality, for he always carried his whip up into the pulpit with him, and woe to the unfortunate member of his congregation whom he detected nodding.

THE LOOK OF A CHILD.

Its Pleading Power Was Too Great to Be Resisted.

"The look of a little child is sometimes a wonderful thing," said the man who had risen high on the ladder of success. "I remember that the greatest lesson I have ever learned in my life was pointed out to me by my daughter, who was only five years old at that time. That was fifteen years ago, when I had just attained some measure of distinction in the business world, and I felt that I could afford to rest on my oars awhile. I had never been a drinking man, but frequent conferences at hotel lobbies and after theater talks with my associates began to tell on me and I am ashamed to confess that I came home many a night slightly the worse for wear and 'booze.' The habit of imbibing grew on me, in spite of tearful entreaties from my wife, until I took a bottle of whisky home one afternoon. After dinner I made for that bottle, which I had left in my study, poured out a glass and raised it to my lips, when I caught a reflection in the polished woodwork of the wall. I turned quickly, and there was my little daughter standing in the doorway looking at me. I could never describe the expression on her face. If one might say it of a child, it was a commingling of reproach, pity and disgust. Probably she had overheard conversations between her mother and myself—perhaps the mother had instilled that feeling—perhaps it was instinct. I have not taken another drink from that day to this."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE PHENIX.

Legend of How It Lived and Died and Lived Again.

The ancient tradition concerning the phenix has introduced into nearly every language the habit of applying that name to whatever is singular or uncommon among its kind. According to ancient writers, the phenix was a bird of great beauty about the size of an eagle. A shining and most beautiful crest adorned its head, its plumage contained nearly every tint of the rainbow, and its eyes sparkled like diamonds. Only one of these birds could live at a time, but its existence covered a period of 500 or 600 years. When its life drew to a close the bird built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aromatic spices, with its wings fanned the pile into a flame and therein consumed itself. From its ashes a worm was produced, out of which another phenix was formed, having all the vigor of youth. The first care of the new phenix was to solemnize its parent's obsequies. For that purpose it made a ball of myrrh, frankincense and other fragrant things. At Heliopolis, a city in lower Egypt, there was a magnificent temple dedicated to the sun. To this temple the phenix would carry the fragrant ball and burn it on the altar of the sun as a sacrifice. The priests then examined the register and found that exactly 500 years or exactly 600 years had elapsed since that same ceremony had taken place.

Modern Card Playing.

The gambling of today is a mild affair compared with the extant records of English society. We shall never again see the days when General Scott won a fortune of £200,000 at whist, chiefly by dint of keeping sober. And high play, it must never be forgotten, is a relative term. When Lord Stavordale gained £11,000 by a single coup at hazard, his only comment was that if he had been playing "deep" he might have won millions. When the dimensions of modern wealth are taken into account the wildest excesses ever witnessed at the card table would have a timid and parsimonious aspect to the bucks of the regency.—Times of India, Bombay.

Women's Tempers.

I recently saw it stated somewhere that "women are much better tempered than men." This, of course, is a self evident proposition—up to a certain point. Women, as a rule, are altogether more self possessed and have a greater control over themselves than men, who want everything their own way, resent all trouble, cannot endure the smallest discomfort and are rarely unselfish.

But in justice to men it must be said that, generally speaking, they have very much more to try their nerves.—London World.

An Ancient Steam Man.

There are a host of authorities on hydraulics and mechanics that could be quoted to support the assertion that the steam engine is not a modern invention. Carpini in the account of his travels, A. D. 1286, describes a species of aeophile, or steam, engine made in the form of a man. This contrivance was filled with "inflammable liquid" (probably petroleum) and made to do terrible work in the battles between the Mongols and the troops of Prester John.

Human Nature.

"It's funny," remarked the thoughtful citizen.

"What's funny?"

"The way a man who spends all his spare time praying for the regeneration of his party will get indignant at the suggestion that he vote the opposition ticket for once."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Truth Comes Out.

Timkins—So that mining enterprise of yours proved a failure, eh? Simkins—Yes; a total failure. Timkins—But I thought you said there was a fortune in it. Simkins—Well, mine's in it.—Chicago News.

Good humor and generosity carry the day with the popular heart all the world over.—Alexander Smith.

A Queen's Blunder.

For some time after her marriage with Napoleon the Empress Marie Louise was extremely ignorant of the French language. On one occasion, seeing her husband look vexed over a letter he had received from the court of Austria, she inquired of him what was the matter. "Oh, nothing," replied Napoleon; "your father is an old ganache, that is all." Marie Louise did not know that this was French for fool and took the first opportunity of asking a courtier what it meant, saying that the emperor had applied the expression to her father. "It means some one very learned and wise," stammered the unfortunate courtier. The empress was perfectly satisfied with this explanation and pleased to learn a new word. A day or two after she received the Archchancellor Cambaceres in a crowded salon. Some question was being warmly discussed in the circle, and her opinion was asked. Wishing to be very gracious, Marie Louise turned to Cambaceres and said, "We will refer that point to the archbishop, for we all know he is the greatest ganache in Paris."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 20.

Text of the Lesson, Jer. xxxvi, 21-32. Memory Verses, 22-24—Golden Text, Jer. xxvi, 13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We have had two lessons on the life of a good king, one who believed God and trembled at His word and sought very earnestly to lead the people to know and trust and serve Him. Now we have before us a son of that same king, sitting on the same throne, the throne of the Lord (I Chron. xxix, 23), as the Lord's representative, but he has no respect for God or for His word. The ten tribes, the kingdom of Israel, had been carried into captivity because of their persistent rebellion against God, and now the two tribes, the kingdom of Judah, were nearing the end of God's patience with them. In less than twenty years from the date of our lesson (see verse 1) the judgment had fallen upon them, and they were captives at Babylon. When men persistently blaspheme God and refuse to listen to Him, then He speaks in judgment, but up to the last with a desire that men may not perish eternally. See verse 3 and Job xxxiii, 29, 30.

Jeremiah was the Lord's messenger during the last forty years before the captivity of Judah, eighteen years of the reign of Josiah and twenty-two of Jehoikim and Zedekiah, and now after he had been the Lord's faithful witness for about twenty-two of the forty years he is commanded to write in a book the Lord's words against His people if perchance they might return to the Lord and the threatened judgments be averted. It is no easy matter to be a witness against evil and evildoers, and Jeremiah was told at the beginning of his ministry, "They shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee, for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee" (chapter i, 19). Isaiah and Ezekiel were also forewarned that the people would not receive their message. The apostles were sent forth as sheep in the midst of wolves, and we are assured that throughout this whole age there will be wayside and rocky soil hearers, and tares will grow with the wheat till the harvest, while in the last days there will only be a form of godliness, without the power, and people will not endure sound doctrine (II Tim. iii, 1-5; iv, 3).

Verse 4 of our lesson chapter teaches us that Scripture is the word of the Lord. There may be a man's pen and a man's mouth, but the words are the words of the Lord. See chapter i, 9; II Sam. xxiii, 2; Deut. xviii, 18; Matt. x, 20.

In Jehoikim, the professed representative of God, cutting and burning the words of the Lord without fear or trembling we see a foreshadowing of the destructive criticism of our own day which will not tolerate the word of God concerning sin or judgment to come or anything supernatural, will not believe in a Saviour conceived by the Holy Spirit nor in the resurrection of the dead, has no use for the atonement of Christ and therefore no interest in foreign missions. Like the prophets of Jeremiah's time, they prophesy falsely, speak a vision of their own heart and cause people to err by their lies and their lightness, and the people seem to love to have it so (Jer. v, 30, 31; xxiii, 16, 32; Isa. xxx, 10, 11).

In all ages God has His remnant of faithful ones, and there were those who begged Jehoikim not to burn the roll, but he would not hear (verse 25). He had no use for such words as these, "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix, 1), but he had hatred and imprisonment for those who would dare to reprove him (verse 26), reminding us of the words of Ahab concerning Micaiah, "I hate him, for he never prophesied good unto me, but always evil" (II Chron. xviii, 7), and recalling the words of our Lord also, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you" (John xv, 18). The princes, knowing the temper of their king, had advised Baruch and Jeremiah to hide themselves, and now we read that the Lord hid them (verses 19, 26). When the Lord hid Elijah, Ahab could not possibly find him (I Kings xvii, 3; xviii, 10). There is a hiding from God and a hiding in God (Gen. iii, 8, 10; Isa. xxviii, 17; ii, 10; Zeph. ii, 3). Happy are those who can truly say, "My life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii, 3).

However much men may seek to destroy the word of God and seem to succeed, the true child of God rejoices in Ps. cxix, 89, "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven," and Isa. xl, 8, "The word of our God shall stand forever." The Lord saw Jehoikim's treatment of His message and bore patiently with him yet awhile, but told Jeremiah to take another roll and write in it all the former words and many more (verses 28, 32). Men may refuse to believe the word of God and even cut out and destroy the portions of the Bible which they do not like, but it stands, all of it, forever settled in heaven, and some day they will believe it.

Although neither the king nor his people would listen to the words of the Lord, it came to pass in due time just as the Lord had said (II Chron. xxxvi, 5-7), and so it always will be, and it shall yet be seen that whosoever is not found written in the book of life shall be cast into the lake of fire (Rev. xx, 15). Our believing or not believing what God has said cannot in any way affect the truth. It is the unbeliever who suffers because of his unbelief and thus gives evidence of his folly and madness in thus seeking his own ruin.

How He Got the Moon.

John Henry Maedler, the astronomer, whose favorite study was the moon, having learned that Frau Witte, the wife of the state councilor, owned a wonderful model of his pet luminary, spent years trying to gain possession of it. As her husband was living, he could not marry the owner of the model, so he married her daughter, and at the death of his mother-in-law the coveted moon became his.

A Lesson Wasted.

A mother was showing her dear little Joe a picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was.

"Ma," said he all at once, "oh, ma, just look at that poor little lion right behind there. He won't get any."

A Harsh Order.

On the beach near an English town a sign bearing this legend was nailed to a post:

"Notice.—Any person passing beyond this point will be drowned. By order of the magistrate."

GREEK ARCHITECTURE.

A Certain Fixed Proposition Was Adopted For Each Edifice.

In constructing their stone edifices the Greeks, who were reasoners and logicians, followed certain rules and adopted for each edifice a certain fixed proportion. What does this mean? It means that the proportions of the different parts of the edifice are simple proportions which can be reduced to a common measure. Take as an example the temple of Paestum. The module is the mean radius of the column. This module measures three feet. The column is ten times the module, or, say, thirty feet. The distance between the axes of the columns is five times the module, say, fifteen feet. The total height of the entablature is also fifteen feet, the width of the abacus is three modules, equal to nine feet. It is thus seen that all these numbers are multiples of three, which is the module. In this manner the proportions of the different members of an edifice have a constant relation to each other.

It goes without saying that the module varies for each edifice; there is no single and absolute rule. For instance, in the Doric order the length of the column varies from ten to twelve modules, in the Ionic order from sixteen to twenty-one. The entablature of the Doric order measures five modules and that of the Ionic only four.—Architectural Record.

OUR OLDEST HOTEL.

It Is In Arizona and Dates From the Seventeenth Century.

St. Augustine is the oldest town in the United States, but the oldest hotel in the country, contrary to what one would expect, is not in the east at all, but as far west as Arizona, being situated in Phenix of that state.

It was built in the seventeenth century by the Spaniards, just after the erection of a wonderful governor's palace, which also is to be seen to this day—the famous "Palacio del Gobernador." The hotel is a long, low, one story affair, built of adobe, with a flat roof, low doorways and many paned windows. The structure is now rather dingy in appearance, although it was, no doubt, considered really spacious and elegant when first erected.

When in 1681 the Indians threw off the Spanish yoke the hotel became a temporary fort. Many a successful Indian raid was planned in this very building, and councils of war were held frequently in the "taproom," as it was called.

This old tavern has sheltered such men as Custer, John C. Fremont, General Phil Sheridan, Zebulon Pike, Buffalo Bill and other famous scouts and plainsmen, besides many lesser heroes who, in true dime novel fashion, "went west to fight Injuns."

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

Wassailing of Apple Trees Still Observed In Parts of England.

What is the wassailing of apple trees?

This is an old custom, fast dying out, but still observed in parts of Somerset and Devon. At Wooton-Basset, near Minehead, the ceremony takes place on old Twelfth eve. All assemble at the farmhouse, and, after a hearty meal, form a procession to the nearest orchard, the master in front with a light, and men with old guns, blunderbusses and anything that makes a noise, in the rear. Plenty of cider is taken and some pieces of toast.

When the orchard is reached a ring is formed, and the master, in the center, seizes a branch and sings a verse beginning, "Oh, apple tree, I wassail thee, in hopes that thou wilt blow." Then all shout in chorus:

Hatfuls, capfuls, three bushel bagfuls,
Barn oorfuls, tullet holefuls,
And a little heap under the stairs.

Then follow cheers, drinking of healths, shouts of "Now, Tom Pod, we wassail thee!" and the placing of the pieces of toast, soaked in cider, among the branches for the robins.—London Answers.

Sit Up Straight.

Your backbone was not made for a barrel hoop, so do not curve it around, but rather straighten it out. God made man upright—not round shouldered, humpbacked or bending over.

If you bend over too much in your studies, get a lower seat. Saw the legs off from an old chair, and then sit down so low that your chin will come just above the table. Make the hind legs a little shorter than the fore legs, and then read and write with your arms on the table, and it will take out some of the crook from your back.

National Airs.

The national airs of great countries are short, while those of little countries are long. "God Save the King" is fourteen bars, the Russian hymn is sixteen bars and "Hail, Columbia!" has twenty-eight bars. Siam's national hymn has seventy-six bars and that of Uruguay seventy, Chile forty-six, and so on. San Marino has the longest national hymn except that of China.

Clever Plan.

A lady invited to a very recherche musical party had met with an accident to her front teeth which there was no time to repair. She said, "I will come, and, as I dare not open my mouth, you must tell your friends I am deaf and dumb, but appreciate music."

Hard on the Doctor.

Doctor—Well, John, how are you today? John—Verra bad, verra bad. I wish Providence 'ud 'ave mussy on me an' take me! Wife—'Ow can you expect it to if you won't take the doctor's physic?—Punch.

Ignorance, when it is voluntary, is criminal.—Johnson.

Abiding Impressions.

It is said that by a certain experiment you may perceive on the retina of an ox's eye, some time after death, the pictures of the objects upon which it had last looked. If this is true of the eye of the ox, what shall we say of the soul of man? If on the eye impressions are made which abide after death, what of impressions made upon the conscience, the memory and the whole retina of the immortal spirit? Surely these abide after death. Is it possible ever to erase one? Do not all impressions, from the first to the last, through life, made in all ways, continue as immortal as the soul itself? Surely we undying ones ought to be careful upon what objects we look from which we get impressions upon our souls. The impressions made on the soul in time will form their own picture gallery, upon each of which it will gaze through the boundless ages of eternity.—Bate

Gratitude is a fine virtue, and yet it is wearisome when carried beyond due bounds.—Le Sage.

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BATTLEFIELD ORATIONS.

A Great Deal of Fiction About the Recorded Martial Speeches.

Somebody once asked the Duke of Wellington if speeches on the battlefield were really made as reported and what was their effect. The duke said, "What effect on the whole army can be made by a speech since you cannot conveniently make it heard by more than a thousand men standing about you?" Then the duke was asked if it were not the fact that Napoleon delivered some rather notable orations on the field. The duke would not have it. "The proclamations you read of in the French army were much more seen in the papers than by the soldiers—they were meant for Paris." It was all right, the duke agreed, to address a regiment upon presenting it with colors and that sort of thing. On the whole, French troops might be more impressed by a speech than the English, who in the duke's Waterloo army were, he declared, "the scum of the earth, who had all enlisted for drink." The French, with their system of conscription, had a fair sprinkling of all classes.

"No," comments a writer, "all these martial obiter dicta which our histories treasure up for us were for the most part never spoken at all. The 'last words' of dying men and the speeches made on the battlefield or the deck of an admiral's flagship are not to be regarded as having been actually uttered. The famous 'Up, guards, and at 'em!' accredited to Wellington at Waterloo, was never spoken. Wellington himself denied it."

The Monster Diplodocus.

Dr. Andrew Wilson speaks of that huge extinct reptile, the diplodocus, whose bones Andrew Carnegie presented to the South Kensington museum in London as a "dragon." "If we could imagine it restored," says Dr. Wilson, "we should be tempted to imagine that the dragon legends of old had some foundation in fact. As a rule, these creatures—dinosaurs, as they are called—were huge, bulky animals. Mr. Carnegie's specimen has been estimated to have possessed a length in life of about seventy feet. The diplodocus, with regard to its personal characteristics, appears to have possessed a head of very moderate size indeed, considered relatively to the animal's bulk. Its jaws are weak, and its teeth are borne by the front of the jaws only. That it fed on soft vegetable matter would therefore appear to be an inference fairly warranted by the facts, yet, like the vegetarian elephant, it may have been capable of fierce onslaughts enough in its day. To feed on plants is not always commensurate with mildness of temper, as every vicious horse testifies. We may further believe that the diplodocus, if not a swimmer, at least had aquatic habits.

Making Marbles.

Germany maintains a monopoly of making stone marbles in spite of various efforts made to wrest the trade away. In the marble and agate quarries there are innumerable chips and bits of stone from the butting of the large blocks, and this refuse is broken into cubes about the size of a marble. An experienced worker produces these cubes of stone at an incredible speed and with remarkable uniformity. When about a bushel are ready they are dropped between a grooved bedstone and a revolving runner. Water is kept constantly supplied, and in half an hour the stones are turned out perfect spheres. With abundant water power the cost is slight, as a couple of men can keep a dozen stones supplied and the raw material costs nothing at all. In other countries the cost of preparing the blanks eats up the profits, and competition with the German made product is impossible.

The Highest Stairway.

For the ascent of Mount Omi, on the borderland between western China and the Tibetan plateau, there is an artificial staircase consisting of 20,000 steps cut in slippery limestone. Who made these steps is largely a matter of surmise, but they were probably formed by religious enthusiasts to provide a means of access from the hot plains, out of which the mountain mass rises abruptly to the heights, 5,000 to 11,000 feet above, among which the Buddhist abbey of Omi embodies some of the holiest traditions of the religion professed by its inmates. Anyhow, the staircase is there, and by it many pilgrims attain to the shrine as well as the very few Europeans who have ever visited this singular spot.

SELLING GOODS.

The Methods That Lead to Success In Business Life.

When a customer comes in, don't, whatever you do, drag yourself out of the chair as though you were disturbed from a rest, but jump up and greet her or him as though you were really glad to wait on them. Act so they will ask for you the next time they come to the store. The salesman who is constantly being asked for by customers never has to worry about a job.

Don't be stiff and act or feel as though you were far the mental superior of the customer. If you do, no sale will result.

Just for the sake of argument, let us take all the successes in your city, no matter what line they are in. Do they advertise?

The public, somehow or other, seem to be able to read between the lines. If your ad. is not truthful they will not respond.

It takes more than a mere cut to attract the eye to make your ad. pay. There must be solid, honest store news of good values behind it.

Never underrate the intelligence of your customer. He may know more about the article you are showing than you do.

Post yourself on every article you are expected to sell, so you can talk convincingly and knowingly. That is what sells goods—convincing talks. Never mind the price; that will take care of itself.—Brains.

A Stevenson Story.

A book on Stevenson tells of a speech he made at a gathering of Scotchmen in Samoa. He said: "I cannot say why we are proud to be Scotsmen, but the fact remains that we are. It is not that our land is sunny like these tropical isles, and its climate is not even lovely. Scotland's history contains little that is not disgusting to people of humane feelings. That long brawl which is called Scottish history contains scarcely one object that Scots have patience with." The address drew tears to the eyes of a German who had gone to the meeting violently prejudiced against Stevenson. No sooner had the speaker finished than the meeting proceeded to clasp hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne."

Curious Titles.

The English reformers adopted some curious titles for their devotional and controversial works. "Matches Lighted at the Divine Fire," "The Gun of Penitence," "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary," "The Bank of Faith," "Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit," "Some Fine Biscuits Baked In the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved For the Chickens of the Church," "The Sparrows of the Spirit" and "The Sweet Swallows of Salvation" are among the number.

Four Nations.

Practical idealism takes with the German chiefly the form of devotion to duty. In the Russian it is a readiness to sacrifice everything to his inward feeling. In the Anglo-Saxon it is the staking of the whole person for a concrete, palpable and distinctly fixed purpose. In the Frenchman it is a general idea which carries him away to great deeds.—Baron F. von Wrangell in Contemporary Review.

Success Easier Than Failure.

We say success is easier than failure; that a man who makes a success in life works less, worries less and has an easier time generally than the man who makes a failure and spends his time in telling how he is smarter than other people, but that "luck" has been against him.—Atchison Globe.

An Optimist.

"Oh, yes, he's quite an enthusiast. He goes in for things in real earnest."

"Yes, if some one were to send him on a wild goose chase he'd speak of himself afterward as a sportsman."—Philadelphia Press.

His Opposite.

She—They say that persons of opposite qualities make the happiest marriages. He—That's why I'm looking for a girl with money.

Worse Than Lost.

"You lost your money in Wall street, did you?"

"I wouldn't say I lost it," answered the precise though unworldly man. "The word 'lost' implies a remote possibility of its being found again."—Exchange.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29-4.

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Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN. Caneseat Chairs Reseated. Telephone 151-5.

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Announces to his customers and friends that his Tailoring Chambers are No. 1 and 3, up stairs, at 424 Main street, where he carries on a large line of samples of Foreign and Domestic Suitings, Fancy Trousering and Overcoating, which are made in the best workmanship and style. Ladies' work and repairing.
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Price 50c & $1.00 Free Trial.
Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

An Easy Way to Test Flour.

Every housewife knows that some flour will make good bread, while other flour will not. If you want to find out for yourself whether it is a good bread flour, test it in the following way: In the first place, see that it is white with a faint yellow tinge. Then take some of it up in your hand and press it; it will fall apart loosely, not in lumps. Rub some of it between your fingers; it will not feel entirely smooth and powdery, but you will be able faintly to distinguish the different particles. Put a little of it between your teeth and chew; it will crunch a little, and the taste will be sweet and nutty without any acidity—that is, if it is a good bread flour it will do all these things.

Black Coal Smoke.

There is, it seems, a great deal more than carbon in black coal smoke. Professor E. Knecht analyzed the soot from Manchester coal smoke, and at a lecture in London he exhibited the results of his analysis. Among them were snow white samples of ammonium chloride, ammonium sulphate, calcium sulphate and a beautifully crystallized paraffin hydrocarbon similar in properties and composition to a substance present in beeswax. The soot also contained 13 per cent of heavy hydrocarbon oils. From some of the products Professor Knecht prepared a brown dyestuff which produced absolutely fast shades on cotton.

Fractional Relatives.

"And have you any brothers and sisters, my little man?" asked the kind old lady.

"Yes'm," replied the little man. "I got one sister and one and a half brothers."

"What?"

"Yes, sir; two half sisters and three half brothers."—Philadelphia Press.

An Impression of Toil.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the man who is philanthropic, but practical.

"Mister," answered Plodding Pete, "I have to answer dat question so much dat it's gittin' to be jes' de same as work."—Washington Star.

Poor Thing!

"What a discontented, dissatisfied look Mrs. Fullerton has!"

"Well, what could you expect? She has a husband who gets her everything she wants."

American "Gullibility."

Americans in spite of their reputed shrewdness are the most easily gulled of any people on earth by those who know how to get at them.—London Truth.

Might Be Worse.

Winks—What makes you look so blue? Jinks—I have six daughters, none of them married or likely to be. Winks—And you are blue over it? You are the most ungrateful mortal that ever breathed. I have six daughters, all married, all have children, and I've got to support the whole crowd.—New York Weekly.

Parried.

Young Husband—I wish I were single again. Wife—What for? You monster! Young Husband—To have the joy of marrying you again. Wife—You darling!

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement. In effect June 4, 1905.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 . p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.1g 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 8.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M, and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
26	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Hunted Down

By C. B. LEWIS

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When the men sent out by the Big Four Cattle company in search of new pasturage reached the Wind river valley almost the first thing their eyes rested on was a drove of wild horses numbering thirty. The drove was led by a stallion whose grace and beauty elicited unbounded admiration. Some of the drove had escaped from bondage to roam the plains free from the restraints of man, but the leader had surely been foaled in some quiet cove among the foothills, and his mother had kept guard over him while the timber wolves circled around and gnashed their teeth in hunger.

He had been born as free as the air about him, and when his muscles had hardened he had galloped with a herd up and down the valley for 200 miles north and south. He had braved the fierce winters, the cunning of the wolves, the spring of the mountain lion, the greed and cruelty of the red man. There he stood at the head of his drove, five or six years old, black as midnight, with the exception of the white star on his forehead, and there were a beauty and a defiance about him that appealed to the little band—all but one.

"See me put a bullet inside that star!" he said as he pointed his rifle.

"If you do, I will put one through your head!" replied the leader, and he was backed up by his two companions.

For five minutes every horse in the drove stood there with head and tail up and nostrils quivering and flanks heaving, and then at a signal from their leader they were away like the wind.

It was through these men that the Big Four outfit heard of the black horse. The coming of men and cattle drove him and his fellows down to the south end of the valley, a hundred miles away, but now and then they seemed to have a longing to revisit the old pastures, and they came sweeping back. They never came during the day, but always on a moonlight night, and the first any one knew of their presence was the sound of their thudding hoofs. Three times in the course of a year they stampeded the cattle, and then the foreman ordered their destruction. The next time they came sweeping up the valley they were to be made targets of.

There was grumbling among the men. A drove of wild horses is always a peril to a herd of steers, but it went against the grain of the men born in freedom themselves to shoot down other of God's creatures. The wolf, the coyote, the lion—yes, they were man's enemies, but the wild horses were his friends. If they were not under his hand and obedient to him they were still his friends. Ever since men and horses were, a bond of friendship has existed between them. When the horses came again a few shots were fired, one or two wounded, perhaps, and the herd escaped material damage. The foreman saw how it was with his cowboys. It was so with his own conscience, and he did not blame them.

But the drove must go. There were men over at San Blas who would do anything for money, even to the taking of human life. For a certain price per head they undertook to exterminate the drove. There were four of them, and they rode away secretly and swore the foreman to secrecy. They had to. The cowboys would have called it murder and demanded revenge. The few settlers along the foot of the mountains were rough and hardy men who were dealing with nature in the rough, but they would not have tolerated the slaughter.

The quartet found the drove and began the work. Sometimes the men killed from the saddle and sometimes they skulked and sneaked on foot and approached their game as the panther does. It was from no feeling of sentiment that they spared the black horse. It had been agreed from the first to spare him till the last and then seek to capture him alive. It took weeks to finish the rest of the drove. When the horses found death on their trail they left the broad pastures and sought the green coves, making far into the mountains. They spread out so as to leave no trail and ceased to whinny. By day they hid themselves among the pines and cedars and came out only at night to feed.

The mountain lions aided the hunters. They ambushed horse after horse and pulled them down, and the fierce timber wolves kept the living in a state of terror. To the north were the cattlemen, to the south advancing civilization. The poor horses were hemmed between.

By and by the hunters gleefully reported that only one horse was left—the black leader. He could not have escaped bullets had they been minded to shoot him, but he had outwitted the wolves and the lions, and when his last companion went down he uttered a shrill neigh of defiance and vanished in the distance. Word was sent up and down the valley that he was to be hunted to his capture. The cowboys would have nothing to do with it, but there were a score of others who entered into the chase gleefully and greedily. The man who captured the black horse could put his own price on him.

The plan of campaign was for men to station themselves up and down the valley at intervals and to keep the black horse moving until he fell from exhaustion. It would seem almost as if the summer breeze whispered the plans of men in his ears. He disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up, and he was not found for a month. Then one day a man penetrated a wild, dark gorge leading into the mountain, and when he had followed it for a quarter of a mile it debouched into a cove ten acres in extent. Water and grass were plentiful, and the black horse had lived in safety. On the grass lay the decaying bodies of four timber wolves that had met death while trying to pull him down. He had courage as well as beauty.

The presence of the man drove the horse out into the valley, and then the chase was taken up. It began one morning at daylight.

The chase was cruel and later on led to quarrels wherein men lost their lives. For five miles each hunter pursued the black horse at top speed and then he rested. Confident of his speed and strength, the lone horse moved off with a defiant air. There was not a moment's rest for him all day long. Three or four times he buried his muzzle in the ice cold waters of the creeks as he came to them. The coming of night gave him no relief. It was moonlight and the chase still continued.

For seventy miles the black horse held his course up the valley. Then he turned and retraced his steps. Again he went up the valley, but when he had covered fifty miles he stopped and stood at bay. He had done all that a horse could do, and more. He had covered 160 miles of distance almost without breaking his gait. When he stopped, signals were given for the men above and below to close in, and by and by there were a dozen in a circle around him. Lassos were made ready, but the men quarreled among themselves as to who had the best right. While the war of words was going on the black horse could have wheeled and broken through, but he realized that his race was run. It was bright moonlight, and he stood blowing the steam from his nostrils, and his head was never held higher. His limbs trembled, but with weakness instead of fright. His eyes had lost their fire, but the race he had run was to be talked about for twenty years to come.

Suddenly three or four men began to whirl their lassos and others prepared to shoot, and it was then that the black horse uttered a sobbing neigh, tossed his proud head high and sank down with a sigh and was dead ere any man had laid hand on his forelock. Captivity was not for him.

A Story of Horace Greeley.

One of the stories told of Horace Greeley in Wilder's "The Sunny Side of the Street" is a curious rendering into vernacular experience of the ancient Horace's theater going gentleman of Argos, with his retort, "Cui sic extorta voluptas et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error:"

A friend—one of the wise, observant, upsetting kind of friends—called on Greeley one cold winter day and found the great journalist with a favorite book in his hand, a beatific smile on his face and his feet over the register. The visitor had previously been through the building and learned that the furnace had gone wrong and been removed, the cold air flue could not be closed and zero air was coming through all the registers, so he said:

"Mr. Greeley, why do you keep your feet there? There is no heat—only cold air is coming up!"

Greeley tumbled out of his chair and in the childish whine that always came to him when he was excited replied:

"Why didn't you let me alone? I was entirely comfortable, but now I'm near you I'm frozen."

The Idea!

"I don't like the way every man we meet stares at you, Ethel."

"Well, you don't expect them to stare at you, surely, ma!"

THE TARANTULA KILLER.

A Giant Wasp That Is the Powerful Spider's Mortal Foe.

The tarantula killer has a bright blue body nearly two inches long and wings of a golden hue. As it flies here and there in the sunlight, glittering like a flash of fire, one moment resting on a leaf, the next on a granite bowlder, it keeps up an incessant buzzing, which is caused by the vibration of its wings. No sooner does the tarantula hear this than he trembles with fear, for well he knows the fate in store for him when once his mortal foe perceives his whereabouts. This it soon does and hastens to the attack.

At first it is content with flying in circles over its intended victim. Gradually it approaches nearer and nearer. At last, when it is within a few inches, the tarantula rises upon his hind legs and attempts to grapple with his foe, but without success. Like a flash the giant wasp is on its back. The deadly fangs have been avoided. The next instant a fearful sting penetrates deep into the spider's body. Its struggles almost cease. A sudden paralysis creeps over it, and it staggers, helpless, like a drunken man, first to one side, then to the other.

These symptoms, however, are only of short duration. While they last the wasp, but a few inches away, awaits the result. Nor does it have to wait long. A few seconds and all sign of life has disappeared from the tarantula. The once powerful legs curl up beneath the body, and it rolls over dead.—Chambers' Journal.

Telling His Name.

Lord Rathmore was formerly plain David Plunkett. Shortly after he was raised to the peerage he took a trip to the Riviera. The French railway company reserved a carriage for his private use. At some unknown hour of the night the door of the carriage was suddenly opened. A lantern was flashed upon him, and a voice sharply cried, "Votre nom?" ("Your name?") Lord Rathmore, wakened out of his sleep, looking up in a partly dazed condition, discovered a railway official on his way round for tickets. Lord Rathmore's name was on the paper affixed to the window, marking the compartment as reserved. The official desired to identify the occupant of the carriage with the person to whose use it was inscribed. "Votre nom?" he sternly repeated, seeing the passenger hesitate. There sprang to Lord Rathmore's lips the familiar "David Plunkett." Happily he remembered in time he was no longer David Plunkett, but for the life of him he could not remember what title in the peerage he had selected. It seemed half an hour to him before he could remember "Rathmore."

The Man They Wanted.

The great ship labored in the storm. Ever and anon a giant wave would throw the steel leviathan on her beam ends, and at each shock the heads of the passengers would knock in an anvil chorus against the sides of their berths. At this critical moment, with a roar that rose above the fury of the hurricane, a mob of determined men burst upon the deck.

"Mutiny!" gasped the mate.

"No, they are cabin passengers," said the captain. "Now, gentlemen, you must go below. There really is no danger."

"Yes there is—danger for a Jonah who is on this ship," came back the answering chorus.

"Who do you mean, gentlemen?" asked the captain.

"Show us," they howled—"show us that fellow who was singing 'Rocked In the Cradle of the Deep' only a few hours ago! Let us at him!"—New York Press.

Suggestive.

Jorkins—My dear, I wish you would not sing that song about "falling dew." Mrs. Jorkins—Why not? Jorkins—It reminds me too much of the house rent.

In Harmony.

"What color does madam wish me to give her hair today?"

"Black, please. I'm going to a funeral."—Paris Annales.

Nothing can work me damage but myself.—St. Bernard.

His Stand In the Fight.

They were giving a reception to the battle scarred hero.

"I am delighted to meet you, captain," exclaimed Miss Gushingly. "So you were one of the men behind the guns!"

"Great Scott, no, ma'am!" responded the maimed veteran. "I was one of the men in front of the guns. Don't I look it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Enterprise.

An English paper contains the following enterprising advertisement:

JAMES ——
OYSTER MERCHANT.
Two dozen best oysters can be obtained for 2s. 6d.
Should death be proved to have occurred through eating same, a decent funeral guaranteed.

The Backbiter.

I never yet heard man or woman much abused that I was not inclined to think the better of them and to transfer the suspicion or dislike to the one who found pleasure in pointing out the defects of another.—Jane Porter.

A Reflection.

Daisy—Why was Maude Oldgirl so angry about her photographs? Didn't they flatter her? Maisie—Oh, they were as pretty as the artist could make them, but on the back of each one it said, "The original of this picture is carefully preserved."

Strategy.

The minister who had difficulty in keeping his parishioners' eyes fixed on him during the sermon solved the difficulty by placing a large clock directly behind him.—Liverpool Mercury.

The Difference.

Freddie—What's the difference between being sick and an invalid? Cobwigger—An invalid, my boy, is one who makes those around him sick.—Harper's Bazar.

PAID FOR HIS SCARE.

Napoleon's Reward to the Maker of a Bullet Proof Coat.

Just before Napoleon set out for the court of Belgium he sent to the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary dress which would be absolutely bullet proof, and that if so he might name his own price for such work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named 18,000 francs as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced and its maker honored with the second audience of the emperor. "Now," said the imperial majesty, "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same."

And he took a brace of pistols and prepared to discharge one of them at the breast of the astonished artisan. There was no retreating, however, and half dead with fear he stood the fire, and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the trembling artisan, and afterward discharged a fowling piece at another part of him, with similar effect. "Well," said the emperor, "you have produced a capital work undoubtedly. What is the price of it?" Eighteen thousand francs was named as the agreed sum. "There is an order for them," said the emperor, "and here is another for an equal sum for the fright that I have given you."

SAVAGE BLUEFISH.

They Act Like Sheep Killing Dogs Among the Ewes.

All unseen, a desperate tragedy was in full swing. A horde of blue thugs was harrying a crowding mass of helpless moss bunkers, as was attested by a greasy streak on the surface and floating fragments of the fish which had been chopped in two by powerful and merciless jaws, writes Edwyn Sandys in Recreation. This is the way of the blue. Among the schools of small fry he is like a dog among sheep; he seems to slay from sheer lust of slaughter. The skipper later declared that a bluefish will cram itself to the jaws with sections of its victims, then, when there is room for no more, eject the mangled mass and begin all over again.

This may or may not be true, but certain it is that the blue is possessed of an appalling voracity, which the fragments of its victims do not seem to satisfy. The terns know this, hence their close attendance when the carnage begins. While nature often seems to work in a savage mood and to impel her creatures to what may look like outrageous slaughter, a little of close observation seldom fails to discover a method in the apparent madness. The terns and other sea fowl are grateful for all scraps that float, while on the bottom bide the slow moving scavengers, ready to take care of whatever sinks their way. Nothing is wasted, and the lobster, crab and other bottom feeders must bless the name of the bluefish.

The Term "O. K."

The term "O. K." does not spring from an easy spelling of "all correct." It is Choctaw. There is in that language a word, "okeh," which means "it is correct," or "I agree or approve." It is often used alone to give assent or approval to a suggestion or proposal. "Okeh" was in common use among whites who had dealings with the Choctaws more than thirty years before the Van Buren campaign. It was a convenient expression where parties understood each other's language imperfectly and was used to mean, "I understand you and approve of what you say," or "I understand your statement and vouch for its correctness."—Boston Herald.

The Gorilla.

It was not till 1847 that Dr. Savage, a missionary stationed at the Gabun, sent the skull of a true gorilla to Sir Richard Owen, together with a detailed description of the animal, which Owen named appropriately gorilla savagei. In 1851 the first complete skeleton of a gorilla that reached England was presented to the Royal College of Surgeons by Captain Harris, and in 1858 an entire gorilla, preserved in spirits, was received by the British museum from the Gabun. The first living gorilla exhibited in Regent's park was one supplied by Mr. Cross, Liverpool, in 1887.—London Answers.

His Great Mistake.

"It is strange that a man like Mr. Braynes, with so many good ideas as to government, should command so little attention in public life."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "He is one of the people who figure out how things ought to be instead of finding out how they are going to be and laying his plans accordingly."—Washington Star

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

THE BUSHMASTER.

A Reptile Famed For Beauty, Agility, Savageness and Venom.

The Brazilian surucucu is a reptile that reaches a length, it is said, of twelve feet, and for beauty, agility, savageness and venom is excelled by none in Brazil. The old Dutch settlers gave it the name of the bushmaster, a title it well deserves. The beautiful glints of light on this reptile's scales excel those on a humming bird's breast. It is of a reddish brown color, with varied markings. It fortunately is chiefly nocturnal and only frequents dense woods, as a rule not coming near houses.

The finest specimen I ever saw was about eight feet long and had six fully developed fangs, three on each side, as well as eighteen in various stages of growth, nine on each side. The front fang was one and three-fourths inches long, exclusive of the bony base. The effect of a lunge from such a serpent can well be imagined. This is called "surucucu," as it is said to make a hooting noise at night, and "de fogo," as it is said to approach a light at night and try to get as close as it can.

It has a curved claw on its tail, which the natives say it uses to dig into the ground as a fulcrum for its leap on its victim. The natives have a great dread of it, as well they may, the size of the poison sacs being so great, as well as its own size, agility and proved savageness. — London Standard.

VALUE OF LAUGHTER.

Many a Political Coup Has Been Won by Means of Hilarity.

It is just because laughter is so thoroughly human that it always touches a respective chord in the heart. People who are impelled to laugh together find it difficult to harbor any sentiments of resentment toward one another. Laughter drives away irritation. To laugh at a thing and at the same time to be seriously angry is almost an impossibility, and many a political coup has been won by means of hilarity, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The third Napoleon's advent to the throne was signalized by much bloodshed, but in spite even of this the people became reconciled to the new regime by the amusing and ingenious fashion in which on the morning of the fateful Dec. 2 the placards and posters bearing the watchwords of republicanism were found to have been metamorphosed into imperial manifestoes.

The way in which it had been done excited such hearty laughter that the people's anger was to a great extent appeased. A people that are prone to laughter are much more easy to rule than a nation which takes a too serious view of life, and in the same way a government that has a sense of humor is certain to prove more popular than one that is only stern.

NO LIFE ON THE MOON.

The Proof We Have That Our Nearest Neighbor Is Uninhabited.

The moon being much the nearest to us of all the heavenly bodies, we can pronounce more definitely in its case than in any other. We know that neither air nor water exists on the moon in quantities sufficient to be perceived by the most delicate tests at our command. It is certain that the moon's atmosphere, if any exists, is less than the thousandth part of the density of that around us. The vacuum is greater than any ordinary air pump is capable of producing. We can hardly suppose that so small a quantity of air could be of any benefit whatever in sustaining life. An animal that could get along on so little could get along on none at all.

But the proof of the absence of life is yet stronger when we consider the results of actual telescopic observation. An object such as an ordinary city block could be detected on the moon. If anything like vegetation were present on its surface, we should see the changes which it would undergo in the course of a month, during one portion of which it would be exposed to the rays of the unclouded sun and during another to the intense cold of space.—Professor Simon Newcomb in Harper's.

A Ship In a Forest.

A few miles from the port of Batavia, in Java, there is a ship in a forest. The ship is actually two miles from its native element. It belonged to a well known trader in the southern seas and was carried far inland by a huge wave which swept over the country during the fearful eruption of Kratakoa. The vessel was borne with terrible force right into the heart of the island, and when the waters receded it was discovered in a dense jungle. There it has remained ever since, an object of curiosity to visitors.

The Sickle of the Sphinx.

The oldest piece of wrought iron in existence is believed to be a roughly fashioned sickle blade found by Belzoni in Karnak, near Thebes. It was imbedded in the mortar under the base of a sphinx and on that account is known as the "sickle of the sphinx." It is now in the British museum and is believed to be nearly 4,000 years old.

Consoling the Child.

"What's the matter?" asked the sobbing child's mother.

"Mamie Jones is having a birthday party and didn't invite me. Boo-hoo!"

"Oh, well, never mind. Maybe the ice cream will be poisoned and make them all sick."—Chicago Tribune.

The best lesson for a good many people would be to listen at a keyhole. It is a pity for such that the practice is dishonorable.—Swetchine.

A Lost Art.

Modern stained glass is a terrible thing, and, great as is the progress of science in other directions, up to now it has failed to discover how the makers of mediaeval times produced those wonderful deep tints which never tire the eye or offend the taste.—Country Life.

He who expresses his willingness to die for a woman always reserves the right to fix the date of his demise.

MASTERS OF CARVING.

Our Ancestors Had a Vocabulary We Have Quite Forgotten.

What do we moderns know about carving? I say that I carve a pheasant when I divide it into two more or less equal portions. Not so our ancestors. Carving is an art. Let me quote from an old book on carving some of the terms of that art:

Remember that there were carving masters in those days, professors of the art. They were itinerants. They did not keep school. They went from house to house and taught the ladies. As for their social position, I have not ascertained it. Probably they were classed with the itinerant portrait painter. Certainly they did not sit at table with the gentlefolk. I fear that their place was the kitchen and that Lady Mary took her lessons in that room surrounded by the admiring maids.

But the only thing she "carved" was mutton or beef. You had to "break a deer, rear a goose, lift a swan, sauce a capon, spoil a hen, frush a chicken, unbrace a mallard, unlace a cony, dismount a heron, display a crane, disfigure a peacock, unjoint a bittern, untack a curlew, alaye a pheasant, wing a partridge or a quail, mince a plover, thigh a pigeon or any other small bird and border a game pie."

And the acquisition of these terms was only the beginning of knowledge.—London Queen.

FUNNY LITTLE "FIDDLER."

One of the Most Interesting Members of the Crab Family.

One of the most interesting members of the crab family is the queer and grotesque little "fiddler" which lives in burrows in the banks of creeks and estuaries back of the beach. Into these burrows the crab retires in autumn and composes itself for a long winter sleep. The eye stalks are then folded down into sockets beneath the shell and the large claw rests closed and inert against the body, while the legs are folded up until the entire animal is snugly closed upon itself, and it remains in this dormant condition until the spring. Early in April the fiddlers awaken and immediately attend to clearing out their burrows. The large claw is useless for eating, only the small one being available for this purpose. It is amusing to see the delicacy with which this little claw feels about and picks up the particles of vegetable matter and places them in the mouth, while the eyes are all the time raised aloft on their stalks and apparently looking off into the distance. The female crabs have both claws small and of equal size, so they are both used in feeding, and she can satisfy her hunger just twice as easily and quickly as the male. These fiddler crabs also gather food and store it in their burrows for future use.—St. Nicholas.

IMITATIVE FLOWERS.

The Caricature Plant Is One of Brazil's Peculiar Growths.

The Brazilian flower known as the running antelope is so called because its white petals have a series of well defined, dark colored lines and dots in which the imagination can readily trace the form of an antelope, with its limbs outstretched and head thrown back, seemingly fleeing for its life. In the "caricature plant" one species has the imitative form on the petals, another has it outlined in the ribs and shading of the ribs. This last mentioned curiosity bears a remarkably well executed likeness of the Duke of Wellington and has on that account been named Arthur and His Nose.

Among the orchids the imitative form is entirely different in character, being exhibited in the shape of the flower itself. Some are exact counterfeits of bees, butterflies, moths, etc., while others take upon themselves the form of worms and beetles. Naturalists believe that in the first instance it is nature's trap to lure other bees, moths and butterflies, but in the case of the worm and beetle orchids or those that are exact counterparts of toads, lizards and huge spiders they do not attempt to explain.

The Eleven Thousand Virgins.

The 11,000 virgins mentioned in Catholic martyrology were the virgin train of St. Ursula. While on their way to France they were driven by adverse winds to Cologne, where they are said to have been murdered by Huns. Even to this day visitors to Cologne are shown a pile of human skulls and bones heaped up in a wall and faced with glass. These, the verger asserts, are the relics of the unfortunate females. St. Ursula was a British princess.

Ammonia For the Mouth.

Persons who are troubled with acidity of the stomach, that disagreeable state of affairs when "one's teeth are all on edge," will find it an excellent thing to rinse the mouth and wash the teeth in water containing a few drops of ammonia. This is an alkali and therefore neutralizes the acid, removing by this means one of the most prolific sources of disease and putting the mouth in an agreeable and wholesome condition.

A Sign of Favor.

Small Boy—My sister likes you. Young Man (calling)—That's very nice. I like her, too, very much. Small Boy—Yes, she said she liked you because you never came often and didn't stay long.

Wealth's Dismal Influence.

Gertrude—Papa, you are so rich that I shall never marry. Papa—Why, daughter? Gertrude—Oh, your money will make the wrong man propose to me and the right men afraid to.—Puck.

Feline Soliloquy.

"I wonder," mused the family cat, after carefully inspecting the new mouse trap, "if that is intended as a labor saving device for my benefit or if I'm in danger of losing my situation."

In matter nature allows no atom to elude its grasp, in mind no thought or feeling to perish. It gathers up the fragments that nothing be lost.—Thomas.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1905.

NOWELL IS OUT.

The decision of Charles H. Nowell of Reading, not to be a candidate again for the House means the exit of a particularly able and brilliant man. Nowell was one of the most powerful non-talking members of the Legislature. His nod was worth half a dozen speeches of other men, and on the Committee on Banks and Banking he was nearly supreme. He was a man who could not be moved by ordinary log-rolling methods, as the promoters found many times when they approached him — *Practical Politics.*

We are satisfied that Republican sentiment in this District is decidedly averse to the retirement of Representative Nowell this year. He has served three terms, or will have done so at the termination of the present one, and has performed his work so well, represented his constituency so ably and faithfully, and by his high standing in the House, reflected so much credit on the District, that there exists a general desire that he should accept another election.

WOBURN'S POPULATION.

Chief Pidgin's report of the State Census of 1905 gives Woburn a population of 14,401, a gain of 223 over 1895, and 149 over the Federal Census of 1900.

Although the gain is small the report is highly gratifying. Shrinkage in the leather business and other causes had led to the general belief among careful observers that there would be a material falling off, and now to be informed that our population had actually increased in the last 10 years, makes people feel better.

NO AGREEMENT YET.

The Peace Envoys met at the Kittery Navy Yard Wednesday and put in an hour practicing more fruitless Yankee "dickering," called, by courtesy, diplomacy, and adjourned to Saturday, tomorrow.

Their proceedings remind one of an old fashioned Yankee "horse trade" where each party to it is bound to cheat the other, if possible; but after all the talk, whittling and cider drinking, they "split the difference," and the trade is made, as both intended it should be on the start.

☞ It appears that Mayor Reade was fully justified in ordering Supt. Martin to discharge 100, or one half, of the laborers on the streets and a dozen, or more, teams, and his action meets the approval of the taxpayers. He was informed by City Treasurer Buck that the money for highway purposes was running short and a halt must be called. Investigation disclosed a condition of finances that demanded immediate retrenchment, and, appreciating his duty to the public, the Mayor ordered a material reduction of expenses in the Highway Department There was no other course for him to take consistent with a proper regard for the interests of those who have to furnish money to run the city machinery. As was to be expected, the discharged laborers are mad, and threaten retaliation; but by simply doing his duty the Mayor saves the city more than $1000 a week, where such saving is absolutely necessary, and his action in the premises should be commended rather than condemned.

☞ Last Saturday, General Edgar R. Champlin of Cambridge, aspirant for the office of Attorney General, announced in the Boston papers the make-up of his Campaign Executive Committee. The list contained the names of many prominent men, among them ex-Gov. Brackett of Arlington, Congressman Samuel W. McCall of this District, Congressman Roberts of Chelsea, and others. W. Fred Davis, Esq., is the Woburn member of the Committee.

☞ The annual outing of the Middlesex Club will take place at Hotel Pemberton, Hull, September 9. All of the Republican candidates for office on the State ticket are to be invited to be present. An important guest will be Senator Lodge, who will then make his first speech during the campaign.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Mrs. Tufts—Lost.
J. G. Maguire—Taxes.

— Harlow Seeley is at Edgartown.

— Mrs. S. A. Tufts has lost a valuable Boston Terrier. See ad.

—Mrs. Annie E Strout is at famous York Beach enjoying a fine vacation.

— Mr. E. Prior, the real estate dealer, spends his vacation at Duxbury.

— President Aylward of the City Council is taking his vacation at Salisbury Beach.

— Mrs. E. V. Bridgham has changed her address from Harpswell to Westbrook, Maine.

— Annie and Carrie Richardson are taking their vacation pleasures at Denmark, Maine.

— Officers John A. Walsh and Philip H. Haggerty and families went to Worcester last Tuesday.

— Arthur B. Wyman and Charles H. Johnson took a sail down to Provincetown the other day.

— Dennis C. Walsh, the Probation Officer, and family have gone to Western New York for their vacation.

— The changes in progress in Lyceum Hall will, when completed, make it the finest operahouse in the county.

— Leon L. Dorr, of Copeland & Bowser dry goods house, has lately been rusticating in New Hampshire.

— Jacob Ellis and his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Ellis, are outing near Plymouth for a couple of weeks.

—The weather this week has ranged from extreme cold to extreme hot, so all parties have had a chance to be satisfied.

— Miss M. E. Flagg of Cambridge, formerly of Woburn, is at the Ocean House, York Beach, for a couple or three weeks.

— Those who wish to view the eclipse on Wednesday, Aug. 30, may look for it between 5.30 and 7.30 A.M.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

— Louis, John and George Brauer, John C. Andrews, T. P. Callahan, Thos. H. Marrinan, Louis Gowing and Joseph Fields have gone with the Woburn Brass Band down Maine.—X.

— Maude H. Littlefield and Dora A. Winn are at home from Orr's Island, a popular summer resort in Merrymeeting Bay, Coast of Maine, where they enjoyed a delightful vacation.

— The Assessors found 4140 polls for taxation, of which 3187 were for polls alone; and 16 short in all. They discovered in the city 208 horses, 289 cows, 262 swine (quadrupeds), 2629 dwellinghouses, or 9 more than last year.

— Mrs. Henry Martin Eames is visiting the old homestead in Oxford county, Maine, while the husband sits in lonely, but temporary, widowhood here in the nearly deserted Woburn home.

— A few days ago John Flaherty was buried in a sandbank on which he was at work back of the stable of J. M. Ellis. He was in a tight place for awhile, but his injuries were not serious.

— The JOURNAL regrets the necessity of doing so, but it emphatically calls on the Board of Public Works to see to it, immediately, that the streets be better watered than they have been this summer.

— Supt. Hugh Martin, by direction of Mayor Reade, as Chairman of the Board of Public Works and temporary Commissioner of Highways, has discharged about 100 highway laborers, or one half of the force.

— Labor Day will put in an appearance on Sept. 4, one week from next Monday, and when it gets here will be a legal holiday. It is expected that Boston will do something in the way of a parade, as usual.

— Last Monday witnessed the departure of Harry F. Parker and Harry Platts for Melvin Village on the shore of beautiful Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H., where it was their purpose to remain a week, or so.

— Large membership additions are being made to the Woburn Woman's Club, which is composed of the leading women of our city. It is one of the oldest and most prosperous Clubs in this vicinity; a credit and help to the community.

— A correspondent of the *Times* thinks a movement will soon be made at North Woburn to dissolve partnership with Woburn and set up housekeeping on her own book. The project probably originated in the brain of the correspondent.

— A series of select assemblies will be held in Lyceum Hall commencing Oct. 19, by B. P. Crowell and Wilbur Leathe, two popular young men. They have secured John J. Hern's orchestra, 8 men, and the series promise to be a grand success.

— Mr. Edward L. Shea and son Philip returned early this week from a vacation visit to Portland, Orr's Island, and other places in Maine familiar to the father, who is a native of the Pine Tree State and has several relatives within its confines.

— Nellie J. McCarthy, Assistant P. M. in Savings Bank block at the close of a most delightful vacation outing in Maine and New Hampshire, returned to her post of duty a few days ago greatly refreshed and invigorated, and better than ever prepared for work.

— Chief of Police McDermott has planned to enjoy his vacation in a somewhat higher latitude than that in which his office is located. He has a penchant for the White Mountains; likes the air, scenery and hotels up there; and will take them in again this year.

— According to the old and once reliable rule the first frost of the rapidly approaching autumn should make its appearance on Oct. 2. The first notes of the katydid this season were heard on last Tuesday evening, Aug. 22, and as the first frost is due in just 6 weeks from that date, Oct. 2 is the night it may be looked for.

— Mr. Myron A. Day of Dawson, Alaska, brother of Cashier George A. Day of the Woburn National Bank, is on his way to this city from the far Northwest, and is expected to reach here tomorrow. It has been 9 years since he left Woburn the last time and his return will be cordially welcomed by a great many people who are his friends.

— FIRES—At 1.15 p. m. last Saturday, box 68 was pulled for a small fire on the roof of the old coal sheds beside the railroad tracks, opposite the St. Charles church, occupied by Mr. Parks. The alarm from the same box at 3.25 Monday afternoon was for a slight fire on the roof of a house on Main street opposite Green street occupied by Mr Julius Bryant.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols, the original discoverer (of the scenic charms and salubrious air) of Littlejohn Island, a seagirt spot in Casco Bay, near the delightful city of Portland, Maine, and a large owner of its prolific soil, its beautiful landscapes, and wave washed sands, is just now taking comfort, and resting his weary bones, in that favorite summer resort of his.

— School Census Taker, Lieut. Thomas Mulkeen of the Police Department, will start out on Sept. 1 to make the enumeration of school children in this city for 1905. He has performed this duty many years in succession, always carefully and to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. He fears there will be a considerable falling off in the school census this year.

— Last Wednesday Mrs. Nancy W. Chamberlain and her daughter Miss Sarah W. Chamberlain of Wyer's Court went from here to Hillsboro, N. H., for a few weeks of recuperation. Miss Sarah had nearly recovered from a month's severe illness and was advised to try the mountain air and pure spring water of N. H. before resuming her work among the sick, which advice she is now acting on.

— The benefits of the District Nurse system in vogue here, thanks to the Woman's Club, are more and more fully realized and appreciated as time passes. The Association nurse is constantly employed in making professional calls and ministering to the needs of the sick and lame, and many people wonder how we ever got on without one. The enterprise deserves the hearty and liberal support of the public.

— Last week Mr. Alvah J. Foster, Supt. of Dow block, and his sons, Thad and Carl, took their annual bicycle trip to Duxbury, a distance, going and coming, including byways, of 150 miles, to visit the fathers uncle, Hiram Foster, who is a resident of that ancient and historic town. It was a fine pleasant trip, easy of accomplishment, and heartily enjoyed, especially by the lads.

— Last Friday night Mrs. Sarah R. Miles, widow of Christopher Miles who died a few years ago, in a fit of mental derangment, cut her throat with a razor with suicidal intent at the home of her son, Fred C. Miles, on Main street, where she lived. Dr. Lane was called and sewed up the wound, and she was taken to the Danvers asylum. She had previously tried to end her life.

— Fire Chief Clarence Littlefield was furnished an opportunity to realize how good it feels to have property on fire and in danger of destruction, when a house on the Charles H. Taylor place on Pleasant street, owned by the Littlefield heirs, got a scorching last Wednesday forenoon. It was the shed next in the rear of that formerly occupied by Mr. Alexander Grant, the roof of which was considerably damaged by the fire.

— The Woburn Brass Band, full in numbers, uniformed to kill, Tom Marinan, Bandmaster, left here last Tuesday noon and sailed from Boston for Bath and the Kennebec region, where they are to remain until their return on next Sunday. They go and furnish music for a crack Boston G. A. R. Post; will visit and play at Bath, Gardiner, Augusta and Togus Soldiers' Home; and Post and Band had lotted on the best time of their lives.

— Mr. C. A. Nichols shipped a couple of rugs of his manufacture to a lady customer at Cape Town, South Africa, this week. The woman saw some of Mr. Nichols's rug work while on a recent visit to this country, and on her return to Capetown sent to him for two, a large and a small one. They went to New York by express and shipped from there to South Africa. The order from that far country was a rare compliment to Mr. Nichols's work.

— In the shooting matches of late Co. G, 5th Regiment of Woburn, have been doing themselves proud. That military organization contains some of the best marksmen in the State and New England, as the records at the Bay State Range at Wakefield and at Seagirt in New Jersey go to show. Durward, McCarthy, Keane, Tonrose, and other officers and privates of the Company won high honors at the Bay State Range, and are doing things in N. J. this week. Massachusetts leads, and Co. G leads Massachusetts.

— When Ned Shea returned from Orr's Island, off the coast of Harpswell, Maine, he boasted of the great havoc he made among lobsters during his visit. There were lobsters on every hand, lobsters right from the briny deep, hardshells, softshells, fresh and free as the air of that favored Island, and amazingly filling. At his brother's home there it was lobsters three times a day and 'tween meals; and for the privilege of having all he wanted of them, for a week, Ned was disposed to indulge in boasting.

— Director Smith of the N. E. Section Climate and Crop Service of U. S. Weather Bureau says of the crops in N. E. in his weekly report ending Aug. 21: No decided change has taken place in the condition of crops during the past week, owing to the prevailing cool temperatures. Corn has advanced slowly and is generally slightly late, but a good crop is expected, as ears are filling well. The precipitation was generally ample and was well distributed, all sections receiving more or less moisture. All other crops are in a thriving condition, especially all kinds of garden truck.

— In the minds of a great many sensible people this is the last year of liquor licenses in Woburn. Everything, they say, points unerringly to positive prohibition of legal liquor selling after May 1, 1906, and great deal better times for Woburn are prophesied to dawn on that date. Men interested in the welfare of the city are getting things in shape to bring about permanent prohibition at the next election, and they will be given cordial and effective support by everyone who believes the only way to save the city from the terrible fate of ancient Sodom and Gomorrah will be by voting "No" next December.

— Capt. McCarthy and Private James Durward of Co. G (Woburn Mechanic Phalanx), 5th Mass. Regiment, won signal honors at the interstate matches at Bay State Range in Wakefield last week. Durward made the highest score on the Mass. State team; the N. E. Rifle Association; and the Hale match. James is a true marksman, and in the rifle contests, for years past, has almost always come out ahead. A Boston paper said: Private James Durward, Co. G, 5th infantry, MVM. won the handsome gold medal presented by the Hayes Bros. Co., Newark, N. J., for grand aggregate, with a score of 311 points.

— Comparatively speaking, but little is doing in the leather making business in this city at the present time, and many of the factory employees are idle, and have been for some months past. The industry here is nothing to what it used to be. Where there were 20 or 30 factories in operation some years ago there are not more than half a dozen now; and from a working force of 2000 to 3000 men the number has been greatly reduced, and even these are not constantly employed. All other branches of business in this city are seriously affected by the loss of the leather manufacturing leadership which it held not so long ago, but this unenviable condition of business is not likely to last much longer.

—Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Yesterday was another hot one; 90 in the shade would have seemed cool in comparison.

— John F. Peterson, salesman at the Boston Branch, and wife are at Gardiner, Maine, the former home of Mrs. Peterson.

— Henry Leathe of Francis street held the lucky soda check last week for the 2 pound box of chocolates at Robbins Drug Store.

— Motorman Charles Lennon of the B. & N. S. R. Co., a worthy graduate of the JOURNAL establishment, is at Salisbury Beach this week.

— Col. A. L. Richardson is rapidly recovering from his late ill turn. He is on the streets every day, circulates among the people, and is looking hearty

— The weather bureau in Boston reported that last Tuesday was the hottest Aug. 22 on record, 90 degrees, except Aug. 22, 1880, when it was 91.

— Yesterday was St. Bartholomew Day, the date when, according to an old saw, chilly evenings should set in. "St. Bartholomew brings the cold dew."

— The *Star* makes a vigorous call on the two colored Baptist churches here that have been in a row for some time, to stop fighting. It is high time for them to bury the hatchet.

— Mr. George S. Hudson, District reporter for the Boston *Herald*, after a fine vacation sea outing on his yacht, has returned to his desk in National Bank block, and is hard at work again.

— Editor Haggerty of the sprightly little *Times* participated in the August outing of the Mass. Sub. Press Association to Worcester a few days ago, and enjoyed it to the limit. He thinks highly of the Suburban Editors.

— Yesterday Mrs. Annie Lewis paid her first visit to Woburn since she and her son F. Percyval returned from a residence of 2 years in Germany. Their address for the present is Wellesley Hills. Both are in good health and spirits.

— The Bath (Me.) *Daily Times*, last Wednesday evening, printed a whole column story of the arrival and movements of Charles Russell Lowell Post, 7, G. A. R., of Boston, and the Woburn Brass Band, in that fair city on the Kennebec, and surroundings.

— A large crowd attended the concert given by the National Band on the Buck estate, below Stoddard street, last Wednesday evening. The regular concert was given by them on the Common last evening and the usual large number of people attended.

— Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, fourth son of Professor and Mrs. Clarke of Clarigold near the Woburn and Reading line, and wife of New York City have been visiting his parents lately and highly enjoying the family meeting. Herbert is a member of Sousa's celebrated N. Y. Band, and has travelled extensively with it. It is about to fill an engagement at Willow Grove, a fashionable resort near Philadelphia, at the expiration of which it will make an extended professional tour through the South. Professor Clarke and lady had a fine time with the son Herbert and wife, and during their stay it is safe to say there was music galore at Clarigold, for the Professor is genuine melody from the start, as well as his boy.

— Mr. George Buchanan, Naturalist, captured a pair of insects, male and female, on his Church avenue residence grounds, last Wednesday, the exact classification of which was something of a puzzle to him until he took down one of his library books and read up on the subject. A critical study of a chapter on "Devil's Darnneedles" afforded some light, but failed to fully solve the problem in Natural History so unexpectedly presented to him. He put the "finds" into glass jars, and submitted them to a well known high authority on such matters in the neighborhood for inspection and classification. The creatures, found on a running vine in the garden, were 3 and 4 inches long respectively; of nearly uniform size from head to tail, a little larger in diameter than a knit tingneedle; legs varying in length from 1 to 4 inches, about the dimensions of a horsehair; 2 long, slender antennæ each; head the size of a small pea, and tail fishfashioned. Careful research and comparisons by Mr. Buchanan led him to the conclusion that the strange "animals" were what are called in common parlance "Walkingsticks," whose habitat is green vines, from which they gain their sustenance, the same being the minute parasitic insects known as pediculus found on the leaves. Naturalist Buchanan proposed, when seen, to investigate further and determine more accurately some points presented in his fortunate discovery.

— We appreciate and are proud of the privilege of noting in these columns the triumphs of a brace of nice Woburn girls in the Annisquam athletic festivities on Cape Ann last Saturday. They honored themselves and their home town. The young girls alluded to were Inez and Madaline Kenney, daughters of Mr. William F. Kenney, a member long in service with the Boston *Globe's* Editorial force, and resident of Pleasant street in this city. The sports of the galaday at Annisquam, where the Kenney family are summering, were participated in by a large number of lively young ladies and gentlemen who are temporary sojourners at that delightful and popular seaside resort, and consisted of ladies, girls and boys rowing, combination, crab, shoe, potatoe, and last, but by no means least, swimming, races In the girls rowing match, and, also, in the ladies swimming contest, Miss Inez Kenney, 16 years old, won the highest honors and captured the splendid trophies offered for a reward to the victors. In the girls potato race Miss Madaline Kenney carried off first prize in grand style, and accepted the plaudits of the great crowd with due and becoming modesty. She is only 12 years old and her victory was considered a great feat for one so young. Both of our fair Woburn Misses received enthusiastic congratulations on their brilliant athletic achievements and signal success raking in festival day honors. This is the fourth year that Miss Inez has won the swimming race at the annual Annisquam athletic festivities; two years as a girl under 15, and the last two years in the "Ladies" race; and has captured three splendid cups. This year she had 7 competitors in the swimming races, and 6 in the rowing, and in each the girls were older than herself, but not her equal in aquatic performances. She is a strong and dexterous athlete.

— Mrs. Ed. Andrus, Miss Mary Agnew, and Miss Carrie Andrus, arrived home from a fine visit at Fairfield, Vt., Wednesday evening. Miss Carrie Andrus goes to her school in Western Massachusetts shortly.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

A Happy Meeting.

Herbert L Clarke, the cornet soloist who recently returned from his European tour with Sousa's Band, visited his parents last week at Clarigold Manse Mr. Clarke is now Assistant Conductor of the Band, as well as soloist, and engages all the musicians belonging to the organization.

After an engagement of three weeks at Willow Grove Park, near Philadelphia, the Band will proceed on its fall Southern tour.

Edwin G. Clarke has also joined the Band as a permanent member.

Both Clarke brothers are natives of Woburn.—X

Base Ball.

Reading defeated Wakefield at Wakefield 4 to 2.

North Woburn defeated Medford Saturday at the Park 5 to 4 in another twelve inning game.

The South Borders will have it out with a strong team from East Woburn tomorrow, at East Woburn.

Where are the Hams? The East Woburn's would like a game for the afternoon of Labor Day.

John O'Brien's team will play their first game Labor Day morning at the Park against the Woburn clerks.

The Winn A. A. scored another victory last Monday, defeating the Broad A. A. 14 to 4, in a heavy hitting game.

Although McMahon has been elected Captain of next year's High School team it is rumored that he will go to Holy Cross next year.

Stoneham won from Everett at Stoneham 7 to 5 Saturday. Harrington of Wakefield who pitched for Stoneham, had 17 strikeouts.

Winchester A. A. defeated Melrose at Melrose Saturday 5 to 2. McMahon and Harold McDonald of the South Border team, played with the victors.

Literary Notices.

McCLURE'S has always something that compels attention, something immediate and significant that is important to all Americans. The September number adds to an unbroken series of McCLURE Articles an illuminating study of commercial piracy, the first of Miss Tarbell's study of the Kansas Oil War, and an excursion into the marvels of modern biology, Prolonging the Prime of Life, which is an authoritative account of the discoveries of a group of scientists who have determined that old age is a disease. Color printing has never achieved more perfect results than in the eight full-page reproductions of Lungren's paintings of the Grand Canon of the Colorado, which accompany William Allen White's description of the wonders On Bright Angel Trail, a bit of descriptive writing which may well take place with the classics of our language. Eugene Wood, George Randolph Chester, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Jean Webster, Arthur Train, and Norvill Hanson supply a round of short stories stirring, humorous, light or serious to fit every mood.

Public is Aroused.

The public is aroused to a knowledge of the curative merits of that great medicinal tonic, Electric Bitters, for sick stomach, liver and kidneys. Mary H. Walters, of 546 St. Clair Ave., Columbus, O., writes: "For several months, I was given up to die. I had fever and ague, my nerves were wrecked; I could not sleep, and my stomach was so weak, from useless doctors' drugs, that I could not eat. Soon after beginning to take Electric Bitters, I obtained relief, and in a short time I was entirely cured." Guaranteed at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c.

WINCHESTER.

A great many of our people who have been away on vacation, scattered all over the land and sea, are beginning, singly, in clumps and flocks, to return to their folds. And some of them, be it known, look and act tired.

By mid-fall the McKay manufacturing plant, that has employed a large number of workmen for several years past, and contributed much towards paying the town's expenses, will be dismantled, and machinery and men transferred to Beverly. Trainloads of material are leaving here every week. The establishment will be missed by citizens and assessors.

Candidates for office are beginning to visit this town in considerable numbers. Their calls are on the politicians principally, who are rather hard to be aroused to great activity so early in the campaign. I see that McCall goes in teeth and toenail for Champlin for Attorney General, which may, or may not, be bad for Champlin. Some over sensitive friends of other candidates think it would look full as well for McCall to keep his finger out of the pie.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bradstreet left here for Wolf Tavern, Newburyport, which ancient and respectable burg is the former's native sod. This worthy and highly esteemed Winchester couple have recently been the guests of an equally esteemed Winchester gentleman, Mr. George H. Gilbert, the Master of Sunnyside, at his summer home, Senator Cottage, Atlantic Hill, Nantasket, where, it can't be doubted for a moment, they had a fine time. Messrs. Gilbert and Bradstreet are dear lovers of horses, a choice assortment of which the Master of Sunnyside always keeps in his stable; and the roads at Nantasket are of the best; and Mr. Bradstreet loves nothing better than a lively spin over them in Mr. Gilbert's wagon. These two gentlemen are close friends, and their meetings and seances give both great pleasure.

Peculiar Disappearance.

J. D. Runyan, of Butlerville, O., laid the peculiar disappearance of his painful symptoms, of indigestion and biliousness, to Dr. King's New Life Pills. He says: "They are a perfect remedy, for dizziness, sour stomach, headache, constipation, etc." Guaranteed at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store, price 25c.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR
CLOTHES
FOR MEN AND BOYS

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises
Newest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter

Suits, $16 to $50
Overcoats, $20 to $50

MEN'S AND BOYS'
HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET
BOSTON

LES ANS INEVITABLE.

In a rosy gloom of twilight,
While fast the day blends into night.
They drift upon the lake's still surface,
With its many shadows drest,
And watch above the darkened treetops
The fading beauty of the west.

The soft lights dim and dimmer grow,
And dull the lingering streaks of glow;
While far above, in the clearer heaven,
The moon's pale face is growing bright,
Shedding as the darkness deepens,
Her mellow light on the summer night.

The moonbeams on the water make
A glimmering trail across the lake;
And towards its fairy splendor now,
Gently moves the light canoe,
Changing all to golden ripples
As she idly passes through.

With unwonted, pensive thought,
In the dreamy stillness wrought,
The young girl stirs amid the flowers
Whose gathered branches lend their grace,
And with silent questionings
Seeks her comrade's moonlit face.

"The coming Years;—what will they be?
What are they keeping for you and me
While we drift this beautiful night?"—
A tiny breeze through a pine tree sighs,
And swift the girl's excited fancy
Knows it to her thoughts replies.

"Oh listening Air, what dost thou know,
That a sigh thou heavest so?
Are there griefs and cares so many,
Which only Time's unrolling bide?"—
But no more hint, of the Year's sad secrets,
Will the tender Air confide.

—*Florence Christian Bailey.*

A Touching Story

is the saving from death, of the baby girl of Geo. A. Eyler, Cumberland, Md. He writes: "At the age of 11 months, our little girl was in declining health, with serious Throat Trouble, and two physicians gave her up. We were almost in despair, when we resolved to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. The first bottle gave relief; after taking four bottles she was cured, and is now in perfect health." Never fails to relieve and cure a cough or cold. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; 50c and $1.00 guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

Woman's Club.

The Woman's Club, on account of the increase in membership, have been obliged to give up their comfortable and cozy quarters in Towanda Club House, and have engaged Lyceum Hall for the coming year.—A. C. K., Rec Clerk, Woburn Woman's Club.

August 21, 1905.

Fiendish Suffering

is often caused by sores, ulcers and cancers, that eat away your skin. Wm. Bedell, of Flat Rock, Mich., says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, for Ulcers, Sores and Cancers. It is the best healing dressing I ever found." Soothes and heals cuts, burns and scalds. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; guaranteed.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—There will be no public services during August. The reading-room will be reopened on Monday Sept. 4.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. J. E. McConnell, of Providence. Subject: "The New Vision of Jesus Christ."
No Sunday School.
7 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. and Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., preaching by the pastor.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. W. J. Stewart D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 18, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Alvin Daniel Nelson of Medford and Ethel Emily Davidson of South Berwick, Me.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 18, James H. McKitrick, aged 40 years, 1 month, 3 days.

In Melrose, Aug. 20, Grace Claffey, aged 65 years, 10 months, 10 days.

In Malden Aug. 15, James McFeely, son of the late James McFeely of North Woburn, aged 66 years, 6 months, 27 days. Interment at Woodbrook Cemetery.

Dark Rooms.

There ought not to be a dark room in any human habitation. To have too much sunlight for health is not possible. Its extraordinary intensity under exceptional circumstances can always be moderated as occasion may require, but its plenary supply should always be provided for. Of artificial light generally it may be said that in all its forms, except that of electricity, inasmuch as it is produced by the combustion of some compound of hydrogen and carbon, previously volatilized or brought into a gaseous condition, it is more or less injurious to the atmosphere by consuming the oxygen and emitting mephitic gases.

Too Many Vindications.

A man named Bill was always getting in trouble. "But," he would say to his friends afterward, "I was vindicated. Wicked men said cruel things about me, but I was vindicated." After this had happened seven or eight times an old fellow said: "Bill, I quit you right here. You have been vindicated oftener than becomes an honest man."—Atchison Globe.

Dog Lost.

Lost, on Monday, Aug. 21, a BOSTON TERRIER, 7 months old, brown brindle, cherry nose, pumphandle tail, named "Minto." Wore a collar with no name or marks. A suitable reward will be paid for return of the dog

Address Mrs S. A. TUFTS,
221 Cambridge street,
Woburn, Mass.

Great Grief and Head Shaving.

Among the ancients shaving the head was a very common mode of expressing great grief or sorrow. Sometimes it was done by the priest or some other religious functionary formally cutting off the hair, sometimes by violently plucking it out by the roots. In extreme cases among men the beard as well as the hair was either cut off or plucked out. The idea seems to have been that mourners should divest themselves of that which under ordinary circumstances was considered most beautiful, ornamental and becoming. Lucian—and he is not the only one of the ancient writers by any means who gives points on this queer mourning custom—says that the Egyptians expressed their intense sorrow by cutting off the hair upon the death of their god Apis and that the Syrians acted in the same manner at the death of Adonis.

Olympiodorus remarks concerning Job i, 20, that the ancients, among whom long hair was regarded as an ornament, cut it off in times of mourning, but that those who commonly wore it short suffered it upon such occasions to grow long.

Irish Surnames.

There is a magnificent sonority in the names of MacGiollamoholmoge, MacGulshenan, MacOiraghty, O'Dooyarma, O'Howley, O'Quigley, O'Mulclohy and O'Mulmoghery. Many of the names are extinct, but a large proportion are still in evidence, and, what is more, in nearly every case the families bearing them are to be found in the same localities formerly inhabited by them—Dohertys in Donegal, Driscolls in Cork, Macdermotts in Connaught, Meaghers in Tipperary and O'Sullivans in Cork and Kerry. It is a notorious fact that many of the families which have come to be regarded as typically Irish are of alien extraction. Thus the Plunketts are of Danish origin, the Burkes, Dillons, Roches, Husseys and all the tribe of Fitz are Anglo-Norman, while the Mitchells are English.—London Spectator.

A Tooth.

A tooth is a living structure. Inside of each tooth is a cavity filled with pulp, which gives it life. Nerves and blood vessels connect this pulp with the general system and circulation of the body. The ivory surrounding the pulp is covered over by a surface of enamel. Both ivory and enamel are harder than any other bones, because they contain a greater quantity of bone earth. Enamel on the tops of the teeth is one-sixteenth of an inch thick. It consists of little six sided prisms placed side by side and held together by an exquisitely fine cement. The pulp of the tooth becomes diseased and toothache follows. Tartar is a secretion made by three glands in the mouth, full of small, living organisms, which assimilate matter in the saliva and deposit it on the teeth in the shape of phosphate of lime.

Living Mummies.

Living mummies exist in Tibet, near Gyangtse, at a spot the name of which in English may be rendered as "the Cave of Happy Misery." There are about twenty small caves in the solid rock, each built up in front with stones and mortar. They have padlocked doors, tiny drains and small holes just sufficient for a man to pass his hand through. In these cells men are buried for life with the idea of thus "attaining merit." Once interned they are, in extreme cases, never seen again by mortal eye. Even the hand which they stretch forth from the small hole for their daily dole of food is covered by a glove. They speak to no one and no one speaks to them. Even their death is only made known when they fail for several days to stretch out the hand for food.

Persian Way of Eating Watermelon.

"The ordinary Persian bill of fare sounds something like the banquets described in fairy tales," said a man who has spent some time in the orient. "While traveling in that country I found that the best overture to a wayside repast is a watermelon, not cut in slices, as is done in this country, but eaten like an egg, one end being cut off and the contents eaten with a wooden spoon, the roseate fluid trickling all the time to the bottom and affording a fragrant drink when the first course is over."

The Potato.

The potato is one of the most valuable plants we have. Besides being one of the most necessary articles of food, it has a variety of other uses. A great quantity of the starch used in our laundries is made from it, and after the starch has all been separated from the pulp what is left is used in the manufacture of boxes. From the stems and leaves of the plant a fluid that produces sleep is made. In many places bread, cake and puddings are made of potato flour.

Enlightened.

Mother—Why aren't you and George as good boys as your little brother? Young Hopeful—I s'pose it's 'cause you'd had more experience bringin' up boys when you commenced on him.—Home Notes.

Something For Him to Do.

"I am willing to do anything," said the applicant for work.

"All right" said the hard hearted merchant. "Please close the door behind you when you go out."

The Foolish and the Lazy.

The fool doesn't know a good thing when he sees it; the lazy man doesn't seize a good thing when he knows it.—Philadelphia Record.

To prevent writer's cramp, use the scissors instead of the pen. Lots of newspaper men are never affected by writer's cramp.—Boston Transcript.

Tar and Feathers.

"The Greek was the first to apply tar and feathers to the body of an offender," said a doctor. "Then, as now, this punishment of the victim was considered one of the worst possible. In fact, tarring and feathering was considered a greater punishment than hanging. It was a living punishment of the most repulsive kind. Aerating of the blood to a certain extent through the skin takes place, and in the naked skin fissures this is a very important part of the aerating process. In man the skin does about one-thirtieth part of the work, while the lungs do the rest. It has been demonstrated that frogs live but a few hours after having been given a coat of varnish. A man that is so unfortunate as to receive a coat of tar and feathers so soon as freed from his persecutors seeks to free himself from the recently applied tar. A man with good kidneys could endure longer such an application than one suffering from an attack of any disease affecting the kidneys. Death might follow his suffering. The skin is a great absorbent agent."

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by D. Osborn Gillette, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Nellie S. Shaw, of said Woburn, dated November 6, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2607, Page 578, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

TUESDAY, September 5, 1905,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A lot of land and the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing four thousand one hundred seventy-five square feet and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by Main street, there measuring sixty-three and 96-100 feet; southerly by Manning street, there measuring seventy-six and 82-100 feet; easterly by land of John Johnson, there measuring forty-seven and 38 100 feet; and northerly by land of John Johnson, there measuring seventy-five feet. Being a portion of Lot 3 shown on Plan of Land in Woburn, Mass., belonging to John Johnson, G. F. Hartshorne, C. E., April, 1891, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 105, Plan 45.

The premises will be sold subject to taxes of 1904 and 1905, and to other municipal liens, if any; and two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, August 8, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick O'Riley and Ellen O'Riley, his wife, in her own right, to the Woburn Co-operative Bank dated August 14th, 1902, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2987, Page 546, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on **Saturday, the ninth day of September, A. D. 1905,** at three o'clock in the afternoon, the premises conveyed by said mortgage, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the westerly part of said Woburn, on Houghton street, containing thirty-nine thousand (39,000) square feet, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at a stone bound at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the westerly side line of said Houghton street and at land of one Grant; from thence the line runs a little east of south by and with said Houghton street about one hundred sixty-one and eight-tenths (161.8) feet to a stone bound; thence a little more east of south still by and with said Houghton street about one hundred fifty-six and one-tenth (156.1) feet to a stake at land of Jeremiah McMakin; thence westerly by and with said McMakin's land and land of Bacon and Colgate about one hundred forty-five and two-tenths (145.2) feet to land now or formerly of Mary Eaton; thence northwesterly on and by land last named about two hundred twenty and four-tenths (220.4) feet to land of said Grant; thence northeasterly on and by said land of Grant about one hundred ninety one and four-tenths (191.4) feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Ellen O'Riley by deed of Hannah A. P. Plympton et als., dated April 12th, 1894, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, May 7th, 1894.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
By John C. Buck, Treasurer.

Woburn, Mass., August 16, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George W. Hurd to George F. Holl, dated Feb. 1, 1964, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3081, Page 233, (and assigned by said Holl to Harlow H. Rogers), will be sold at public auction upon the premises, upon

Monday, the eleventh day of September, 1905,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Vernon street in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a point on said Vernon street distant, southerly from land now or formerly of Adna Page, measuring on said street 355 6-10 feet and running south four degrees and 58 minutes, east by said street 60 feet; thence at right angles, westerly by land now or late of Mary F. Foster, 100 feet: thence northerly by other land of said Foster 60 feet; thence easterly by other land of said Foster 100 feet, to the point of beginning; containing 6000 square feet.

$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

HARLOW H. ROGERS.
Assignee of said mortgage

M. J. MULKEEN,
Notary Public
Justice of the Peace
— AND —
General Steamship Agent.

White Star Line, Cunard Line, American Line, Atlantic Transportation Line, Dominion Line, Holland American Line, Leyland Line, Red Star Line, Anchor Line, Allan Line.
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At all dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c. and $1.00.
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I have a desirable tenement to let in Buel's Block, Main street.
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A pleasing cosmetic for softening and beautifying the skin, removing pimples, freckles etc. During hot weather it is particularly recommended for removing tan and sunburn, also to allay inflammation after shaving. Guaranteed to be FREE from poisonous drugs.

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Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box. EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

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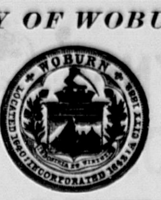
CITY OF WOBURN.



Sale of Unredeemed Real Estate by the City of Woburn.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, August 24, 1905.

In conformity with the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the public and all persons interested as former owners, or occupants of each of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, are hereby notified that said parcels have been conveyed according to law to said City of Woburn, for non-payment of taxes and assessments, and the time in which each of the estates might be redeemed by the owners thereof having expired, each of said parcels will be offered for sale in accordance with section 67 of Chapter 13 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room No. 3 Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 23d, 1905**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to the highest bidder for each of the several parcels a quit claim deed will be delivered. For further particulars reference is made to the Registry of Deeds, for the Southern District of the County of Middlesex, the volume and page numbers following the description of each parcel, indicating the record of the deed under which the said City of Woburn now holds title to the estate described.

The sums set against the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the taxes and assessments for the non-payment of which said estate was sold to the City of Woburn, together with the subsequent taxes and assessments, interest on the same, and all lawful costs and charges, but not including costs and charges incident to this sale. And none of the said estates will be sold for less than the amount set against the said estates, respectively.

ESTATE EDWIN R. MARDEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 8, Block 1, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 413. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. $18 23

ESTATE WILLIAM EVERHARD.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 21, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 408. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 23

ESTATE DELICIA A. BROWN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 31, Block 17, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 401. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 15

ESTATE ARTHUR McDONALD.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 2 and 3, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 418. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 23

ESTATE JAMES A. HARRON.—About 5000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 28 and 29, Block 28, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 427. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold 18 23

ESTATE JOSEPH P. McKAY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 20, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 278. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 23

ESTATE FRANK W. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 14, Block 5, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 267. Amount due thereon for the taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE JOSEPH KOWALSKI.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 3, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2758, Page 276. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE CHARLES H. RILEY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 23, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2758, Page 293. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 00

ESTATE LODOVICO RUFFONI.—About 3570 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, Block 7, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 261. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE AUGUST WIBURG.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 34 and 35, Block 3, Section B, Shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 300. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE MARY McGUIRE.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 43 and 44, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 274. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1899, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE JESSIE M. HUNT.—About 4,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 271. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE BERNARD SWEENEY.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 28, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 298. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 30 26

ESTATE BRIDGET SWEENEY.—About 3000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 21, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 295. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1093 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE DANIEL CLIGOTTE.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 21, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 263. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE HOWARD W. PITMAN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 24, Block 15, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 291. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 40

ESTATE ANNIE E. BANKS.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 36, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn, City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 341. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1901 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 40

ESTATE W. ARTHUR CALLEY.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 25 and 26, Block 46, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 345. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 21 80

ESTATE GEORGE C. LENTH.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 20, 21, 24 and 25, Block 21, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 365. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 87

ESTATE FREDERICK J. MANGLER.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 27, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2823, Page 371. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 00

ESTATE JENNIE G. MITTEN.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 4, 5, 6, Block 47, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 375. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE JOHN P. MURTHY.—About 5,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 379. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 11

ESTATE CHESTER M. PERRY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 12 Block 32, Section B, shown Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 381. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years, 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE CHESTER M. PERRY.—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 28 and 29, Block 33, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 383. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 16

ESTATE CHESTER M. PERRY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 27, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 385. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE ANNIE PIKE.—About 2,450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 34, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE COLLINGWOOD RYAN.—About 2100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 6, Block 30, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 393. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE LAURA SELDNER.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 395. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE EDNA L. INGALLS.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 41 Block 21, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 357. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 80

ESTATE SALLY J. MAHONEY.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 15, 16 and 17, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Campany, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 369. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 21 80

ESTATE CHARLES T. CREAGH.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 10, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 347. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 26

ESTATE THOMAS F. McANARNEY.—About 2,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 14, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 373 Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 26

ESTATE MARION I. CALDER.—About 2500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 31, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2823, Page 343. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 26

ESTATE W. ARTHUR MIXER.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 38, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 377. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE ALBION RYAN.—About 2100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 7, Block 30, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 391. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE AUGUSTUS W. DOYLE.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 14, Block 8, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 349. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 34, Block 15, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 367. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 8 50

ESTATE JENNIE B. BELL.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being part of lot 56, Block 33, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book 2911, Page 65. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 86

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

INDIANS AND BULLETS.

A Sample of the Strenuous Life of Kentucky In 1777.

In 1777, while Harrodsburg, Ky., was so beset with Indians that the inhabitants were in straits for daily bread, a young man, only sixteen years old, made himself extremely useful by venturing out of the fort before daybreak and returning with a load of game after nightfall. This intrepid youth was James Ray, afterward General Ray.

One day in the year just mentioned Ray and another young man were shooting at a mark near the fort, when the second man was suddenly shot down by the Indians. Ray looked in the direction whence the shot had come, saw the enemy and was on the point of raising his rifle when he was set upon by another band, who had crept near him unseen.

He took to his heels, and, being a quick runner, reached the fort amid a shower of bullets; but the gates were shut, and the men inside were so frightened that they dared not open them. Finding himself shut out, Ray threw himself flat on the ground in the rear of a stump, and here, perhaps seven steps from the fort and within sight of his mother, he lay for four hours, while the bullets of the Indians tore up the ground on either side of him.

At last he grew impatient and called out to the garrison:

"For heaven's sake, dig a hole under the cabin wall and take me in!"

The men inside set to work immediately, and the brave young hunter was speedily safe inside the fort.

IMAGINATION.

Give It Free Play and It May Make a Well Man Sick.

Imagination in some people is exceedingly strong. One day recently a local physician was talking to a friend about the power of it.

"Will," said the doctor, "you have about the strongest imagination I ever knew of."

"My imagination isn't very strong," replied the other.

"Yes it is. Some day I'll prove it to you," said the physician. A week later the two men were walking downtown together when the doctor handed his friend a cigar.

"It's mighty strong, Will," he said; "so strong, in fact, that the same brand frequently makes me sick, but it's all I have."

The other smiled. "It won't make me sick," he said. He lighted the cigar. Just as they were about to part the doctor said:

"Will, you're looking pale around the gills. What's wrong?"

"Frankly," said the other, "that cigar has made me slightly ill. I never smoked as strong a weed."

It was the doctor's turn to smile. "That's one of the mildest cigars made," he said. "I was just trying to show you how strong your imagination is."

The doctor's friend got over his illness at once. "Well," he said, "you've done it."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

This Was In France.

An American millionaire while driving an automobile in France ran over and killed a dog. Near the scene of the accident was a peasant, presumably owner of the dog. To him the millionaire gave a bank note. But the peasant was not the owner of the dog, and he was honest, but before he could make up his mind to return the money the automobile and its driver were beyond recall. None the less, the peasant would not keep the bill, and when the automobilist rode past that place some months later he discovered the dog's skeleton at the side of the road with the bank note attached to it and a pencilled line calling attention to the mistake.

How Slaves Treated Rheumatism.

Every colored man of the old slavery days understood the treatment of rheumatism often better than the most skilled medical graduate. The colored people are peculiarly subject to rheumatism and learned to treat it themselves with great success. The system that they employed was that of mechanical manipulation and consisted of rubbing, pummeling and pressure either with the hand or by means of a compress. If one method did not answer, they tried another and in one of the three were almost certain to secure relief and by persistent use a permanent cure.

The Egg and the Chick.

An egg weighs about two ounces, of which fifty grains compose the shell. The chick from the egg will weigh from an ounce to an ounce and a half. When six months old the clear meat is one-third more than the bone. Yet cases are known where the weight of the chick has been nearly as great as that of the egg, less the shell, when the egg was put under the hen. A chick should gain three ounces a week after the sixth week if well fed.

Mark Twain's Definition.

It is told of Mark Twain that during a conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance he had occasion to mention the word dry dock.

"What is a dry dock, Mr. Clemens?" she asked.

"A thirsty physician," replied the humorist.—Boston Herald.

Important Point For Johnny.

Johnny—Don't they use bark to tan hides with, pa? Father—Yes, my son. But if you ask any more questions this evening you'll find that a slipper does just as well.

In the End.

He is called the undertaker, but he overtakes us all.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Writing and Flirting.

"Writing is like flirting—if you can't do it, nobody can teach you, and if you can do it, nobody can stop you."

So says the heroine of a contemporary novel, and I am bound to say that I agree with her.—Author of "Isabel Carnaby" in London Mail.

Impromptu Surgery.

In one of the most fashionable restaurants in Paris a man's life was saved through the skill and quickness of one of the guests. It appears that a man, with three friends, was dining at one of the small tables when a piece of meat lodged in his throat and he found it impossible to get rid of it. His friends in alarm slapped him on the back, but the unfortunate man became black in the face and fell to the floor. A surgeon from the German hospital, who happened to be dining in the cafe, pushed his way through the crowd. He saw at once that the man was dying and that if prompt measures were not taken he would quickly succumb. He ordered one of the waiters to bring him a small funnel such as is used in bottling wine and then, without a moment's hesitation, took out a sharp knife, cut the man's throat, removed the piece of meat and—the waiter having returned—quickly inserted the funnel in the opening. The man was then hastily conveyed to the hospital, where a silver tube was inserted in the place of the funnel, and a few hours later he was pronounced out of danger.

The Wisdom of Scroggins.

The wisdom of Scroggins, millionaire ex-stage driver, from John Uri Lloyd's novel, "Scroggins:"

"Et don't make no difference, Mr. Mayor, how rich and ign'rant a man is ef he only hes sense 'nough ter keep on workin' after gittin' rich. But ef he tries ter quit work an' enj'y himself by lookin' at things with his eyes an' thinkin' with his no 'count brain an' stuffin' his one stomach like et war a hogshead he air a fool. I've got my wind agin, and I'm goin' back ter the gulch."

"But, my good man, you are old. Your place is filled by some other man Perhaps you cannot get it back."

"Pardner," said Scroggins, "there ain't no question 'bout my gittin' that place. Mr. Mayor, I owns the line. When I picks up them ribbons thar won't be no agent to say, 'Put 'em down, Scroggins.'"

The Enemies of Success.

Bright, cheerful hopeful thoughts and a strong belief in one's own ability to accomplish the thing undertaken are friends that will insure success. The ambitious person should learn as early in life as possible to pick out the friends and enemies of success, and in many cases it will be found that the greatest enemy resides within himself. Morbid thoughts, for example, are infinitely greater hindrances to success than opposition from outside, and no health, no beauty, no harmony, no real success can exist in the atmosphere of abnormal melancholy or morbid ideas. Overcome the enemies to success within yourself and you will have done much toward reaching the goal of your ambition.—London Answers.

Preservation of Meat.

Meat is commonly preserved by steeping it in brine. This method, however, has the undesirable effect of extracting from the meat much soluble nutritious matter besides rendering the meat harder and less digestible. Another way of preserving it is in air tight cases. The cases are packed with meat and filled up with gravy and are then hermetically sealed except at one point. They are then exposed to heat above that of boiling water for several hours, thus destroying all the existing germs and driving out all the air contained in them. The open part is then soldered over. If by any accident the tin is not hermetically sealed the meat will spoil.—American Queen.

Kneeling Horses.

In ancient times, before the invention of stirrups and luxurious saddles, horses were taught to kneel to permit their riders to mount. A beautiful Greek vase in one of the museums in St. Petersburg shows a war horse of many centuries ago kneeling low before an amazon. The riders in those days mounted from the "off" side in contradiction to the modern usage Plutarch tells how in the first century of this era certain effeminate Roman riders found even the horse block of too little assistance and had their horses trained to kneel to them.

Thinking and Doing.

I have been a great deal happier since I have given up thinking about what is easy and pleasant and being discontented because I could not have my own way. Our life is determined for us, and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing and only think of bearing what is laid upon us and doing what is given us to do.—George Eliot.

A Witty Diagnosis.

The object of the duel is said to be the healing of wounded honor. To try to cure a wound of the spirit, or, rather, the temper, by a scratch on the skin savors of homeopathy, but may perhaps be justified by the surgical principle of relieving tension by incision.—British Medical Journal.

Luxuries of Rural Life.

The rural town is fast becoming a city in its general appointments, accommodations, manners and style, and it is the means of disseminating the latest ideas and conveniences among surrounding farms. Through investments and improvements the country is getting nearer to the city, nearer to the myriad advantages of comfort which human ingenuity is devising. The present is an era of luxury. Every urban home has the investiture of a palace in a former period—in fact, it offers, with the common exception of size and yard area, more and better facilities for easy living. Every country home is comparatively as well furnished. Almost all the comfort which is found in the city home can be installed and enjoyed in the most isolated farmhouses lying in an out of the way locality.—St. Louis Republic.

Why They Have No Hats.

The boys of the "bluecoat school" of Christchurch hospital, England, do not go hatless, as a correspondent intimates, in order that the hair on their heads may grow more abundant from that exposure to the air and elements of rain and sunshine.

The reason the boys of this famous school go without their hats is that one day a very long time ago the bluecoat boys were out walking and met Queen Elizabeth. They neglected to remove their hats, which so incensed the imperious lady that she had their hats taken away from them and swore that they should have hats no more.

It is a fact that men who attended that school did not in their later years become bald.—New York Times.

Her Retort.

Mrs. Housekeep—You're always up so early, Bridget, there's lots of your work you might get done before any of the family gets up. Bridget—Thrue for ye, ma'am. I might be making up the beds.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Contrasted Types.

The outspoken romance of the German is sometimes trying to those of a different habit. The author of the traveling notes called "From a Holiday Journal" describes a young girl whom she met at a German bath, a pretty, doll-like creature, named Marie, who knew how to sit still and do nothing all day long.

Presently it was discovered that Marie had a lover. She disclosed the fact boldly.

"My brautigam is young, handsome, rich," she said proudly, looking up to a tall English girl of seventeen. "And have you not a bridegroom too? Or did you never have one?"

The English girl had never before felt the humiliation caused by the lack of a bridegroom. So she shamefacedly confessed that some one liked her, only this spring, but—

"But you do not love him," interrupted the German girl in loud but very bad English. "Oh, I love my treasure so! I love him so!"

The English girl shuddered and blushed to the roots of her hair. The words had been distinctly spoken and had evidently proved very amusing to a party of English in the vicinity.

"Oh," she implored, "would you mind saying 'like' instead of 'love' next time? We never say 'love' in English. We have no such thing!"

How She Died.

A minor poet who talked of his lady's person being "curiously mix'd" would not be enthusiastically reviewed nowadays. But so startlingly beautiful was the lady in question, one Susanna Perwich, who died of rheumatic fever at Hackney on July 3, 1661, "in the flower of her age," that these lines in praise of her have not only been preserved, but they have even escaped classification with nonsense verse. This explanation is, perhaps, necessary before quoting the inspired account of her death:

Behold, damp sheets
Cling close about her in the bed,
At which she, waking, said, "I'm dead!"
Shall I the careless maid go blame
And tell her what a horrid shame
It is that by her negligence
So choice a one is lost from hence?

—London Chronicle.

Dancing.

It is quite usual after a ball to find that the action of the heart shows traces of fatigue, particularly in delicate young women, who complain of a vague sensation of uneasiness, sadness and even of pain and are, in a word, in a peculiar condition that is not yet disease, nor is it health—much nearer the former than the latter. Diseases caused by dancing are commoner in women than in men. The most frequent are laryngitis, particularly in women who talk a great deal while dancing; colds, bronchitis and sometimes pneumonia and pleurisy. Dancing should be absolutely forbidden in all cases of consumption, which may assume a very rapid form from this cause. It is counter indicated as well in all cases of heart trouble.

Egyptian Styles of Writing.

The Egyptians had four separate and distinct styles or forms of writing—the hieroglyphic, the hieratic, the enchorial and the Coptic. The hieroglyphic was probably in use as early as the year 4000 B. C. and at first was made up entirely of pictures. About the year 2000 B. C. the hieratic form or style was introduced. In this the picture hieroglyphics were greatly simplified, finally developing into forms purely linear. The enchorial form of writing was in use among the Egyptians from about the year 700 B. C. until about the year 200 A. D. and was still a further simplification of the earlier forms, which finally developed into the alphabetic form known as the Coptic.

The Horse's Failing.

Hans, the ruralist, was in search of a horse.

"I've got the very thing you want," said Bill Lennox, the stableman—"a thoroughgoing road horse, five years old, sound as a quail, $175 cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping."

Hans threw his hands skyward.

"Not for me," he said, "not for me. I wouldn't gif you 5 cents for him. I live eight miles out in der country, und I'd haf to walk back two miles."—Norman Voice.

Getting Specific.

Bifferly—When you and your wife were first married you used to call each other "birdie," didn't you? McSwat—Yes. Bifferly—Do you still do it? McSwat—Well, I call her a parrot and a magpie, and she usually refers to me as a jay.—Exchange.

An Englishwoman married to a foreigner takes the nationality of her husband.

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At the Old Horse Sale

By Sara Beaumont Kennedy

Copyright, 1905, by Sara Beaumont Kennedy

"You must not go in there. It is no place for you." There was more than protest in his voice. There was positive command, which, perhaps, was the reason why she walked directly under the auctioneer's red flag into the express office, already thronged with idle, curious buyers.

"I never was at anything more exciting than a dry goods bargain sale. This will be positively like Monte Carlo."

"Our uncle will disapprove"—

"Of course he will. He disapproves of most things I do since you took up the role of social mentor for the family. That year abroad spoiled you, Adolphus. You have never been endurable since you took to patent uppers and a monocle. Now, Nick would have brought me in here without a word of remonstrance and lent me every penny out of his pocket if I needed it to bid with—lent me even his car fare and walked home uncomplainingly and carried my parcels."

"If he had not happened to see an old woman or a lame cat to help over the crossing, in which case, very likely, he would have laid the parcels down and quite forgotten to pick them up."

"Perhaps, for Nick is a bit absent-minded, but he is perfectly adorable when it comes to giving a girl her own way."

"My brother is happy in winning your good opinion. It is my misfortune"—

"No, it's your fault; you are so frightfully conventional. Dear me, what curious people!"

"They are the drift from the street. None of our set ever"—

"There, the auctioneer is beginning again. It will be perfectly delightful to buy something and not have the least idea what it is—so weird and mysterious!"

"Nellie, surely you are not going to bid out loud in this crowd!"

"I certainly am. There is no harm in it, and I am sick to death of the right angle rules by which you and uncle measure my life. Wonder what that woman found in her parcels? There goes up a bandbox. I shall bid on that."

"Nellie, don't!" he first commanded, then entreated vehemently, but she was as a deaf adder that stoppeth her ears.

"Fifty cents," she called, in answer to the auctioneer's challenge, at the same time stepping upon an empty box by the wall, so that she was in plain view of the whole crowd.

"Seventy-five cents!" screamed a feminine voice across the hall.

"One dollar," flashed back Nellie, her color rising, her eyes shining, for her cousin's voice came up to her in agitated whispers.

"One fifty," came from her opponent.

"Two dollars," cried Nellie, pushing Adolphus' hand from her sleeve.

"Three dollars," shrieked the other woman, nervously counting the change in her purse. No one else was bidding, the entire crowd having centered its attention on the nervous woman and the "swell" girl, and there were cheers and counter cheers as the bids rose dollar by dollar until at last the coveted box was knocked down to Nellie.

She was still laughing and flushed with her triumph when they emerged from the door over which flew the red flag, but Adolphus felt miserable and compromised, and this feeling was not abated when he saw the astonishment in the eyes of Miss Curtis, whose landau happened at that moment to pass, for Miss Curtis was the personification of rigid conventionality. He counted the meeting as one more misfortune in an unlucky day.

Nellie's excitement waned as they walked, and by the time they entered her uncle's gate she was strangely silent. Adolphus evidently took this for a hopeful sign, for presently he cleared his throat, adjusted his monocle and began:

"Nellie, we must talk seriously. The time has come"—

"No, it hasn't come," she said, interrupting him good naturedly, "so stop right there. I don't know whether this is a lecture or a proposal of marriage—your private talks with me vibrate between these two subjects—but I am in no mood for either. For heaven's sake, Adolphus, throw that glass away. I hate to be spied at like that!"

With a reproachful sigh he removed the offending glass and said: "Nick not only lectured you yesterday; he positively scolded you, and"—

"And I deserved it, but I answered him back spitefully, like the little beast I am, and he—he hasn't even noticed me since." She turned her head so that he did not see the quiver of her red lips, the passionate protest of her eyes.

All their set knew that her dictatorial old uncle intended she should marry Adolphus, who satisfied his social ambitions, while Nick, who cared nothing for society, smoked a pipe and forgot to have his trousers creased, was a thorn in the old man's side. Between these two were constant disagreements, which Nellie had hitherto managed to make up, but yesterday there had been a quarrel of unusual violence, and there was even some talk of Nick's leaving the house. It was of this she had been thinking as she followed her purchase home.

"Adolphus," she said as they mounted the steps, "can't you do something—anything—to patch up this new quarrel between Nick and uncle? It isn't Nick's fault that he is—that he was—was born different from you and uncle."

"I quite agree with my uncle about this slumming business. A man in Nick's position owes something to—to appearances."

"Stuff!" she scoffed and ran by him into the house.

In the library, to stem the tide of Adolphus' wooing, she hastily opened her box and lifted out the contents, a quaint and curious bonnet of a decade ago, a bonnet with a scooped brim piled high with flowers and nodding plumes. As she put it on her head, shrieking with laughter, her uncle and Nick entered the room, both of them showing in their manner strong excitement. The girl paused in her pirouetting and paled at the sight of the stern faces. Her uncle saw her strange headgear and angrily demanded its origin. Adolphus explained very carefully, not forgetting his own expostulations against the caprice. The old man turned wrathfully upon the girl.

"You and Nick are of a piece in your attempts to humiliate and make a laughingstock of me. My niece, the female head of my family, bidding at a common auction against a washerwoman! Take that hideous thing out of my sight!"

But the spoiled girl only made him a daring little courtesy which set all the bonnet's varihued plumes a-nodding. Nick crossed the room to her side.

"Nellie," he said wistfully, "I am going away for good; my uncle and I have agreed it is best. He has forbidden me to speak to you of marriage (and that is the cause of our quarrel), but I love you with all my heart. You know what I have to offer you, dear, but will you come with me as my wife?"

It was as if a bomb had exploded at the old man's feet. The words of interruption he would have uttered were only splutterings of anger. By the table the girl paused, trembling and going from white to red. Then her uncle found his voice.

"Out of my sight, sir! Your disobedience shall cost you dearly. I disown you—I cut you off without a penny for your impudence! Your inheritance shall be"—he glanced about for the most worthless thing in sight, and his eye lit on the empty box on the table—"that trash, sir! Take your inheritance and go!"

He was pointing to the door, but Nick's eyes were on Nellie and into them there flashed a radiant joy as at a sign from her he approached the table.

"You give me this box and its contents as my fortune, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then I am content, for you have given me that which I most desire in all the whole world."

The old man looked sharply at the two smiling faces. "What mummery is this?" he demanded. Then he, too, approached the table and peered into the box where Nick's eyes were fastened. "What is that?" he cried, adjusting his glasses.

"If you please, sir, it is Nick's heritage," answered Nellie shyly.

For in the side of the pasteboard box was a hole through which the rogue of a girl had thrust her dimpled hand.

And that was how Nellie obtained her uncle's consent and how Nick won his heart's desire as the aftermath of the old horse sale.

Difficulty and Ease.

There is not that conflicting antagonism between difficulty and ease that is commonly imagined. Many persons count the former as the bane of existence, to be avoided as far as possible, and the latter an agreeable friend, whose presence is always to be courted.

On the contrary, however, they are both elements of human life intended to work in harmony with each other, and thus to produce a beneficial effect upon us that neither one could effect alone. Every difficulty rightly treated leads by a direct road to ease. How hard and perplexing were the first trembling steps of the infant as he tottered to his mother's knee! A year or two later and the very easiest thing the healthy child can do is to leap, to run, to bound. Now he is slowly learning the forms of the letters and painfully endeavoring to trace them with the pen, but in a short time he will read and write without an effort. So with everything he undertakes to do through life. Its difficulty when courageously accepted and coped with gradually yields to its easy and smooth performance.

His Brand of Birds.

Nearly every man, woman or child who goes to Jefferson City pays a visit to the penitentiary, for, though a gloomy, forbidding place, it has a strong interest. While acting as assistant city counselor Jacques Harvey was at the capital on some legal business and wandered up to look over the "pen." He joined a party making the rounds, one member of which was a little girl. She became interested in the convict who handles the revolving cage that lets visitors in and out, and stopped to talk to him:

"'Do you find it dull here, sir?' she said.

"'Indeed I do, miss,' the convict answered.

"'Still,' said the child, 'the singing of the birds helps to relieve the monotony, doesn't it?'

"'Singing of the birds?' said the convict in a puzzled voice.

"'Yes,' said the little girl.

"'What birds?' asked the man.

"The well meaning but ignorant child with a hopeful smile replied:

"'The little jail birds. They must be a great comfort to you.'"—Kansas City Independent.

Whiskers and Weather.

Do whiskers grow faster in hot weather than in cold? The correct answer to this question is, "They do." Barbers say that there is an increase of about 20 per cent in business during the extremely hot spells and that all this increase comes from the men who habitually shave every other day instead of once a day. Although hot weather makes more business for the chin polishers, they do not particularly welcome it. Men are always more irritable and harder to shave. This, coupled with the increased speed of execution, makes the whole business unsatisfactory for both the shaver and the shavee.—Kansas City Journal.

Keeping Up Appearances.

An extraordinary amount of money in London is wasted on keeping up appearances, says the Ladies' Field. Any number of people entertain lavishly, have a big house, imposing carriages, three men in the kitchen, the same number of footmen to support the butler, and yet the daughters of the house never have 5 shillings to spend and have to calculate whether a new pair of evening gloves can be afforded.

The Waterproof Face.

I am convinced that our solemnity of demeanor is generated by our gray skies, our piercing east winds, our heavy, yellow fogs and our slushy roads and pavements. The waterproof face is the direct result of a firmament of lead. Many of us English people look like incarnate umbrellas.—London Queen.

Corrected.

Precise Aunt (trying to amuse little Kate, who has come to spend the day)—Oh, see pussy washing her face! Little Kate (with scorn)—She's not washing her face; she's washing her feet and wiping them on her face!

Entirely Fabulous.

She—I thought his wealth was something fabulous. He—So it was. His books show that he has been insolvent for years.

Gout, which is the rich man's disease, is said to be curative by living on 10 cents a day and earning it.

OLD TIME SERVANTS.

Pepys Had Troubles of His Own With His Menials.

Perhaps one reason why servants in Pepys' time were treated as "one of the family" was that they very often were blood relations. The diarist himself, in fact, engaged his own sister Pauline as his servant, "which she promised me she could, and with many thanks did weep for joy." For all that, he would not "let her sit down at the table with me, which I do at first that she may not expect it hereafter from me." Her temper, however, made the arrangement impossible, and Pepys had to engage somebody else instead, "it being a great trouble to me that I should have a sister of so ill a nature that I must be forced to spend money upon a stranger, when it might be better upon her if she were good for anything."

It is only within a century or so that servants have ceased to be relations of the family and the term "menial" has come to be considered derogatory instead of meaning simply "within walls"—intra moenia. In the old days all women between twelve and forty and all men between twelve and sixty without means of subsistence could be forced by two justices to go into domestic service; hence the fact that when a man married his cook, as he often did, he was extremely likely to marry some one above him in station, as we understand distinctions of class nowadays. This also explains why a lady would refer to her maid as her "gentlewoman" and a master to his valet as his "gentleman."

INLAND BATHING.

It Furnishes One of the Sensuous Delights of Existence.

Quiet inland bathing offers you no extravagant opportunities to be a poseur. If the water is warm, you loll in it at your ease; your mind is soon stupefied by the sensuousness in which you are infolded; the interest of your sleepy eyes does not extend beyond the gentle ripples that widen away from the slow, submerged strokes of your arms. After awhile you roll over on your back and drowsily execute at intervals a languid "shoe fly" leg motion, while you look through the air into the void. Now and then you will raise your arms and flap them down through the water like a pair of sweeps. It is only a tired sort of effort, and finally, in the supreme abandonment of indolence, you lay your head back—far back—until the water creeps up about your eyelids. You stretch out legs and arms motionless and lie, breathing tranquilly, sensible of no other movement in the world than the slight flux and slip of the water upon your heaving chest. Then you may realize perhaps something of the lark's sensation when, with wings outspread, it hangs suspended between earth and sky. He who has never thus suspended himself idly in still water, with fathoms below him and infinity above, has not experienced one of the sensuous delights of existence. Unfortunate man who goes to his grave believing that there is nothing better than bed for weary limbs and jaded brain!—Arthur Stanwood Pier in Atlantic.

Back to English Fairs.

For the origin of the modern circus one must go back to the English fairs of the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Unlike the American county fairs of the present day, which are more in the nature of live stock exhibitions, the early English fair was a rout of dancing, fiddling, drinking, fighting, wrestling and bull baiting—a gathering, as it were, of merry andrews, monstrosities, bullies, jilts, tight rope walkers, acrobats, contortionists, equestrians, mountebanks, grimacers, scaramouches, thieves, pickpockets, idlers, beggars, fortune tellers, gypsies and those upon whom they prey.—E. S. Hallock in Century.

The Orange Tree.

The orange tree flowers during nearly the whole of the summer. The fruit takes two years to arrive at maturity, so that for several months in the year a healthy tree exhibits every stage, from the flower bud to the ripe fruit. This gives the trees their rich appearance during the principal fruit months, when the emerald tints of the unripe and golden hues of the mature fruit mingle with the dark foliage of the leaves, while the bright blossoms present a charming contrast.

Guilds and the Garden of Eden.

The Weavers' company claims to be the oldest guild, so far as the date of establishment is concerned. The Gardeners' company, on the other hand, puts in a plea for precedence on the score that our first parents were gardeners. The present master of the Merchant Tailors' company, however, awards the seniority to the Skinners' company. Adam and Eve were "skinners" before they troubled their heads about horticulture.—London Press.

Keeping His Bargain.

"Your new feller's all right," said Tommy Twaddles to his big sister at the breakfast table.

"I'm glad you think so," said Phyllis, with a blush and a glance at her ma.

"You bet he is," continued Tommy. "He's a real sport. W'y, he gimme a quarter not to tell what I saw in the parlor last night—an' you bet I won't tell, neither!"—Philadelphia Press.

Tit For Tat.

British Tourist—I say, what makes you Americans talk with your noses? American—I say, what makes you Britishers talk with your don't-you-knowses?—London Express.

Judge a man by his questions rather than by his answers.—Voltaire.

The Self Possessed Bride.

One is in the habit nowadays of seeing brides absolutely self possessed, almost jocose, laughing and smiling and nodding to their friends. Mothers and sisters never cry nowadays at parting.—Lady Violet Greville in Graphic.

Oddities.

Because a man cannot hear a dew drop is no sign that he is deaf, nor is it a sign of blindness because he never saw a horse fly, a board walk, a stone fence, a dog's pants, a rope walk or a clam bake.

Her Abilities.

"Do you believe there is anything in mind reading?"

"If there isn't, my wife's an awful good guesser. She never has to wait for me to do any confessing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Kiss Feminine.

Brother—Which one of those Penton girls is it that you don't like? Sister—Ssh! Some one might hear you. When the crowd comes up I'll kiss her twice.—Illustrated Bits.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 27.

Text of the Lesson, Jer. xxxviii, 1-13. Memory Verses, 8-10—Golden Text, Matt. v, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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This lesson might with propriety be entitled the hatred of the rulers, or the weakness of the king, or the compassion of Ebed-melech, or, better still, the Lord's care of His servant. When the Lord sent Jeremiah forth as His servant He said to him, "They shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee, for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee" (Jer. i, 19), and both of these Jeremiah proved fully as the Lord's messenger. Two very prominent truths concerning man in the Scriptures are, "The carnal mind is enmity against God" and "The whole world lieth in the wicked one" (Rom. viii, 7; I John v, 19, Rev. Ver.). These are true of all persons and all times since sin entered upon our planet.

On the other hand, it is plainly revealed that "God is love," that He is "long suffering and not willing that any should perish" (I John iv, 8, 16; II Pet. iii, 9). But there always have been, are now and will be till the kingdom comes those who while professing to be on the Lord's side pervert His truth and deceive His people and lead them into trouble. In Jer. v, 30, 31, it is written, "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so, and what will ye do in the end thereof?" In Isa. xxx, 9-11, we read that the people would not hear the law of the Lord, but said, "Speak unto us smooth things; prophesy deceits; cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us."

In the opening verses of our lesson we find just such as these among the princes of Judah saying to the king that Jeremiah ought to be put to death because of his words and that he was not seeking the welfare of the people. Jeremiah was a messenger of righteousness from the Lord, but the people wanted neither God nor His righteous (chapter ii, 13).

The weak and worthless king Zedekiah said to the rulers that he would not resist them, that Jeremiah was in their hands and they might do what they would with him, yet he was on the throne of the Lord as the representative of righteousness (II Chron. ix, 8). The last days of this evil age in which we are now living are very similar to the last days of Judah ere she was carried into captivity; the word of God is dishonored by many preachers and teachers, and the Lord Jesus Himself is respected as the Son of God, but He shall overcome and shall reign, for it is the eternal purpose of God (Eph. iii, 11; Rev. xi, 15).

We are either with Christ or against Him, and if we receive not the word of God as He did we are certainly not with Him. If we stand with Him, believing all that is written in the law and the prophets, we must expect no better treatment than He and His prophets received (John xv, 18-20; Acts xxiv, 14). Jeremiah in the filthy dungeon was a more prosperous man than Zedekiah and his counselors. See Gen. xxxix, 2, 21, 23; Acts xvi, 22-25. All who will live godly lives must expect persecution and tribulation, for the devil is still the god of this world, the prince of this world (John xiv, 30; xvi, 11; II Cor. iv, 4).

Ebed-melech, whose name signifies "servant of a king," was evidently a servant of the True King whom Zedekiah so misrepresented, for he became Jeremiah's deliverer, and the Lord specially remembered him in the time of trouble (chapter xxxix, 15-18), for He counts all kindness done to His people as if done to Himself (Matt. xxv, 40, 45). Not only did Ebed-melech take Jeremiah out of the dungeon, but he did it kindly and tenderly in providing old cast clouts and rotten rags for him to put under the ropes that the ropes might not hurt him. Not only does God see every act, but He notes how the action is done and the motive, and in giving Him any service it would be well to remember that our Lord still "beholds how" (Mark xii, 41).

Jeremiah's filthy dungeon suggests the horrible pit and miry clay in which every sinner is till rescued, but how few seem to know of the Rock and the New Song and the privilege of being deliverers of the perishing (Ps. xl, 2, 3). The sinner is as helpless to deliver himself as was Jeremiah (Rom. iii, 19, 20; v, 6), but God, who is not willing that any should perish, has provided a ransom and is pleading for messengers to tell the good news (II Pet. iii, 9; Job xxxiii, 23, 24; Isa. vi, 8).

Ebed-melech was so sorry for Jeremiah in his trouble that he did not seem to consider that he was only a servant and that the princes and the king were the cause of the prophet's suffering. The woman of Samaria in the joy of her new life and in her desire that her townsmen should have the same joy seemed to forget all about them and carried to them the glad tidings.

When we have really found a Saviour who has without a doubt saved us and filled us with the joy of being redeemed and know that others might have the same joy if they only knew Him, we will be very apt to forget all about ourselves and act as Ebed-melech and the woman of Samaria. If we do not thus act it would seem that we are more occupied with ourselves than with Christ and His salvation or with sinners and their need. Dr. Torrey says that Ebed-melech had a black skin, but a white heart.

A Mother's Answer.

When Earl Ferrars had been convicted of murder great efforts were made to obtain a pardon on the ground that he was insane. His mother being appealed to and requested to write a letter on the subject, answered, "Well, but if they do that I am to marry off my daughters?"—Green Bag.

At Her Best.

"This picture of your wife is angelic. Does it look like her?"

"Well—er—it looked like her when she was sitting for the photograph, yes."—Detroit Free Press.

Good Little Boys.

Mother—I'm glad you're playing with good little boys now. Tommy—Yes'm. They ain't like the other kind. I kin lick any one o' dese kids if I wanter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The True Philosopher.

There may be wisdom without knowledge, and there may be knowledge without wisdom, but he who possesses both is the true philosopher.—Robert Southey.

Corks For Bottle Stoppers.

The application of cork as a bottle stopper for liquid vessels is said to be of great antiquity. The earliest record extant of its use in Europe is that mentioned by Horace, who asserts that the Romans had cork as stoppers for their wine amphorae. Certain of the uses of cork were known to the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, but whether they used cork for stopping the mouths of their liquid vessels history does not say. It was not, however, until the year 1760 that the Spaniards first commenced to work their cork woods with some degree of regularity for the making of corks. Although perhaps corks were more or less in use from the time glass bottles were first invented, which Beckmann asserts to have been in the fifteenth century, yet it was not until two and a half centuries later that the Spaniards began to prepare cork for bottle stoppers, which they did in a forest situated at the northeast of the Tigueras, on the Muge. The cork industry has since gradually risen to be one of the first magnitude, its chief center in Spain being in Catalonia.

What the Teacher Must Do.

Knowledge is good, but wisdom is better. The college valedictorian, trained to take knowledge in rather than to impart it, may have much of it with but little wisdom. He may be able, as a teacher, to drill boys and girls in Greek and Latin declensions and cram them with facts, useful or valueless, but if he cannot produce in them what Spencer calls "pleasurable excitement" and interest he is a failure. His would be the sort of teaching that harps upon obedience and discipline and endeavors by force of rule and rod to oblige the pupil to study and learn. The will cannot be forced, but the real teacher knows well that it can be led. He remembers the remark of Rousseau that "the teacher's province is less to instruct than to guide;" that "he must not lay down precepts, but teach his pupils to discover them." This was the way of that great teacher, Agassiz, certainly.—Arthur Gilman in Atlantic.

The Small Mouthed Bass.

The small mouthed bass fully deserves his reputation for being vigorous and gamy from infancy. He is extremely pugnacious by nature and has fighting tactics peculiarly his own which for strength, activity and craft are unequaled. I once took a bass four inches long on a spoon hook, the bowl of which was more than two inches long. This bass does not hesitate to tackle that terror of all other fish—the fierce and voracious pickerel. With his first dorsal fin rigidly set up, he lays off some ten or twenty feet and then makes a rapid dash right into and under the "long face," forcing him to clear out at once or ripping him so badly that he is hors de combat. The fact has been established that bass introduced into a pond containing pickerel will ultimately destroy the latter. The same fate awaits other fish, including trout.—Outing.

Wind Superstitions.

The Finns of Norway long entertained a traditional belief in the power of controlling the winds by a small rope with three knots tied in it. This popular superstition gave rise to the curious industry of making and selling these wind controlling ropes with magical knots to mariners and fishermen. It was believed that by unloosing the first knot a favorable breeze was secured, the second raised a strong gale and if the third knot was untied it would prove the prelude to a tempest. According to Ranulph Higden, the witches of the Isle of Man had a similar ancient practice of selling winds to sailors.

Apt.

Douglas Jerrold had a way of putting pat names to things. One of his remarks is given by George Hodder in "Manners of My Time." Jerrold was at a party one night where a doctor, who was tall and thin almost to emaciation, had for a partner a lady who was short and square in build. Turning to a bystander, he remarked, "There is a mile dancing with a milestone."

When Labor Did Not Tell.

A home missionary who visited Sing Sing prison took occasion to have a heart to heart talk with one of the convicts.

"Don't you know, my friend," said he, "that crime never brings success? It's only achieved by hard labor."

"I did six months of it at a stretch once, and I didn't come out no richer than I went in."

He Was Spurned.

"Believe me," said old Gotrox, "although I'm an old bachelor I'm sure I could learn to be a good husband. You know, a man is never too old to learn."

"Nor too old to yearn, perhaps," replied Miss Pechis; "also I'm sorry to say you're not too old to spurn."—Philadelphia Press.

Always Something Lacking.

Love is like a waltz. It never quite fulfills all one expects of it. Either the man's lead is too fast or too slow, his hold too light or too loose, he stumbles over your gown or steps on your feet, and if everything else is right it is the wrong man.—Life.

Blunt.

A Scotchman once took dinner at a house and regarded the meal as inadequate. As he was leaving his host asked him when he would dine with him again. "Now," was the startling reply.

A good cause needs not to be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.—Browne.

A Very Exclusive Order.

The Order of the Swan is a unique decoration. It has nothing to do with "Lohengrin," but was founded in 1443 by Elector Frederick II. of Brandenburg, surnamed the "Iron Jawed."

Of all the orders of knighthood this is most remarkable, inasmuch as only one solitary member in Europe is entitled to wear it, and she is the wife of the reigning Prussian monarch—the German empress. The insignia is very beautiful. It consists of a gold chain set with diamonds, attached by a ruby heart, to which is suspended a medallion of the Madonna and Child and to which in turn is suspended a silver swan surrounded by a ring or frame of exquisite pearls. With this goes a superb star to be worn on the left shoulder.

Should the empress become a widow she would be compelled to relinquish the insignia and the membership of the Swan to the present crown princess. This order has been worn in turn by the wife of every sovereign occupying the throne of Prussia since 1443, and it is an object of intense pride in the royal family.

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Put Himself In Pawn.

While George Frederick Cooke was playing an engagement in New York he was dunned for $500 one afternoon by a creditor too strenuous to be put off.

"Come on, then," said Cooke and led the way to a neighboring pawnbroker's shop.

"My good man, I put myself in pawn," he said. "Lock me up in a closet. Don't let me out. Give this man the ticket. Now"—to the creditor—"take it to my manager and tell him that George Frederick Cooke is locked up here in pawn for $500. Don't be uneasy. In an hour's time the curtain must ring up. You'll get your money."

He did get it, and when the excited manager, his audience waiting, drove furiously to the pawnshop he found Cooke locked up safely behind the counter, sound asleep, and, being locked up, sober and ready for work.—Rebecca Harding Davis in Saturday Evening Post.

Lightning as a Rock Driller.

"Lightning, when in the mood, has an ugly habit of drilling," writes an English observer. "It will drill the hardest rock—rock which would turn cold steel—and not only drill, but vitrify it. They have found in Cumberland channels thirty feet deep and from two to four inches in circumference. The interior was hard and glazed where the solid substance had been melted by the stabbing flashes. Artificial experiment has shown that a powerful shock from a battery will vitrify finely powdered glass, but not feldspar or quartz. The lightning, however, does it in the manner described, not in one place, but in many, showing that before striking the ground it divided into several branches, each strong enough to penetrate and liquefy the solid rock."

Hard Headed Moors.

Negro heads are proverbial for solidity, but in this respect they are far excelled by certain Moorish tribes of Morocco, who take a very real pride in the thickness of their skulls. The heads of their boys are kept closely shaven from the time when hair commences to show upon them and are never covered, whatever the weather. This treatment so tends to thicken the cranium that the lads are able to fight with it. They butt as bulls do, and the weak point in the skull of the loser is frequently sought for by hammering his head with a stone.

For a sum equal to a farthing these boys will split a hard brick across their own skulls. In boxing also these Moors receive the blows of their opponents upon their hardened pates.

A Weird Tale.

This tale comes from New Caledonia, where a ship was loading up with natives to work in Australia: "There were a man and a girl—a young couple they seemed. She had a youngster, who began yelling at sight of the boat. 'Can't take that youngster!' the boss shouted. The woman said she wanted to come too. 'No; we can't ship that squalling little beast. Leave him with his auntie.' There was no auntie in sight, so the Kanaka man, after taking a look around, caught the kiddy by the heels, swung her round like a rabbit and dashed her head against a tree. 'She was only a girl anyway,' he said and slung her body into the scrub. Then they both hopped into the boat and were shipped aboard."

The Sun's Heat.

"The sun's heat?" said the astronomer. "Well, let us say that the value of the sun's heat is $25,000,000. Now, what proportion of all that value do you suppose warms the earth? Only 2 cents' worth.

"All the rest of the sun's heat is wasted in space. Of the $25,000,000 the earth only gets 2 cents.

"With coal I can give you another idea of the sun's heat. Suppose that the earth was to contract to heat the sun. Do you know what the result would be? All the coal upon the earth would suffice to maintain the present solar heat for just the one-tenth of a second."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Make Your Guess.

A beautiful young lady and her once beautiful mother were walking down the street together when they met two gentlemen whom the mother knew.

"How much your daughter resembles you!" exclaimed one.

"How closely you resemble your daughter!" exclaimed the other.

Now, which of these two gentlemen do you think was invited home to tea?

The Hindoo Strong Man.

The Hindoos tell wonderful stories of the feats of Bhima, who was their strong man. Among the wonders credited to Bhima are the following: Pursued by a tiger, his mother when nursing Bhima let him drop. The force of the impact shattered in a thousand pieces the rock on which he had fallen, but the boy was none the worse. When he quarreled with other boys he gathered them up, ten or fifteen at a time, and plumped them into the nearest pond. His cousins hid themselves in a tall banyan to jeer at him, but he tore it from the ground without effort. He snapped his bonds like Samson, and a hungry cobra's fangs could not penetrate his skin. His triumph, however, was the defeat of Bakasura, who "consumed a cart load of food at a sitting and used palmyra trees for toothbrushes."

How the Condor Is Caught.

Many birds cannot fly straight up. They must rise at a very gentle incline. They must get onward motion before their wings can get full effect of the air. It is said that the mode of taking the condor is to build a pen, say, forty or fifty feet in diameter and six feet high and put a carcass in the middle of it. The condor alights, but cannot again rise at an angle which will take him over the fence. Many heavy bodied, short winged ducks rise from the water at so small an angle that they must use both feet and wings for thirty or forty feet in order to get onward motion enough to give effectiveness to their wings by coming in contact with larger masses of still air.

Oxford Examinations.

When John Scott, the future Lord Chancellor Eldon, took his B. A. at Oxford in 1770 he was examined in Hebrew and in history. His own pen has recorded this noteworthy "exam." It consisted of two questions, one in each subject. The Hebrew question ran, "What's the Hebrew for 'place of a skull?'"—the history, "Who founded the University of Oxford?" The candidate, of course, replied, "Golgotha" and "Alfred the Great," though he had his misgivings touching the truth of the second answer, a fiction which has since been scattered to the winds by those two highly distinguished Oxonians, Professor Freeman and J. R. Green.

The Gallows Plant.

During the middle ages the botanists, or old "herbalists," gave currency to many curious stories concerning the growth, form, etc., of mandrake or May apple, which finally resulted in its being given the name of "gallows plant." The pseudo scientists of that time declared that mandrake would grow in no other place except upon which some terrible crime had been committed. The roots were formerly supposed to bear a strong resemblance to the human form.

Mind Reading.

"Perhaps smoking is offensive to you, Miss Smith?"

"On the contrary, I like the smell of a good cigar."

Without a moment's hesitation he threw away the weed he was smoking. Something in her manner rather than her words led him to suspect that she was a judge of cigars.—Chicago Tribune.

Time Had Passed.

"I always forget how times flies when I'm enjoying myself," said Mr. Staylate. "I hope you won't hesitate to tell me when it's time to go."

"Gracious!" replied Miss Patience. "It's too late now. You should have mentioned that several hours ago."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

No Further Delay.

Abner Slopoak (desperately)—M-may I name the day? Jemima Jones (decisively)—No! Abner Slopoak (in alarm)—Why? Jemima Jones (frankly)—Because, if you put it off as long you did your proposal, we never will be married. I'll name the day myself!—Cleveland Leader.

Raw Animals.

With a heart attuned to "nature study" a little Hungarian girl in the Canadian northwest exclaimed: "Yah, teacher. It's certain beautiful on our prairie, where the birds and the small sheep run about raw."

Decision of character will often give an inferior mind command over a superior.—Wirt.

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Why We Are Thirsty.

The sensation of thirst is caused by a lack of fluids in the system. In a state of health it indicates that the body wants moisture. We should distinguish natural thirst from that caused by stimulating food and beverages, which produce a fever in the organs of digestion. Thirst is caused by a failure of the salivary and other glands to secrete a proper amount of fluid for use in the stomach. It is possible to quench thirst not only by the ordinary means, but through the blood vessels and the skin. Much of the water drunk passes out through the skin by means of the blood vessels and is known as unconscious perspiration. It is a well known fact that the loss of blood is always followed by intense thirst. This thirst is one of the most harrowing features of a battlefield, as every old soldier knows. The reason for it is that, the blood vessels being drained of their moisture, the skin becomes parched and every pore is changed into a thirsty mouth. Thirst accompanies fevers, but its causes are local, being due to dryness in the throat and mouth, the result of a high temperature.

A Quaint Old Ceremony.

This is one of many quaint ceremonies that take place at the Church of St. Gildas, in Brittany, on the feast day of the patron saint. Two or three thousand peasants on horseback ride in procession three times round the church and then proceed to draw water from the sacred well close by and pour it over their animals in the belief that it will act as a sure preventive of accidents and disease.

Meanwhile the women inside the church are engaged in standing in a stone sarcophagus supposed to have contained the body of the saint. This is looked upon as a certain cure for toothache. But the most important of all the ceremonies is the throwing of a fowl from the tower of the church to the people below. It is torn to pieces in an instant, and the man who is fortunate enough to secure the head is looked upon as a champion, while his parish is regarded as sure to secure the best harvest.

Cynical Swift.

Swift's sardonic saying that a man who marries "thrusts his hand into a sackful of snakes on the chance of finding an eel" is often quoted as the Arabian proverb and sometimes attributed to a later misogynist, but hardly ever assigned to its real author. Every one, however, recognizes as Swiftian the following sayings expressive of the unhappiness of marriage and of the cause of this unhappiness: "Venus, a beautiful, good natured lady, was the goddess of love; Juno, a terrible shrew, the goddess of marriage—and they were always mortal enemies." "The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages."—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Prophetic.

First Author—Have you sold many copies of your book? Second Author (absently)—Wonderful. Over a hundred thousand. First Author—When was it issued? Second Author—Next Tuesday.—Life.

Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.—Addison.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1905. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 40.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY—To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham .5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M.. and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 8.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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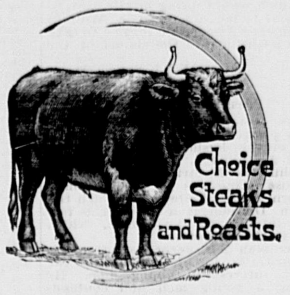

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Cartel Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

SAVING JIM PETERS

By Mary Donaldson

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In every village in the land there is a ne'er-do-well who is pitied and condemned in the same breath. In the village of Glenville Jim Peters was the man. He was constitutionally lazy, was a toper from head to heel, and his wife and two children often wanted for clothes and food. Mr. Peters had been struggled with on numerous occasions. Women had given him tongue lashings, and men had hinted at tar and feathers. He had been induced to sign the temperance pledge on twenty different occasions, only to break it each time anybody offered him a drink, and he had been provided with work many times over, only to show his general laziness.

One day when the Woman's Mission society was holding its monthly meeting Aunt Hanna Davis brought up Jim Peters' case anew and declared that something should be done. She was given license to go ahead, and she proceeded to go over the old beaten track. Jim signed the pledge, agreed to stop chewing plug tobacco and go to work, and he even expressed an anxiety to "get religion" and become in time a deacon of the church. His good resolutions carried him along for two weeks, and then he fell down, and he fell hard; not only that, but he boasted around that Aunt Hanna was an easy person to deal with.

The good woman lived about a mile out of the village, having a farm of her own and enjoying the life of a spinster, and one morning she got up, to be told by the hired man that somebody had robbed the smokehouse overnight. Jim Peters was the only person for ten miles around who could be suspected, and when the hired man told his news he added that Jim ought to be arrested and his house searched for the plunder.

"We must not accuse any one without evidence," replied Aunt Hannah. "It may have been Jim Peters or it may have been a dog. I'm rather of the opinion that it was a dog, and I would suggest that you get out the old bear trap and set it in front of the smokehouse tonight. If a dog steals meat once he will twice, won't he?"

"That's what I have heard," observed the hired man as he started for the barn to hunt for the old trap.

Aunt Hannah had started in to reform Jim Peters in earnest mood, and she bragged that she would accomplish what others had failed to do. When the man backslid she was rebuked and criticised on all sides, and, although she seemed to take it in good part, she felt something of a spirit of revenge.

The bear trap was oiled and set, but it was a week before any game appeared. It was the hired man again who brought her news. As he came into the kitchen with the milk pails he observed laconically:

"Well, Mrs. Davis, we have caught the dog."

"I see," she replied after a look from the window.

"It's a dog that looks exactly like Jim Peters."

"Yes? I'll go out after breakfast and have a closer look. I wish you would cut me three or four switches from a peach tree before you go to work. If you hear the dog howling, you needn't stop hoeing corn on that account."

The woman lingered over her breakfast as long as she could, and when she finally donned her sunbonnet and wandered out to the smokehouse she had several switches, a pail of water and a dipper in her hands.

"Good morning, Mr. Peters," she saluted when she had come to a halt."

"I was looking for my jackknife here last night, and I walked into this old trap," he said by way of explanation.

"Yes, I see. Is Mrs. Peters well?"

"About the same as usual."

"And the children?"

"Hang it, why don't you call Joe up and tell him to get me out of this? This infernal trap has about cut my leg off. If 'twas anybody but you I'd have the law on 'em. Who knows how long I'll be laid up with this leg?"

"Mr. Peters," said Aunt Hannah in very sober tones, "do you remember your promises to me?"

"How am I going to keep promises when all the town is agin' me? You are agin' me, too, or you wouldn't have set this trap for me."

"You have been coaxed, bribed, pleaded with and fairly bought, but you still loaf around and get drunk. It is time that some other plan was resorted to. Drink this."

She handed him a dipper of water, and he drank about half of it. He was about to pour the rest on the ground when she said:

"I know it has a strange taste to you, but you'll have to get used to it. Don't waste a drop. Here—have some more.'

"I've had a-plenty."

Aunt Hannah picked up one of the switches and proceeded to lay it over Jim's shoulders in a vigorous manner. As it was summer and he had only a ragged cotton shirt across his back he was speedily reminded of his boyhood days. He reached for the dipper and downed a quart of water, and then said:

"I say, I want this trap taken off. Do you think I'm a man of wood or iron? When I tell folks that Aunt Hannah Davis is pizen mean 'nuff to set bear traps for innocent persons you'll be hauled up in law."

"I've heard on good authority, Mr. Peters, that you lick your wife."

"If I do she needs it."

"Well, we'll see how a licking goes in your case. We'll try one anyhow as an experiment."

"I'll holler and raise the hull county!"

"Then the whole county will be here to see."

Aunt Hannah picked out the longest switch, dampened her hand to keep her hold good, and then began the "experiment." Only the third blow had fallen when Peters began to yell, but no pause was made until he had received the thrashing of his life. The woman had the will and the muscle, and the sprout from the peach tree was supple and lasting. When about thirty blows had been administered Aunt Hannah paused.

"You see how it works," she said, "and you don't seem to like it. Will you ever whip your wife again?"

"I won't promise till you let me out o' this trap."

"Oh, you won't! Then we'll have a little more of it."

Six or eight more stinging cuts were enough for Jim. He promised on his word of honor never to raise his hand against his wife again. He was then handed a third dipper of water, and when he refused it the switch came down over his back, and the woman said:

"You've got to learn to like the taste of water, and you've got to learn here and now. Your children had to go barefoot all last winter because you had to have your whisky. Drink it down or you'll get another dusting."

Jim managed to drink the water, and was then asked for his promise not to touch intoxicating drinks for one year.

"But what am I goin' to do when a feller offers to treat?" he protested.

"You are going to remember this," she replied as she gave him half a dozen cuts and brought a fresh chorus of howls.

He promised. Aunt Hannah went into the house and wrote out a pledge. It was a pledge embodying four or five promises, and after he had taken another drink from the dipper Jim put his name to it. The hired man was then called up to sign as a witness and to pry open the jaws of the trap, and Jim went limping away.

That day marked an epoch in Jim Peters' life. Within a week he had work. He turned to water like a duck. He administered no more thrashings to his wife. In fact, before a year was up he was spoken of as a sober, steady man, and had credit at the stores for the first time in his life. Plenty of people asked Aunt Hannah how she did it, and her answer was alike to all:

"Why, I first got my bear trap and then tried an experiment."

The First Sugar Canes.

Arrian in his "Circuit of the Red Sea" alludes to the sap which "flows from reeds, thickens like honey and is sweet to the taste." Seneca, who Chambers' Encyclopaedia says was "born at Corduba a few years B. C.," writes concerning the use of "burned sugar" among the people of India and concludes by adding, "In my opinion the use of sugar spoils the teeth." Nearchus says that sugar cane was first made known to the western countries by the conquests of Alexander the Great. The first of the sugar canes were brought from the east to Sicily in the year 1148 and two years later were introduced in Spain. In 1508 the Spaniards brought some of the seeds or plants to the West Indies, and from these the present industry has grown. According to the London Economist, 5,107,000 tons of sugar were consumed by the inhabitants of the world in 1893.

THE PITT DIAMOND.

Its Varied Career After It Became the Property of France.

The Pitt diamond was first employed, after it became one of the crown jewels of France, in the ornamentation of the crown that was made for the coronation of King Louis XV. in 1722. In 1791 it was entered in an inventory of crown jewels that was compiled by order of the national assembly during the revolution, and it was deposited at the Garde Meuble after the assembly had determined to sell it if a buyer at a suitable price could be found, but no offer was made, and so it happened that in September it was stolen with other jewels by a band of men who broke into the Garde Meuble. It was secreted by the thieves in a hole in the timber work of a garret in a low lodging, and there it remained some time. It was at length discovered by the republican authorities and deposited in the national treasury.

It was not again disturbed until 1804, when it was set in the pommel of the sword which Napoleon wore when he crowned himself emperor at Notre Dame, in Paris. The Empress Marie Louise carried it off with other crown jewels to Blois after the Emperor Napoleon was banished to Elba, but her father, the Emperor Francis of Austria, obtained it from her and sent it to Louis XVIII. That king on Napoleon's return from Elba fled with it to Ghent, but after Waterloo returned with it to Paris. In 1830 the diamond was used by King Charles X. at his coronation, but since then it has not been employed at any ceremonial, and it remains in safe custody at the Louvre.—"Memories of Madras."

LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE.

Countless Worlds In Space May Be Inhabited.

The fact that, so far as we have yet been able to learn, only a very small proportion of the visible worlds scattered through space are fitted to be the abode of life does not preclude the probability that among hundreds of millions of such worlds a vast number are so fitted. Such being the case, all the analogies of nature lead us to believe that, whatever the process which led to life upon this earth, whether a special act of creative power or a gradual course of development, through that same process does life begin in every part of the universe fitted to sustain it. The course of development involves a gradual improvement in living forms, which by irregular steps rise higher and higher in the scale of being. We have every reason to believe that this is the case wherever life exists. It is therefore perfectly reasonable to suppose that beings, not only animated, but endowed with reason, inhabit countless worlds in space. It would, indeed, be very inspiring could we learn by actual observation what forms of society exist throughout space and see the members of such societies enjoying themselves by their warm firesides. But this is, so far as we can now see, entirely beyond the possible reach of our race, so long as it is confined to a single world.—Professor Simon Newcomb in Harper's Magazine.

The Saucy Wren.

The mother wren, with her saucy tail tilted at a saucy angle, loved to come around the lattices and porches of the house to make her home.

A gray haired gentleman sitting quietly reading on his front porch one morning watched her with a mixture of amusement and affection till she flitted out of view.

Presently he felt the flutter of wings around his head, and then a pair of small feet rested there. It was the wren.

A most vigorous pulling and tugging at his hair betrayed the purpose of the enterprising little bird. When she had secured what she could carry of the soft white hair she flew away.—Pearson's.

The Father of Odessa.

A French emigre was the father of Odessa in Russia. He was the Duc de Richelieu of the line of the famous cardinal, who left France in the troublous days of the revolution and entered the Russian service. He was the governor of Odessa about a century ago. He found it little better than a fishing village and left it as it was developing into a flourishing seaport. In 1814, when the monarchy was restored, the Duc de Richelieu returned to his native land and became one of Louis XVIII.'s ministers. He died in 1821. In Odessa a statue is erected to his memory.

Meningitis In Animals.

Veterinary surgeons know, but the general public probably does not, that some animals are as liable to meningitis as are human beings. Goats and horses are the principal sufferers in the dumb creation, and from them the infection may be transmitted to man. In horses the disease is known as "hydrocephalus acutus." Of horses affected with the disease, 78 per cent die, and the remainder have a chronic tendency to relapse.—London Globe.

Still Unemployed.

"Is your son working?" asked the neighbor.

"Not yet," answered Farmer Corntossel.

"Can't he get a job?"

"He ain't satisfied with a job. He wants a position."—Washington Star.

About Time.

Father (of large family)—My dear, isn't it about time you were thinking of getting married? Daughter—Heavens! I haven't thought of anything else for years.—Illustrated Bits.

Idleness is the burial of living man.—Jeremy Taylor.

The Bird Woman.

In the records of the journeyings of Lewis and Clark it is written of Sacajawea, the "wonderful bird woman," that she "contributed a full man's share to the success of the expedition, besides taking care of her baby." Yet not a cent did she receive for her services. Her husband, whom the explorers mention as an idler and a wife beater, received $800.33, including the price of a horse and lodge purchased from him.

Laughter.

Spontaneous, happy laughter tells always of goodness, and the man who never laughs must not blame his fellows if they think there is something wrong with his life, something dark within. If the streams which flow out are only bitter, the fountains cannot be sweet.

The Reason.

Herdso—I should think that a novelist might credit his readers with sense enough to know when a story was finished without labeling it "the end." Saidso—But that gives the women a clew where to begin.

The Cause.

Kilson—Gaylord's wife used to be awfully stout, and now she is quite thin. What caused the change, I wonder? Marlow—Divorce. This isn't the same wife.—Town and Country.

A bad man is worst when he pretends to be a saint.—Bacon.

Cat Medicine.

The ancient physicians had a firm belief in the healing powers of different portions of the cat, probably from some confusion existing in their minds with regard to its own nine lives. One of them gives as a valuable recipe to cure fevers two pints of water mixed with three drops of blood taken from the ear of an ass and certain parts of a cat's digestive organs.

Kept a Secret.

Wife—Think I can't keep a secret, do you? Husband—Yes, I do. Wife—Well, I've worn an old hat trimmed over for the past two months, and I haven't told a soul yet. So there!

As His Friend Looks at It.

Cobbs—There was another girl in love with me, so my wife married me for spite. Dobbs—Well, she certainly got good and even with herself.—Detroit Tribune.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.—Confucius.

The Difference.

There is a good story told of Sir Chieh Chen Lo Feng Luh, who was formerly Chinese minister to England. Years ago he was secretary to Li Hung Chang. He is a very able man, and among other accomplishments speaks and writes English perfectly. The story is given in "The Navy as I Have Known It."

Li Hung Chang is reported to have said to him, "I don't know how it is we send our men to Europe and America, and have foreign instructors in our colleges, as do the Japanese, but we do not seem to derive the advantage from their instruction which the Japanese do."

To this Chieh Chen Lo Feng Luh replied:

"That is quite true. I was a classmate of the Marquis Ito in England. He is now prime minister of Japan, and I am your excellency's secretary."

All Right In His Case.

The teacher was giving the school a little lecture on good conduct. "Let me caution you on another point, children," she said. "Avoid criticising. Don't make a practice of finding fault with other people or picking flaws in what they say or do. It is a very bad habit to form and will make your own life unhappy."

"Why, teacher," spoke up a little boy, "that's the way my father makes his livin'!"

"You surprise me, Georgy. What is your father's occupation?"

"He's a proofreader, ma'am."

The teacher coughed behind her fan. "Well, Georgy," she said, "I will make an exception in the case of your father."

Jewish Sabbath and the Romans.

The disdain of the Romans for the Jewish Sabbath because it was not accompanied by any tumult or noisy and joyful demonstrations perpetuated itself throughout all ages. Rutelius, who was the prefect of Rome under Honorium, says in speaking of the Jews: "They are very much attached to the cold Sabbath, but their heart is colder than their religion. The seventh day of every week is consecrated to a shameful idleness, in memory of the rest to which their God gave himself up after he was harassed by fatigue."

Juvenal does not love the Sabbath, which, according to him, is also a sad feast, for he relates that the kings of Palestine celebrate that day barefooted. Juvenal meant perhaps to designate here by "festa Sabbata" the day of Atonement and the fast of the ninth of Ab—anniversary of the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem. During these two days the Jews remained in fact barefooted.

Juvenal has no great affection for the Jews. He has an aversion for those who observe the Sabbath, that live isolated and who do not mingle with the Romans. He dislikes them because they have a peculiar religion and special laws, and he reproaches them for despising the Roman laws.—Menora.

Please Your Hair

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? Better please it by giving it a good hair-food—Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair stops coming out, becomes soft and smooth, and all the deep, rich color of youth comes back to gray hair.

"I was troubled greatly with dandruff until I used Ayer's Hair Vigor. It completely cured the dandruff and also stopped my hair from falling out. It serves me very nicely also in arranging my hair in any style I wish."—MISS MAGGIE COOK, Divide, W. Va.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

THE WEREWOLF.

A Human Monster In Which the Ancients Firmly Believed.

The word "werewolf" simply means a man transformed into a wolf, and the belief in such transformation seems to have been at one time widely diffused over all the countries of Europe, Asia and some parts of Africa.

According to the ancients, a man thus transformed into a wolf or other ravenous beast was believed to become possessed of all the powers of such a beast in addition to his human abilities to reason. His appetite also became enormous and could only be appeased by being glutted upon human flesh. During the latter centuries of the dark ages the belief in werewolves was as common and as widespread as was the belief in witches, which it in some respects resembled. The belief, senseless as it was, gave rise to much brutal persecution of the accused, and the various systems of torture were usually successful in getting a confession of guilt and the subsequent burning or hanging of the wretched confessor.

In Great Britain, where wolves were scarcely known, the werewolf tales of the continent were hardly credited, but later on, even in "enlightened England," they believed that witches could transform themselves into cats and hares, a belief at least analogous to the "loup-garou" superstition of the continent.

DEFECTIVE SIGHT.

Some Callings That Are Bad For Persons With Weak Eyes.

Systematic examination of the eyes of school children seldom fails to show that a considerable proportion of them have defective sight and will therefore be placed at a disadvantage if in after life they engage in employments for which normal vision is desirable. Some useful suggestions on the practical side of this question will be found in Dr. Wilhelm Feilchenfeld's "Gesundheitspflege des Auges." He says, for instance, that sufferers from sensitive eyes, with easily irritated conjunctiva or with chronic or frequently occurring inflammation of the lids, ought not to engage in work which is either associated with the production of much dust, such as baking or milling, or which involves exposure to a dazzling light, such as the occupation of a furnace man. Individuals in which symptoms of ocular fatigue easily come on ought not to choose an occupation which requires straining of the eyes by long continued near work, such as sewing, knitting, copying or shorthand writing. Individuals with progressive shortsightedness must avoid all occupations which entail great exertion upon the eyes. They should not engage in study or become clerks or mechanics, tailors, dressmakers, fancy needleworkers or quilters.—London Lancet.

PEOPLE WHO SUCCEED.

They Have a Very High Sense of the Way to Do Things.

If there is that in your nature which demands the best and will take nothing less and you do not demoralize this standard by the habit of deterioration in everything you do, you will achieve distinction in some line if you have the persistence and determination to follow your ideal.

But if you are satisfied with the cheap and shoddy, the botched and slovenly, if you are not particular about quality in your work or in your environment or in your personal habits, then you must expect to take second place, to fall back into the rear of the procession.

People who have accomplished work worth while have had a very high sense of the way to do things. They have not been content with mediocrity; they have not confined themselves to the beaten tracks; they have never been satisfied to do things just as others do them, but always a little better. They always pushed things that came to their hands a little higher up, a little farther on. It is this little higher up, this little farther on, that counts in the quality of life's work. It is the constant effort to be first class in everything one attempts that conquers the heights of excellence.—Success.

Made Him Homesick.

When the first Turkish minister, Mele Mele, came to Washington, a grand ball was planned in his honor. Hundreds of invitations were sent out, and nearly everybody who received one came, for there was much curiosity to see the important Turk in his native dress. Particularly were persons anxious to examine the splendid dress turban which had been described and talked about, made, as it was, of plaster of paris, yet looking like the finest muslin. When the evening arrived, Mele Mele seemed to be the only one who was not having a good time. He stood looking as if he did not know that everybody was admiring him and altogether was very much bored till suddenly he caught a glimpse of a big negro woman who was assisting in serving the supper. Instantly he rushed up to her and, throwing his arms about her neck, gave her a good kiss, explaining that he could not help it, she reminded him so much of his best and most expensive wife, and while the company thought it a very odd thing to do, everybody could understand that he was a homesick man and nobody minded it in the least.

The Broken Wire.

Have you never wondered how when a wire is broken or damaged between two distant cities the operator, sitting in his office, can tell exactly where the accident has occurred?

The explanation is very simple. It requires force to send electricity through a wire. The longer the wire is the greater is the force required. This force is measured, but instead of calling it pounds, as in measuring the pressure in a boiler, electricians call the units of electrical force "ohms."

Suppose a wire between two offices is 150 miles long, and that on a stormy night it gets broken somewhere. The telegraphist knows that when the wire was sound it took just 2,100 ohms to send a current through, or 14 ohms per mile. He now finds that he can send a current with only 700 ohms. He divides 700 by 14, and finds that the break in the wire is fifty miles from his end.

THE FRIGATE BIRD.

It Has the Greatest Wing Power of Any Flying Animal.

It has been demonstrated that the wing area of different flying creatures varies from about forty-nine square feet per pound of weight in the gnat and five square feet in the swallow to half a square foot per pound of weight in the Australian crane. The frigate bird has the most wonderful wing power of any of the flying animals, being able to cut the air at the rate of 100 miles an hour and live continually on the wing day and night for a week or ten days. Ornithologists of note even give it as their opinion that a healthy individual of this species would be equal to the task of making a trip around the world without once closing its wings in rest. It is also claimed that some species can remain motionless in the air for hours without flapping their wings. That they can exert three times the horsepower per pound of weight that a man can and about the same amount more than a horse. It is, without question, a fact that birds in general can exert physical energy that is without parallel in nature. It is generally supposed that birds are lighter, bulk for bulk, than other animals, but repeated experiments have proved that there are no grounds upon which to base such an opinion.

HOSPITABLE FOLKS.

One Never Beholds a Small Dining Table In Brazil.

The Brazilians are a most hospitable people. Although they have large families, they take in all their stray, unfortunate relatives. It is not unusual to find households of twenty-four persons or more. Ofttimes the host and hostess have no children, and the family is made up of sisters and cousins and relatives-in-law. One never sees a small dining table in Brazil. It is always a very long board in a very large room. When it is not to be all occupied the cloth is spread only at one end. No effort is made at artistic effects. Rigid rules for table deportment are not observed. You will not gain the frowning enmity of your hostess if you splash her table linen with wine. If she notices it at all she will think good naturedly that these things cannot be helped.

Bread comes by the yard to eat with coffee in the morning. The midday breakfast is begun with salad and ends with guayaba jelly, cheese and a delicious little cup of black coffee.

Dinner is a repetition of breakfast in dishes and in order of serving, excepting that soup is substituted for salad at the beginning and more desserts are offered.

THE TOOTHBRUSH TREE.

An Accommodating Little Plant That Grows Only In Jamaica.

The toothbrush was brown, brown alike in handle and bristles, and its shape was uncouth.

"It is a homemade article," said its owner. "It grew on a little tree, a toothbrush tree. They have a toothbrush tree in Jamaica. As we go out and pluck a peach or a pear, so the Jamaican goes out and plucks a toothbrush.

"Literally, of course, he doesn't pluck a toothbrush. He cuts off a twig and ravels out one end into bristles. The wood, you see, is somewhat saponaceous, like slippery elm, and it has an aromatic flavor like dentifrice. It makes a toothbrush of good quality.

"The bark of this singular tree is often ground into tooth powder. Here is a box of the ground bark. It smells good, doesn't it? Though it makes no lather, it keeps the teeth very white.

"Jamaica is undoubtedly the only country in the world where you can go out and pluck not only your toothbrush, but your dentifrice, from a tree."—Chicago Chronicle.

Buried In Wax.

King Edward I. of England died July 7, 1307, and 400 years later the English Society of Antiquarians opened his tomb in order to find out if he really had been buried in wax, as the legend ran. The chronicler of the time remarks, "To their great astonishment, they found the royal corpse to appear as represented by the historian." Although "the skull appeared bare, the face and hands seemed perfectly entire." The king was found to be six feet two inches in length, thus fully justifying his nickname of Longshanks.

Wanted Her Money's Worth.

Mme. Parvenu—Can I get you and your orchestra to play at my soiree next Thursday night?

Orchestra Leader—Certainly.

Mme. Parvenu—Well, you may consider yourself engaged. But I want to make arrangements to hire you by the piece. Do you understand? The last time I engaged you by the hour, and your men took advantage of it and played slow, soft things most of the time.

A Raft at Sea.

Mrs. Chugwater—This paper says the passengers escaped on a raft. How could they make a raft at sea? Mr. Chugwater—They could use the ship's log, couldn't they? Why don't you use your own reasoning faculties once in awhile?—Chicago Tribune.

Wheat and Oats.

While the millionaire is making money in wheat his son is often blowing it on wild oats.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

An irritable man has, like a hedgehog, rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.—Hood.

Incarnate Umbrellas.

We English, of course, get what we call hardened to horrible climatic changes. Nevertheless I am convinced that our solemnity of demeanor is generated by our gray skies, our piercing east winds, our heavy, yellow fogs and our slushy roads and pavements. The waterproof face is the direct result of a firmament of lead. Many of us English people look like incarnate umbrellas.—London Queen.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 1, 1905.

PEACE.

The Japanese and Russian Peace Envoys came to an agreement at Kittery Navy Yard on Tuesday noon, August 29, 1905, and declared peace between the two nations. The sudden settlement of the questions in controversy was a surprise to the whole world.

It was the result of a splendid diplomatic coup by the Japan plenipotentaries which knocked M. Witte and his associates off their base. They were not looking for it.

The success of the peace negotiations and a happy termination of the great Eastern war, was due wholly to the efforts of President Roosevelt, and all the nations of the earth are praising him for it. It places him at the head and front of national rulers, and the United States first among the governments. He did a magnificent work—a work that no other man in any country could have performed.

In the settlement Japan got all she went to war for, and more, and Russia escaped further loss of lives, money, prestige and humiliation.

M. Witte, at first, claimed the settlement as a diplomatic victory for Russia, but failed to establish the claim; the public saw that Japan won the game; and a place among the great powers of the world. Russia has lost her place as a firstclass military and naval power; she was beaten in every land battle, and her navy annihilated.

The whole civilized world, except Russia, are honoring Japan for the magnanimity shown to her foe; her fairness, honest deal, sincere efforts for peace, and modesty with which she accepts the great prizes won in the peace negotiations.

☞ The Woburn Brass Band, Thos. H. Marrinan, Leader, arrived at Boston by boat from the Kennebec last Sunday morning at the close of one of the most enjoyable excursions they have ever made. They were engaged by the Charles Russell Lowell G. A. R Post, 7, of Boston, to furnish music for their visit to the cities of the lower Kennebec and left here at noon on Tuesday, Aug. 22, and Boston the same evening by steamer to Bath. The Post and Band were royally welcomed and entertained by the large hearted Down Easters and on their return Leader Marrinan and his accomplished musicians said it was the best time of their lives. Concerning our Band the *Kennebec Journal* of Aug. 25, said: "The Band is under the leadership of Capt. Thomas Marrinan, and is one of the finest organizations of the kind that has ever visited Gardiner, ranking with Reeves's American Band of Providence which played here during the Centennial celebration." An elaborate daily programme for the entertainment of the Boston visitors was laid out which included land and water excursions, banquets, concerts, etc., in all which our Band played conspicuous parts, and were the recipients of marked courtesies and compliments. The Band boys said it was a grand time from start to finish, and they never enjoyed anything more heartily in their lives.

☞ Our esteemed neighbor, the *News*, includes in its list of candidates for the Legislature ex-Ald. W. Frank Maguire, Lawyer, but fears that gentleman might refuse the Democratic nomination. Being a young man of sound common sense and not ambitious for political or official honors, it is fair to presume that the offer of a nomination for the House would have no charms for him, and that one would be promptly declined. He would make a good Representative, as he made a good Alderman, and would do credit to our city and the District; no doubt of that; but it is quite safe to say that Squire Frank Maguire will not be a candidate for the Legislature this fall; not if he knows himself, and he thinks he does.

☞ Speaking approvingly of the candidacy of Frank Bayrd, publisher of the Malden *News*, a staunch Republican organ, for the House of Representatives, an esteemed contemporary says:

It may not be amiss now to remind the voters that last fall Mr. Bayrd gave about the best evidence of party loyalty a man could display when he refused Douglas advertising for his papers. There are few rank and file Republicans who can show evidence of equal devotion.

There is too much truth in that last sentence. But no consistant Republican paper will ever print Democratic campaign literature for love or money.

☞ Some of the cheap Democratic politicians of Boston are trying to get Governor Douglas to take another nomination. After his flat and final refusal to run again they must think him a curious specimen of humanity to give an encouraging ear to their talk. He knows, as everybody else does, that he would stand no sort of a show in a campaign against Curtis Guild. And, then again, he don't care to put another $60,000 into advertising the "Douglas Shoe" this year.

☞ Judging from surface indications there is a lull in the Attorney General campaign. Two weeks ago things were hot, but they seem to have cooled off considerably of late. Some of the political wiseacres claim that the nomination lies between Champlin and Malone, but Sanderson's friends, who are numerous and active, are far from being prepared to admit this; in fact, they tell us that his chances are good and growing better every day.

☞ *Practical Politics* sees nothing at present but defeat for Canadian Reciprocity and sore disappointment for the Whitney-Foss combine who are engineering it. It closes a review of the Reciprocity situation and prospects thusly: "Just now they seem headed for a fizzle, and nothing else."

Attacked By a Mob

and beaten, in a labor riot, until covered with sores, a Chicago street car conductor applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was soon sound and well. "I use it in my family," writes G. J. Welch, of Tekonsha, Mich., "and find it perfect." Simply great for cuts and burns. Only 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Annie S. Lewis—Piano.
Maud Littlefield—Violin.
Hammond & Son Co.—Hats.
F. P. Shumway Co.—Smith & Pat.
Woburn National Bank—Statement.
Royal Baking Powder Co.—Baking Powder.

— Another fine rain visited here last Monday night.

— The schools of this city are to resume work on Sept. 11.

— Capt. John E. Tidd and wife have got back from their summer outing.

— This county (Middlesex) has a population of 499,217, a gain of 108,721.

— The trees in this city were never before so full of moth nests as they are now.

— Chief of Police McDermott is taking his vacation in the White Mountains.

— Members of the Holly Club will celebrate Labor Day at Hampton Beach.

—Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— There was another reviving rain last Wednesday evening with thunder that shook the earth.

— Water Commissioner Hayward and wife visited Mrs. H's old home at Milford, N. H., a few days ago.

— A great crowd of Woburn people attended the Woburn Brass Band concert at Reading the other evening.

— Mr. E. Prior, the real estate dealer, has returned from a week's visit at Duxbury, his native town.

— If Woburn does not make a high way appropriation its streets will be on the road to ruin.—*Boston Herald.* Sure!

— After a pleasant month's visit with his daughter at Springfield, Mr. Walter Widgery has returned to his home in this city.

— There is talk of giving the champion U. S. Rifleman, James Durward, Jr., a grand public reception on his return.

— Mr. Fred A. Flint is at home and ready for a big fall business at his store. As usual, he enjoyed his stay at Camden, Maine.

— It will take Capt. Ellis and his men about a week longer to finish his new schoolhouse job, and when completed it will be a fine one.

— The picture of "Jim" Durward, the boss rifleman in the United States, and his splendid trophy appears in all the papers. He is hero of the hour.

— Woburn ought to have gained 2000 population in the last 5 years, but the small increase is better than the large shrinkage many people feared.

— Mr. Fred Stanley of the firm of Fitz & Stanley, proprietors of the popular and prosperous old Boston Branch grocery, and wife are at Intervale, N. H.

— The Young People's Society of the Swedish Lutheran church are to give a lawn party at the residence of the pastor, Rev. G. Sigfrid Swenson tomorrow evening.

— This city ought to have a new Directory. The last one was published in 1901, and has become nearly useless. Winchester is having a fresh one, and Woburn should follow suit.

— For several hours last Sunday the residents of Church avenue were without water, the main on that thoroughfare having been ruptured by lightning during the shower that morning.

— The thunder storm last Sunday morning was followed by a cold uncomfortable day, and brisk coal fires were in demand. This season's weather has been queer, to say the least.

— Miss Dorothy Adela Knapp of Pleasant street, who graduated from the High School last June, is to enter Burdett's Boston Business College at the commencement of its next term.

— The Freeman & Co. machine plant on Main street has not been sold, as reported by some of the local papers. The proprietors would, however, accept a good offer for it.

— Mr. Andrew R. Linscott will continue to fill the office of Principal of Rumford school, as he has done so ably and satisfactorily for many years. He is a teacher worth having, and his good work is appreciated.

— Major A. Bancroft, who had been laid up for repairs of injuries received from a fall, resumed business last Monday and is all right again. The Major says he is bound to die in the harness, come what may.

— Next Monday is Labor Day and a legal holiday in this State. We have heard of no programme for celebrating it here, but in Boston there is to be a great parade, in which probably many people will participate.

— Officers Austin G. French and Philip McKenna are out on vacation. Both are veterans on the force and good faithful officers. Lieut. Thomas Mulkeen is boss of headquarters during the absence of Chief McDermott.

— Mr. D. J. McDonald, ticket vender and telegrapher at the Centre B. & M. Station, resumed work at his office there last Monday morning after a month's visit in the Maritime Provinces, which he greatly enjoyed.

— Mr. Sylvester Call of North Woburn, who has been employed on the Woburn street railway 28 years, and is the oldest employee of the present Company, and wife leave here for Newport, N. H., tomorrow for a vacation.

— Maude Littlefield's professional card appears in this paper. "Good wine needs no bush," and Maude, the leading violinist and instructor, needs no bolstering by the press. She and her work is favorably known in all this section of country.

— J. Henry McMahon of 84 Salem street, printer, and family are taking their vacation outing in Maine. Henry is foreman of the composingrooms of the Boston *American* and is a skilled typist, having learned the art at the JOURNAL office some years ago.

— It is reported on fairly good authority that ex-Representative Henry M. Aldrich and family are at Southport on the Maine Coast. By the way, the Democrats talk of running Mr. Aldrich for the Legislature again this fall.

— Div. 3, A. O. H., will hold their their thirty-fifth annual picnic at Hiawatha Grove Labor Day.

— The Hammond & Son Co. have a notice in this issue of the JOURNAL which is worthy of careful consideration.

— John Tierney, formerly of this city, was struck by an electric car at Peabody last Monday, but was not seriously injured.

— Please take particular notice of what the Linnell market has to say this week. It is one of the best and most popular markets in the city.

— Miss Anna Tay held the "Lucky Soda Check" last week and was the recipient of the beautiful 2-pound box of Apollo Chocolates from Robbins Drug Co.

— The Woburn Brass Band will hold their promenade concert and dance at the Auditorium tonight after the concert on the Common, which will last till 9.30.

— Portsmouth gave the Peace Envoys a good sized earthquake as a parting salute last Wednesday night. New Hampshire people never do things by the halves.

— We thank Bandmaster Marrinan, clarinetist John C. Andrews, and others, for Kennebec papers containing glowing accounts of the visit of our Band and Boston G. A. R. Post there last week.

— Business in the leather factories continues dull. Begg & Cobb are turning out a great deal of leather here and at their out-State factories; but their big establishment near Cross street is about the only one that shows much life. A turn of tide will come pretty soon.

— John F. Peterson of the Boston Branch—"Our John"—and wife returned early this week from a pleasant visit to Gardiner, Maine, the former home of the wife. They "enjoyed every minute" of the time spent by them on the Kennebec.

— The Boston & Maine Hudson River and New York City excursion train will leave Boston on Oct. 5, the fare for the round trip being only $5. It is a charming one—through Hoosac Tunnel, and Berkshire Hills, down the Hudson, and on Long Island Sound—it is all right.

— The weekly report, ending Aug. 28, of the N. E. Section of the U. S. Climate and Crop Service said: "the condition of the crops at the present writing is similar to that obtaining a week ago, no decided change having taken place, and, as a rule, seasonable progress was made."

— Doris Leonora Greenleaf, the 2-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace C. Greenleaf of North Woburn, has 4 greatgrandmothers and a greatgrandfather, and in this respect beats the record. Although these grandparents are the best of people, little Doris isn't boasting a great deal of the relationship.

— Mr. Myron A. Day arrived here last Monday from his present residence at Dawson, Alaska, which has been his business headquarters for several years past. This is his first visit "back East" in nine years, during which period his personal appearance has undergone some changes. He is looking fine, and is the same "Bert" who left Woburn so long ago.

— Mrs. Lewis and son, who have a card in this paper, have spent the last two years abroad. In Leipzig Mrs. Lewis had classes of American and English music students, and Mr. Lewis was organist and choirmaster of the English church. Mrs. Lewis has recently investigated methods of pianoforte instruction used by leading teachers in Boston, New York, Leipzig and Berlin.

— Next Tuesday will witness the end of dogdays for this year. During the present reign of Sirius uncommon and severe meteorological extremes have been experienced, much more so than take place in any season, the heat and humidity having been excessive at several periods for days at a stretch, each spell being followed by extreme cold for July and August. At the best, weather in dogdays is an uncertain quantity; but it has distanced all competitors this year.

— The Boston & Maine Railroad Company's early September excursion to Lake Winnipesaukee and neighboring charming scenes will come off tomorrow, Sept. 2. Tickets for the round trip, including a splendid sail on the Lake, from Boston are only $2. No one-day trip from the Hub can begin to compare with this to the romantic Lake region of New Hampshire, and it goes without saying that not a few Woburn people, who love the beautiful in rural nature, will take advantage of the cheap fare offered by the B. & M. to fall in and enjoy this opportunity for a delightful outing.

— The number of men employed on the streets of Woburn reminds one of the time when the Navy Yard at Charlestown used to be "salted" each year just before election. But there is this difference in the case of Woburn, that while the men employed in the Navy Yard were discharged after an election, those in our adjoining city are kept on the pay rolls because no one apparently had the courage to discharge them because of a fear of political consequences. What excellent streets there must be in Woburn with 208 men engaged in looking after them! Contrast these conditions with those in Winchester.—*Winchester Star.*

— The local Christian Scientist church has secured new and pleasant quarters, a suite of three rooms on the third floor of the Five Cents Savings Bank Building, formerly occupied by the Y. M. C. A. These rooms have been thoroughly renovated, and are agreeable and commodious. Rooom 13 is Christian Science Hall, seating easily one hundred. Room 15—formerly the Y. M. C. A. parlor—is fitted up for a readingroom. This is freely open to the public every weekday afternoon from 2 to 4 o'clock. Here may be found Christian Science literature and the denominational publications—the Christian Science *Journal* and *Sentinel* —for perusal or for purchase. Room 14 is the former office room. New floors have been laid, ceilings calsomined, woodwork refinished, fixtures reburnished, and walls finished in green, at a cost of several hundred dollars.

— Mr. J. W. Johnson's family returned on Thursday from Falmouth where they have passed the summer.

— Mrs. Lucy Gott and family returned Saturday from their summer home in Maine, bringing with her little Alice Bulfinch.

— Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Pierce of the West Side and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pierce of Bedford took a day's outing at Revere Beach on Wednesday.

— Chairman Reade of the Board of Public Works ordered Commissioner of Highways Kelley to discharge nearly all of the highway laborers at once, and if the Commissioner don't obey the order he'll get another suspension of 10 days. Nobody regrets the necessity of discharging the men more keenly than Mayor Reade, but the foolish conduct of the City Council in refusing money to carry on the highway work compels him to order them out. The work can't be done without money. The laborers are beginning to see that it is not the Mayor, but the Council who are depriving them of the privilege of earning wages, on the streets to support themselves and families.

— Unfortunately for those people who were anxious to see the solar eclipse and nimbly jumped out of bed at 5 a. m. last Wednesday to be ready to gratify their curiosity at 5.38, and thence on to 7 37 a. m., which hours measured the duration of the show, the heavens were covered with thick clouds, and the exhibition was almost a total failure in this city. There was widespread and profound dissatisfaction with the whole thing. Only for a couple of seconds, or so, at one stage of the game, was the moon discovered doing her part in the exhibition; then the clouds came sailing on again; and then the people returned to their beds thoroughly disgusted—or some of them did.

— Always at this season of the year the Boston & Maine Railroad Company pay especial attention to White Mountains travel. This is the season of the year when the great rush for the Granite Hills, the Switzerland of America, sets in most strenuously and the Company are obliged to do their level best to meet and take care of it. But the B & M. System is equal to the emergency. Its lines reach all the "beauty spots" in Northern New England, whether at seaside or in the mountains, and every attention and accommodation that any reasonable heart could wish is provided by the managers and employees on the numerous routes. Autumn in the White Mountains region is great. It is then that its grandeur and beauties are best seen and most keenly appreciated; when the air is most invigorating; the forests are clothed in brilliant hues; and the wild, rugged landscape possess their greatest charms. Everybody, who can do so, goes to the Mountains at this season of the year.

— After a faithful and highly efficient service of two years as Superintendent of the Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railroad Mr. George H. Gray has been called back to Chelsea to fill a similar position in that Division. The people of Woburn and all along the line regret this change, for Supt. Gray, by his good official work, his interest in it and the territory through which his road runs, and his uniform courtesy and fair treatment of the public, has won exceptional popularity, and the people, without a dissenting voice are loath to have him quit here. He is a thoroughgoing street railroad man, and his ability and faithfulness as a Division manager are well known and appreciated by the Company. To this knowledge and confidence in him is due his promotion to a wider field of work and responsibility. It is a case of going back home with Supt. Gray, for it was in Chelsea that he began his career of railroading and the scene of his progress upward to higher and more important posts. During his residence of two years in this city he has made many good friends among all classes of citizens, and the regret at his leavetaking is general and sincere.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

On Monday, with the opening of the season at the Castle Square Theatre, Mr. John Craig returns to the position of leading man which he so ably filled for several seasons. During his absence from Boston, Mr. Craig has acted leading parts in several important companies, but notwithstanding his success elsewhere, he is glad to come back to his Boston friends. The Castle Square stock company, with Mr. Craig as its leading man and Miss Lillian Kemble as its leading lady, will be larger and stronger than ever before, and there is no doubt that the long list of notable plays selected for production each week will receive adequate presentation. The play for the opening week of the season, which begins with a special holiday matinee on Labor Day, will be "Old Heidelberg," a comedy of German student life. "Old Heidelberg" has been played in many countries and in many languages, but except for its two weeks presentation by Mr. Mansfield, it has never before been given in Boston. In fact, the performances at the Castle Square Theatre will be the first in Boston by a stock company at popular prices. The role of Karl Heinrich will be played by Mr. Craig, whose fine presence and personality fit him admirably for that romantic character. During the week of September 11, Henry V. Esmond's comedy, "Imprudence," will be produced.

Like Finding Money.

Finding health is like finding money—so think those who are sick. When you have a cough, cold, sore throat, or chest irritation, better act promptly like W. C. Barber, of Sandy Level, Va. He says: "I had a terrible chest trouble, caused by smoke and coal dust on my lungs; but, after finding no relief in other remedies, I was cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds." Greatest sale of any cough or lung medicine in the world. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; 50c and $1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

A Remarkable Success.

The advance of *The Boston Journal* in the past year has been noted by everybody as a most remarkable growth. Where the paper last year was selling about 40,000 copies a day, it is now selling over 64,000 copies, showing a growth of over 50 per cent.

As these figures represent the actual net cash sale to readers—*The Journal* not allowing any returns—they are very significant. They show a strong, reliable, steady growth.

One of the most interesting new features of *The Boston Journal* is the establishment of a shopping bureau—an idea absolutely unique in newspaper work anywhere. This was devised to assist *Journal* readers in buying goods from *Journal* advertisers when, from bad weather, sickness or other hindrance, the reader could not come to Boston to shop. It has proved a great success, helping hundreds of readers everywhere.

The work is done by *The Journal* entirely without charge of any kind, purely as a matter of assistance to its readers in taking advantage of the offers made by *Journal* advertisers.

CHAMPION DURWARD.

HE WINS FIRST PRIZE.

A SPLENDID VICTORY FOR THE WOBURN MAN.

The following dispatch was read last Tuesday morning with intense interest and pride by the people of Woburn; Company G, 5th Regiment; the State of Massachusetts; and New England;

SEA GIRT, N. J. Aug. 28—Massachusetts has drawn first blood at the National Rifle competition here. Private James Durward Jr. of Co. G, 5th Infantry, whose home is in Woburn, made the best grand aggregate score in the individual competition and also won the gold medal and $20 for the highest score in the two skirmish runs. It was a magnificent victory and tonight not only are the Massachusetts marksmen celebrating the victory but the teams from the whole of New England are painting the camp red. All the teams came over to the Massachusetts men's quarters to congratulate the winner and Col. Charles Cole Jr., who wears a smile that will never come off.

When it is considered that private Durward has wrested this prize from 657 of the picked shots of the U. S. Army and Navy, teams from West Point, Annapolis and every part of the United States and her possessions, it is indeed a great honor, and it is a just reward for one of the most painstaking members of the National Guard.

Durward's prize was not won by a fluke, but by steady shooting at all the ranges. His totals at the various ranges was: At 200, 300, 500 and 600 yards, slow fire, 176; at 200 and 500 yards, rapid fire, 80; two skirmishing runs, 174, making a grand total at all ranges of 430, out of a possible 500. Durward won by reason of his extraordinary work in the skirmish runs. He made 83 on one run and 91 on the other, each out of a possible 100.

Judging by the number of congratulations received by the winner from all the teams of the field, the success of the Massachusetts man is a popular one, hundreds gathering around the quarters until taps were sounded.

In the second run private Durward drew target 1, and as he was only two points behind the leader every pair of glasses was leveled on his target. It was predicted when his last shot was fired that he had made a magnificent score, but few dreamed that he had piled up 91 out of a possible 100.

It was late when the scores were given out and the executive officers were surrounded until the winner was announced, when there was a rush for the Massachusetts quarters to congratulate Durward.

Private Durward, today's Prize Winner, was born in Woburn, was educated in the public schools of that town, and ever since he was able to carry a gun he has been in the Militia, he having served in both Co. A, 6th Infantry, of Wakefield, and later with Co. G. He has spent all his spare moments at the Walnut Hill Range, where he first learned to shoot, and has always taken a great interest in rifle practice. He is a royal good fellow and is very popular with both officers and men.

The individual prize is a beautiful gold medal and $60, making two gold medals and $80 to his credit, and the boys tell him there is more coming.

We were not at all surprised at the splendid victory won by James Durward, Jr., of this city, at the National shootingmatch at Seagirt, for when the Colonel selected him as one of his contesting team we said to ourself, "Jim will win." It was a magnificent triumph of keen eye and steady nerve, and Woburn and its Company G, and the 5th Regiment, and the State, are proud of his brilliant achievement with the rifle.

The real magnitude of Durward's victory can be fully realized only when the fact is considered that he had to meet picked riflemen from all the States in the Union, from the U. S. Army, Navy, West Point, Annapolis, etc. The masterly feat he accomplished is the talk of sharpshooters all over the country.

Were Durward like most men he would feel "stuck up" over his victory, and not to blame either; but he isn't built that way. He has won many trophies with the rifle before this, but nobody ever heard him bragging over them.

Truly, Woburn and Company G are exceedingly proud that one of their citizens and members achieved such widespread fame at the National shootingmatch—a reputation which he earned and is richly entitled to.

Tax Rates.

The tax rates in town in this vicinity have reached a size which occasions comment. Our own town with an even $20.00 rate has little occasion for congratulation.

Rockland's rate of $23.28 is the high liner so far shown by the *Chronicle's* exchanges.

Medford has the highest in its history $21.40.

Wakefield remains the same as last year although a gain in valuation shows. In a decreased valuation for personal the town is going with the tide, but real estate shows a decided improvement.

Braintree groans under $22.60, an increase of $3.00 over 1904. One cause for this is the increased State, County and Metropolitan taxes.

Other towns: Arlington $20.00, North Reading $17.00, Lexington $20.40, Lynnfield $15.00, Melrose $18.00, Saugus $19.00, Stoneham $22.00, Wilmington $17.40, Woburn $19.00. With the single exception of the last named the rate has increased over the previous year.—*Reading Chronicle.*

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR

CLOTHES

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises
Newest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter

Suits, $16 to $50
Overcoats, $20 to $50

MEN'S AND BOYS'
HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET
BOSTON

City Council.

At a special meeting held by the Council on last Monday evening, Aug. 28, the requests of the Board of Public Works for $10,000 to be expended on the highways; and also for $22,000, with which to finish the High School building; were received and placed on file, meaning that they were tabled The rejection of the request for $10,000 places the Council on the defensive.

Two weeks ago, on the suspension for 10 days of Highway Commissioner Kelley from that office by Mayor Reade, Chairman of the Board of Public Works, Supt. Martin was ordered by the Chairman to discharge 100 laborers from the street force, which was done. This raised a tremendous howl against the Mayor, in which the City Council joined with vigor. The Mayor demonstrated very clearly that it was impossible to go on with the much needed highway work unless the Council should come to the rescue and furnish the money, the request for which that body received and acted on last Monday evening.

Ald. Feeney, who is rapidly plucking the bays from the brow of Ald. Connolly, who has, up to within a recent period, proudly worn them in recognition of his masterly forensic displays at the meetings of the Board, in an eloquent and impassioned speech, claimed that the meeting of the Board of Public Works at which the above requests were voted was an illegal one because of the forcible exclusion of Com. Kelley from its deliberations and actions by reason of his suspension. Ald. Feeney freely admitted that City Solicitor Norris had given an opinion sustaining its legality, but vehemently added:

"I know that the City Solicitor says it was legal; but no member of this Council, I think, takes him seriously."

Now the blame for the discharge of the 100 workmen from the highways is shifted from Mayor Reade and the Board of Public Works to the City Council, and they must take the consequences. They were not at all shrewd, if it was their purpose, as it undoubtedly was, to get ahead of Mayor Reade. By voting the $10,000 they could have made themselves solid with the workmen, taken the wind out of the Mayor's sails, and secured the entire vote of the highwaymen at the next city election. But in trying to beat Reade they overshot the mark, and the workmen will place the blame for their enforced idleness, and are now placing it, just where it belongs—at the door of the Council.

Peter Carlson and Frank H. Neven were drawn as jurymen.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

"First in Health."

MR. EDITOR: A few days ago I received a communication relative to a business matter from Mr. C. E. Smith, the Real Estate man of Woburn, and on one corner of his letter I observed the words that stand at the head of this article—"First in Health." They attracted my attention and I read them carefully. Following that statement I read: "Woburn holds highest position of Massachusetts in freedom from contagious diseases." This sentence was made from a report of the Board of Health and it seems to me Mr. Smith is doing our city good service in giving it publicity.

Freedom from contagious diseases is an indication of good sanitary conditions and water. There is no doubt that we have both, and many other strong points in favor of Woburn as a residential city. It is a clergyman's privilege to travel a good deal, and to move fully as often as he wishes, and sometimes oftener. In my pastorate I have had that privilege, and after one year of sojourn in Woburn I feel that this pretty city, nestling among the hills, and hugging close to the great heart of Boston, should be better known. I have no doubt that the population now quite respectable, could be easily doubled in numbers. With our present facilities for travel, both by steam and trolley, Boston is within easy distance Men can live here in comfortable and pleasant surroundings and do business in Boston.

A more cordial people no one need desire to dwell among. There are, without doubt, more Woburn sons settled at home than in any other city of its size in the Union. Here we find ministers, doctors, lawyers, and all respectable professions, occupied by men and women who belong to Woburn. This is a city justly proud of its own sons and daughters. Then while Woburn is near to Boston it is not too near for its own growth.

The stores are well supplied with everything needful. At furniture, clothing, drug, grocery stores, physical needs are attended to in first-class order. The literary and spiritual also come in for full consideration. The Public Library is a gem of a building, and a credit to the city. It is also well filled with the latest and oldest in books. A well qualified management, and a patient and polite service, complete the place. The churches are ample in size and comfortable in appointment with an excellent staff of clergy to minister in things spiritual. Too much cannot be said in praise of the Public School system with its elaborate plans for improvement at the present time. Business opportunities are as numerous here as anywhere else and there is a good opening for capitalists to invest money in modern dwellings which would bring in fair rentals.

It seems to me we need a Woburn Improvement Association formed to take up and push forward the claims of the city.

W. J. STEWART.

President Sullivan.

In its issue of August 26, *Practical Politics* printed a long and interesting article on the business career of Mr. Patrick A. Sullivan, President of the Massachusetts Electrics Company, one of whose properties is the Boston & Northern Street Railway, of which the Woburn Division is a part. This fact added interest to the sketch, which closed in these words:

Mr Sullivan has never forgotten his own struggles in life and takes the deepest interest in young men. He believes in young men and contends that there is today as good a chance for them to attain success in the world as there was before the era of trusts and business combinations. Large corporations, he says, in their own interests, are always ready and looking for competent young men who will devote themselves honestly and loyally to the work in hand. The young man with practical ideas can always find a ready market for his brains, he says. More than one young man who is now climbing the ladder owes his start to the kindheartedness of Mr. Sullivan, and if the young men don't disclose the fact the world will never know it.

The consensus of opinion is that no man in the State deserves success and praise more than the present head of the Massachusetts Electrics.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Need of a Revelation."
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., Japan in the Peace Conference.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: for Sept. 3: "Substance."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.30.
The Reading Room is open from 2 to 4 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 30, by Rev. Charles Hoff of the Redemptorist Order, Daniel J. Canty of Roxbury, and Mary Claffey of Woburn.

In Lexington, Aug. 27, by Rev. William J. Farrell, James H. Doherty of Woburn and Katherine Reardon of Lexington.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 17, Elizabeth Hyhdaburg, aged 6 months, 21 days.

In this city, Aug. 24, Ann E. Balfe, aged 57 years.

In this city, Aug. 25, Hedivig R. Mathson, aged 40 years, 2 months, 15 days.

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, August 25, 1905.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$358,190.20
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		4,717.19
Bonds, securities, etc.,		19,587.50
Due from approved reserve agents		32,226 51
Checks and other cash items		5,315.01
Notes of other National Banks,		2,560.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents,		279.72
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie,	17,863.55	
Legal tender notes	2,240.00	20,103.55
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation),		5,000.00
Total		$547,979.68

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$100,000.00
Surplus fund		20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		8,613.54
National Bank notes outstanding		100,000.00
Due to other National Banks,	12,981.61	
Due to State Banks and Bankers	$13,121.88	
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks,	16,539.97	
Individual deposits subject to check	262,294.54	
Demand certificates of deposit	14,428.14	319,366.14
Total		$547,979.68

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss.

I, G. A. DAY, Cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of August, 1905.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

JOHN W. JOHNSON,
JOHN M. HARLOW,
CHARLIE A. JONES,
Directors.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

MRS. ANNIE S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCYVAL LEWIS

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

For information, address temporarily

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

WOBURN

FINE JEWELRY

Our stock includes the most beautiful designs of the best manufacturers in the world.

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Cut Glass, Bric-a-Brac and Bronzes

SUPERIOR GOODS
MODERATE PRICES

SMITH PATTERSON Co.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL
52 SUMMER ST.
BOSTON

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick O'Riley and Ellen O'Riley his wife to the Woburn Co-operative Bank dated August 14th, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2986, Page 346, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on Saturday, the ninth day of September, A. D. 1905, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the westerly part of said Woburn, on Houghton street, containing thirty-nine thousand (39,000) square feet, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at a stone bound at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the westerly side line of said Houghton street and at land of one Grant; from thence the line runs a little east of south by and with said Houghton street about one hundred sixty-one and eight-tenths (161.8) feet to a stone bound; thence a little more east of south still by and with said Houghton street about one hundred fifty-six and one-tenth (156.1) feet to a stake at land of Jeremiah McMakin; thence westerly by and with said McMakin's land and land of Bacon and Colgate about one hundred forty-five and two-tenths (145.2) feet to land now or formerly of Mary Eaton; thence northwesterly on and by land last named about two hundred twenty and four-tenths (220.4) feet to land of said Grant; thence northeasterly on and by said land of Grant about one hundred ninety one and four-tenths (191.4) feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Ellen O'Riley by deed of Hannah A. P. Plympton et als., dated April 12th, 1894, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, May 7th, 1894.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
By John C. Buck, Treasurer.

Woburn, Mass., August 16, 1905.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George W. Hurd to George F. Holl, dated Feb. 1, 1904, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3081, Page 233, (and assigned by said Holl to Harlow H. Rogers), will be sold at public auction upon the premises, upon

Monday, the eleventh day of September, 1905,

at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Vernon street in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a point on said Vernon street distant, southerly from land now or formerly of Adna Page, measuring on said street 355 6-10 feet and running south four degrees and 58 minutes, east by said street 60 feet; thence at right angles, westerly by land now or late of Mary F. Foster, 100 feet; thence northerly by other land of said Foster 60 feet; thence easterly by other land of said Foster 100 feet, to the point of beginning; containing 6000 square feet.

$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

HARLOW H. ROGERS.
Assignee of said mortgage.

CHOICE CUTS FOR SUMMER

can't be had everywhere. The meat must be properly cured, well cooled, and cut by one who knows how.

OUR MARKET

does such a large business is why you can rely on choice cuts from us. We keep the best meats that market affords. A choice steak, chop or roast from us will make you feel like a lord. Prices reasonable. Try us.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 12-6

M. J. MULKEEN,

Notary Public
Justice of the Peace
— AND —
General Steamship Agent.

White Star Line, Cunard Line, American Line, Atlantic Transportation Line, Dominion Line, Holland American Line, Leyland Line, Red Star Line, Anchor Line, Allan Line.
Drafts at the lowest rates.
Pension Vouchers promptly and carefully executed

OFFICE: 480 Main Street.
RESIDENCE: 106 Pleasant Street.
WOBURN

HOT WEATHER DISINFECTING.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol
TRADE MARK
LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Is the most economical and effective household disinfectant, deodorant and cleaner.
At all dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c. and $1.00.
☞ Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.

NOTICE

Lodges, Societies, Clubs

You can charter one of the beautiful twin screw excursion steamers of the Lynn Steamboat Co. for a

MOONLIGHT EXCURSION

Entire Evening, $30.00

LYNN STEAMBOAT CO.,
WHARF
Market Street, Lynn, Mass.

Royal
Baking Powder
Absolutely
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Royal Baking Powder is indispensable to finest cookery and to the comfort and convenience of modern housekeeping. Royal Baking Powder makes hot breads, cakes and pastry wholesome. Perfectly leavens without fermentation. Qualities that are peculiar to it alone.

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ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

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CUT GLASS!

You can hardly go wrong in choosing something in Cut Glass for a wedding or anniversary present. And you certainly can't go wrong in coming here to purchase it. We have a beautiful assortment of the latest designs, including Water Bottles, Bowls, Bon Bon, Olive and Oil, from among which anyone can surely select a gift for the amount they wish to spend.

SIMMONS watch or lognette chains for graduation.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

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A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches a specialty.

DON'T FORGET

That the holder of the Lucky Soda Check gets the beautiful

2-pound Box of Apollo Chocolates

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The more desirable season for Candies is now approaching. Try a pound of Schraff's Butter Crackel. It so delicious.

We always carry in stock, fresh every week, a full line of APOLLO, QUALITY and LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES in dainty packages.

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Public Telephone. Free Messenger Service.

We save you money on all Drugstore Goods.

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That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box. EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

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If not, why not prepare to keep out next winter's cold?

You can save fuel too. Advice and estimates cost you nothing. Results guaranteed. Those at the head of the procession never have to wait. Telephone Woburn 246-6

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No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Sale of Unredeemed Real Estate by the City of Woburn.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, August 24, 1905.

In conformity with the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the public and all persons interested as former owners, or occupants of each of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, are hereby notified that said parcels have been conveyed according to law to said City of Woburn, for non-payment of taxes and assessments, and the time in which each of the estates might be redeemed by the owners thereof having expired, each of said parcels will be offered for sale in accordance with section 67 of Chapter 13 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room No. 3 Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 23d, 1905,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to the highest bidder for each of the several parcels a quit claim deed will be delivered. For further particulars reference is made to the Registry of Deeds, for the Southern District of the County of Middlesex, the volume and page numbers following the description of each parcel, indicating the record of the deed under which the said City of Woburn now holds title to the estate described.

The sums set against the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the taxes and assessments for the non-payment of which said estate was sold to the City of Woburn, together with the subsequent taxes and assessments, interest on the same, and all lawful costs and charges, but not including costs and charges incident to this sale. And none of the said estates will be sold for less than the amount set against the said estates, respectively.

ESTATE EDWIN R. MARDEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 8, Block 1, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 413. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. $18 23

ESTATE WILLIAM EVERHARD.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 21, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 408. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 23

ESTATE DELICIA A. BROWN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 31, Block 17, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 401. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 15

ESTATE ARTHUR MCDONALD.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 2 and 3, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 418. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 23

ESTATE JAMES A. HARRON.—About 5000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 28 and 29, Block 28, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 427. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 23

ESTATE JOSEPH P. MCKAY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 20, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 278. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 23

ESTATE FRANK W. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 14, Block 5, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 267. Amount due thereon for the taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE JOSEPH KOWALSKI.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 3, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2758, Page 276. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE CHARLES H. RILEY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 23, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2758, Page 293. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 00

ESTATE LODOVICO RUFFONI.—About 3570 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, Block 7, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 261. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE AUGUST WIBURG.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 34 and 35, Block 3, Section B, Shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 300. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE MARY MCGUIRE.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 43 and 44, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 274. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1899, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE JESSIE M. HUNT.—About 4,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 271. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE BERNARD SWEENEY.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 28, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 298. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 30 26

ESTATE BRIDGET SWEENEY.—About 3000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 21, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 295. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1093 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE DANIEL CLIGOTTE.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 21, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 263. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE HOWARD W. PITMAN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 24, Block 15, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 291. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 40

ESTATE ANNIE E. BANKS.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 36, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 341. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1901 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 40

ESTATE W. ARTHUR CALLEY.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 25 and 26, Block 46, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 345. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 21 80

ESTATE GEORGE C. LENTH.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 20, 21, 24 and 25, Block 21, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 365. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 87

ESTATE FREDERICK J. MANGLER.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 27, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2823, Page 371. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 00

ESTATE JENNIE G. MITTEN.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 4, 5, 6, Block 47, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 375. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE JOHN P. MURTHY.—About 5,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 379. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 11

ESTATE CHESTER M. PERRY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 12 Block 32, Section B, shown Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 381. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years, 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE CHESTER M. PERRY.—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 28 and 29, Block 33, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 383. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 16

ESTATE CHESTER M. PERRY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 27, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 385. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE ANNIE PIKE.—About 2,450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 34, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE COLLINGWOOD RYAN.—About 2100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 6, Block 30, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 393. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE LAURA SELDNER.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 395. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE Edna L. INGALLS.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 41 Block 21, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 357. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 80

ESTATE SALLY J. MAHONEY.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 15, 16 and 17, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Campany, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 369. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 21 80

ESTATE CHARLES T. CREAGH.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 10, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 347. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 26

ESTATE THOMAS F. MCANARNEY.—About 2,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 14, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 373. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 26

ESTATE MARION I. CALDER.—About 2500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 31, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2823, Page 343. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 26

ESTATE W. ARTHUR MIXER.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 38, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 377. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE ALBION RYAN.—About 2100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 7, Block 30, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 391. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE AUGUSTUS W. DOYLE.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 14, Block 8, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 349. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 34, Block 15, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 367. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 8 50

ESTATE JENNIE B. BELL.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being part of lot 36, Block 33, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 65. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 86

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Tenement To Let.

I have a desirable tenement to let in Buel's Block, Main street.

Rent and terms reasonable.

Apply to Mrs. W R PUTNAM, 60 Union St., Woburn.

Base Ball.

The Woburn Clerks will play a South End team Labor Day morning.

North Woburn has two games with Stoneham, Monday, one here in the afternoon.

At East Woburn, last Saturday, the East Ends were given the game in the sixth inning, over a dispute between the Border's and the umpire who called the game 9 to 0 in favor of East Woburn.

Are You Engaged?

Engaged people should remember, that, after marriage, many quarrels can be avoided, by keeping their digestions in good condition with Electric Bitters. S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "For years, my wife suffered intensely from dyspepsia, complicated with a torpid liver, until she lost her strength and vigor, and became a mere wreck of her former self. Then she tried Electric Bitters, which helped her at once, and finally made her entirely well. She is now strong and healthy." Robbins Drug Co., druggist, sells and guarantees them, at 50c a bottle.

WINCHESTER.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets are a sure cure for ague, billiousness, malaria, etc.

The Y. M. C. A. and its friends are wideawake. They are planning for the most successful year's work in their history.

Mr. Walter T. Berry, a young man eminently fitted for the office, has been secured as General Secretary of the Winchester Y. M. C. A.

The summer vacation school, which has been carried on under the auspices of the Fortnightly Club, closed a few days ago after a successful term.

It is feared that we are to have another colored church in this town. The two already in existence have had fighting enough to suit the people.

Work has been commenced on the extension of the Calumet Clubhouse. When completed the Club will have a headquarters of which they may be justly proud.

Many vacationists have returned to their homes here, and yet there's more to follow. They are all heading this way, and Sept. 2 will see the arrival of the rear guard.

Col. Nat. Richardson passed his 85th birthday on Aug 29. There was no general celebration of the event, as the Colonel's health is not good. He was affectionately remembered by many friends.

Mr. John Maxwell, the veteran leather manufacturer of this town, has returned from a lengthy sojourn among the mountains of Vermont, accompanied by his daughter Virginia. He has not yet fully recovered from an attack of grip some months ago, but is on the road to restored health.

Work of dredging the Abbajona river from Manchester Field, in Winchester, to the head of upper Mystic is progressing rapidly. A curious result of this work is that the water of the lake has been changed from a crystal blue to clayish color by the constant inflow of muddy water from the scene of the dredging operations above.—*Ex.*

Got Off Cheap.

He may well think, he has got off cheap, who, after having contracted constipation or indigestion, is still able to perfectly restore his health. Nothing will do this but Dr. King's New Life Pills. A quick, pleasant, and certain cure for headache, constipation, etc. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; guaranteed.

A Clever Ruse.

When Thurlow was lord chancellor of England he was much at outs with the bishop of London. The latter was visited one day by a clergyman who sought appointment to a fat living then vacant. He wanted a letter of recommendation to Lord Thurlow, but the bishop said such a letter was likely to do more harm than good. Nevertheless he wrote it. When Thurlow read the missive he said, "Well, as that scoundrel, the bishop of London, has introduced you, you won't get the living." "So the bishop said, my lord," was the meek reply. "Did the bishop say so?" roared Thurlow. "Then I'll prove him a liar, for you shall have the living." And he was as good as his word.

Good Both Ways.

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, whose speeches are often quoted, had the happy faculty of saying the right thing at all times.

On one occasion two young people whose fathers were famous for their diverse and peculiar views on Biblical subjects came to see the bishop.

"Ah," said he as he greeted one, "your father wrote a great work on the Apocalypse. I congratulate you on being the daughter of such a man."

Then, turning to his other guest, he said: "And your father forbore to write about the Apocalypse—a wise forbearance. You are to be congratulated on having so wise a father."

The Undesirable Simple Life.

Cheese and a cottage complicate life if your digestion is weak and your desire urban. So poverty is a less simple state than the possession of an income, because you are forced, if not into envy, the chief deficiency from simplicity, into struggle with unessential details, with the effort to get hold of something which is of no matter.—London Outlook.

A Theory.

"Why don't sailors say 'right' and 'left' instead of starboard and larboard?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose they'd hate to make things too easy for landlubbers."

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

Douglas Willing to Run For Governor Again.

BOOM PREPARED FOR HIM.

The political situation in Massachusetts has, in the last few days, assumed an entirely new phase. It is unquestionably true that the Democratic party has been in a dilemma as to its nominee for governor almost up to the present time. After the refusal of Governor Douglas to be a candidate for renomination, the leaders began to look about the state for a new candidate. Even then, however, some Democratic politicians like John R. Thayer of Worcester insisted that Mr. Douglas must reconsider his declination. Even when a committee from the state Democratic committee called upon him, and requested him to reconsider his decision, he answered that he could not do so; that his position had been taken on account of personal reasons, and that it was impossible to change it.

Now, however, it is quite evident that he is not only willing to accept a renomination, but that he is actually seeking it and encouraging the party leaders to still further urge him to run.

The Democrats see in him, no doubt, their only hope of success, and will be glad to give him the nomination. There is a feeling, however, among the state committee members and the party leaders that he ought to state openly and frankly if he wants the renomination, and that it is not for the state committee or the party again to urge him to accept it since they have already done so once, and received a flat refusal.

There is quite an under-current in the party against his renomination. There are unquestionably quite a number of Democrats who will not vote for him if he is nominated. Unquestionably the organization outside of Boston and a good many of the Democrats connected with the Boston machine will be very glad to have Mr. Douglas run. It is recognized that it takes money to run a campaign, and a great deal of it to run such a one as was conducted by Mr. Douglas last year. The city and town committees throughout the state will be very glad to take care of such sums as are sent to them for campaign purposes.

In the campaign last year Mr. Douglas and men in his employ contributed over $60,000 for campaign uses. No other man in the history of the commonwealth has ever paid so large a sum for the governorship. It is said that Governor Bates, when told of the amount of money contributed by Mr. Douglas for the election, said that he was afraid that a man poor in worldly goods would never again be elected governor of Massachusetts when the wealth of the candidate played so tremendous a part in the election.

Nevertheless it has become the custom in the Democratic party to look to the gubernatorial candidate for the funds with which to run the campaign. Not for several years has that party nominated a man in moderate circumstances or a man who had not wealth to recommend him. Governor Douglas contributed, through himself and his employes, practically the entire campaign fund last year, amounting to over $60,000. It is stated that Colonel William A. Gaston raised most of the large campaign funds of 1902 and 1903. In 1901, when Robert T. Paine, Jr., of Boston was the candidate, the amount of the campaign fund was not extremely large, nor was it so in 1900, when Josiah Quincy was the Democratic nominee. Mr. Paine, however, is a wealthy man and Mr. Quincy, while not personally wealthy at that time, was connected with many very wealthy people.

It is curious how the movement to bring Mr. Douglas into the field again was inaugurated. The first intimation came from Mr. Douglas' closest political friend, Colonel John J. Flaherty of Gloucester. The day after he had had a close and extended conference with the governor, Mr. Flaherty intimated that if sufficiently urged Mr. Douglas would consent to run. The private secretary of Governor Douglas then gave out a letter written way back last spring by Richard Olney, in which the latter expressed his regret at the decision of Governor Douglas not to run again, and hoping that he would reconsider it. It was so evidently a prearranged affair with the knowledge and consent of the governor himself that all the old political wiseacres smiled, nodded their heads, and suggested that after all it was evident that "Barkis is willing."

Nobody seems able to account for this sudden change of base on the part of the governor. Some question whether if he is thus variable and unstable, he may not at the last moment again change his mind, and decide to retire without a contest for another term.

The governor himself intimated that if a sufficient demand from the Democrats of the state can be aroused, he will consider the question of again standing as a candidate. The whole movement is so evidently the work of the publicity bureau at the state house that it is extremely amusing, to say the least.

It is understood that if Mr. Douglas accepts a renomination Congressman John R. Thayer of Worcester may be the candidate for lieutenant governor. Mr. Thayer has, according to reports, told his friends that he would run for second place if Douglas would again lead the ticket. As the leaders say that Mr. Douglas can have the nomination if he wants it, and as there is no doubt that he is angling for it with a so-called business men's indorsement, it is comparatively certain that the ticket will be Douglas and Thayer.

The Republican campaign will be practically opened on the 9th of September, when the Middlesex club will dine at Hotel Pemberton, Hull, and listen to United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who will there make his first address since his return from abroad. In his speech Mr. Lodge will take up and discuss all the issues of the campaign both state and national. This will undoubtedly be one of the most important speeches of the year, and set the pace for the campaign.

The lieutenant governorship contest on the Republican side is becoming very animated. Each of the candidates has been making visits to the different parts of the commonwealth, and meeting many of the most prominent party workers. The caucuses themselves will decide which candidate has worked most effectively.

The candidates for attorney general are all of them doing some lively hustling in anticipation of the primaries. With so many men in the field no one can tell what the issue of the convention will be. It is altogether improbable that there will be any choice of a candidate on the first ballot at the convention. The leading aspirants for the honor will all have a strong backing, and several ballots may be necessary to decide the result.

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MOZART AT THE OPERA.

An Uproar, an Ovation and the Correction of an Error.

Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went to the opera incognito to hear the performance of his "Villanella Rapita." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied till, in the midst of the principal arias, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp.

This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase and obscured the sentiment of the composer. Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently, and from the middle of the pit cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?"

The sensation produced in the theater may be imagined. The actors were astounded, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor suddenly subsided into a silence of respectful awe, which was soon succeeded by reiterated shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the superior effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

SCUTTLING A SHIP.

Laws Against This Crime Have Always Been Very Severe.

Scuttling may be defined as the art of cutting holes through a ship's hull, either for the purpose of keeping her steady, when stranded, by filling the hold with water and thus saving ship and cargo, or sinking her in order to obtain the money for which she is insured. It is the latter form of scuttling that we propose to deal with.

A shipmaster is monarch of all he surveys when remote from the land and no other sail above the boundary line of sea and sky; hence there would be little difficulty in his way should he propose to scuttle his ship, either to injure or to assist the owners thereof. For this reason the laws against scuttling have always been very severe all over the world. By an act of congress passed in 1804 it was enacted that "any person, not being an owner, who shall on the high seas willfully and corruptly cast away, burn or otherwise destroy any vessel unto which he belongeth, being the property of any citizen or citizens of the United States, or procure the same to be done, shall suffer death." English laws were similar. The last man executed in England for ship scuttling was Codling, hanged on Deal beach about 1804 for scuttling a vessel in the Downs in order to obtain the sum for which she was insured. Less drastic laws prevail now, and the gravity of such a case is met by penal servitude and the canceling of certificates should the offenders be shipmasters or officers.—London Standard.

Victor Hugo's Double.

Victor Hugo had a real double in flesh and blood who exploited his physical resemblance to the man of genius. He cut his beard like Hugo's, copied the master's dress in its smallest details and so for eighteen years divided with the master the admiration of the public. His especial delight was to pose in a poetical attitude in front of a Punch and Judy show. He did this at a particular spot every Thursday afternoon for years, thoroughly enjoying the murmurs of curiosity and applause proceeding from the gaping crowd which he deceived. We do not hear that he reaped any other reward but his pleasure.

A Race of Stalwarts.

The study of the improvement of the human race by selected breeding has in recent times been dignified by science. The glib argument is applied that, as we improve the race of race horses by selection of parents, we might produce similar effects by supervising human marriages. There are several fallacies in this reasoning. We are able to breed fast race horses because we want fast race horses, but the difficulty is that we do not know what ideal of man we should aim at.—London Medical Press.

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The Lady In the Case

By Virginia Leila Wentz

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"I think you'll have to retain your knife and fork for several other courses," said the Hon. Joseph Brewster in a matter of fact way. It was during a table d'hote dinner on a Rhine boat, and he addressed the stranger who at first glance shortly after they had steamed out of Cologne he had decided was a likable fellow.

"Yes, really?" answered the young man. "It's a bit difficult to be sure of one's etiquette on foreign shores."

"Oh, I felt sure you were an American!" cried the elder man delightedly. "And I spoke to you because I was rather homesick for the voice of one of my countrymen today"—

Just here there twanged from across the table the voice of a Chicago butcher:

"Like 'em to see I mean business." He winked to nobody in particular and to everybody in general as he poured into the hand of the surprised waiter, interrupted in his duties, a quantity of small change.

The likable stranger looked at Judge Brewster and murmured humorously as he caught the elder man's smile:

"Well, there's another one of our countrymen. One gets a bit ashamed of the species though—eh?"

They went on deck together shortly after they left Coblenz. The younger fellow, whose name was Gale, told stories of the Philippines, where he had been for five years. He had important business in Germany and had come home that way—for the United States was home to him. He had interesting tales of the Philippine Islands, of the great things that had been done during the American occupation and of the many things that were yet to do. He had something to say of the wealth of virgin material in the country; also he had something to say of the trials and desolation.

Obviously, the judge concluded, this likable chap had experienced the tragedy as well as the comedy of life. It was true he had a good, honest laugh and a certain merry way of saying things, but, also, in repose there was a stern sadness about the mouth as of one who has suffered overmuch. The kindly judge found himself wishing he knew more about him. Perhaps he was hunting for a leader when, as the twilight was coming on, he remarked:

"Strange a man who's as fond of the States as you are should have left them for five years—especially as you don't belong to the army."

"Perhaps 'twas for the comprehensive reason that ninety-nine men out of a hundred do anything—a woman."

"Ah, there was a lady in the case?"

The young fellow's eyes were turned rather gravely toward the grim, gaunt, massive skeleton of departed prowess, heaped high above St. Gaur.

"That's Rheinfels," volunteered the judge. But his companion seemed not to hear.

"You see," he breathed, half to himself, "I loved her too much to stay, so I determined to bury myself somewhere. The Philippines were as good as any other place."

"So she was married, then—that's why you couldn't stay?"

"She was married to a drunken wretch who ought to have been horsewhipped all over the states. He gambled; he raced; he made her life unbearable."

"How hard that must have been for you! And she loved you?"

The judge spoke with genuine sympathy. It was the sort of night which induces confidence—the peaceful river, the little sleepy village, the quiet gliding of the boat.

"Yes, she loved me. It was my knowledge of that which in the end gave me the pluck to tear myself away. Out there in the Philippines I don't suppose there's been an hour in all these five years that I've forgotten it. Why"—his firm, manly voice broke a little—"if I hadn't remembered that she was still loving me, praying for me, believing in me, life would not have been possible, that's all!"

"Where is she now?" asked the judge at last, breaking a long silence.

"She's at Wiesbaden just at present. She's spending the season there with her younger sister, who's been perfecting herself in music—in Munich. I could tell you tales that would make even a heart of stone love her—tales of her devotion to Rose (that's her little sister), of the sacrifices she has endured, the deprivations she has undergone, in order that Rose might have the very best musical education. Oh, I swear she's a woman in a million!"

The judge noticed—he could not help but notice—that his young friend's deep chest was swelling deeply with unaffected pride, that his eyes were flashing and that a ruddy color had crept into the brown of his chin. "By Jove, he's a handsome chap!" he commented to himself.

Gale consulted his watch.

"Just think," he said as he slipped it into his pocket again, "in a few hours I shall see her! We're due at Biebrich at 8:30, and then Wiesbaden!" He was like a boy in his fresh gladness.

"But," said the judge slowly, trying to get into the spirit of the thing, "you see, you didn't tell me. Her husband has died, has he, and it's all plain sailing at last?"

"Died?" All the boyishness went out of Gale. The stern sadness about his mouth was plainly perceptible. "No, he hasn't died, and she hasn't got a divorce, but we're going to play at the old, old game of 'pretending.' We're going to pretend that that confounded rake is dead, and we're going to begin our lives afresh."

The judge stroked his chin in a way that meant he was seriously troubled. All the clerks in his offices knew that sign, but it conveyed nothing whatever to Gale.

"Yes, and next month we're going back to the States together. We"—

"Is that quite fair to the woman, do you think?" broke in the judge quietly. "I dare say she may love you enough to sacrifice herself, only"—

"Love me enough?" repeated Gale enthusiastically. And then more tenderly: "Why, she loves me enough to risk life with me! I, too, am willing now to risk it, although there was a time when I wasn't."

"Love isn't everything, my friend," pursued the judge meditatively. "It isn't everything—not even from the world's point of view. Have you thought, when you're advising her to take this step with you, of what the world will say?"

"Oh, likely enough, the world will call her a fool. But let the world go hang! When two people love each other as much as she and I do I tell you there isn't much else that counts. We are very serious, aren't we? Chance acquaintances should enjoy the fleeing moment. What a lot of people are going to get off at Bingen!"

The meditative look had not left the judge's eyes while Gale had been talking. When he ceased he recalled himself with an effort.

"Beg pardon? Oh, yes, all the Baedeker people."

The kindly judge had taken such a fancy to Gale that he hated to see him go wrong, and as the dusk deepened thickly he made one final plea.

"I can't forget what you've been telling me about—about the lady in the case," said he solemnly. "You see, I am so much older than you are," he went on in a lower tone of voice, "that you can't surely take offense. No? Then I may speak? It's like this: If the woman you love runs off with you, the world isn't going to say she's braving it. Do you realize what a thing you suggest means to a nice woman—that the people she likes won't speak to her; that her friends must be among a set of people who really are what she is only called, and that she's thrown away everything but love for a man"—

"Oh, you don't understand," interrupted Gale.

—"who didn't have love big enough for her to keep her from ruining her life," finished the judge calmly. "Now, of course, if this lady's husband is a brute or doesn't support her, or anything like that, she can leave him and get a divorce in regular order. I'm not in for divorces myself, though perhaps that's a matter of taste. But if she leaves him and runs away with another man"—

"Another man?" echoed Gale amazedly. Then an expression of understanding dawned in his eyes and he burst into a happy, boyish laugh.

The judge stared at him for a moment. This likable chap was incomprehensible after all.

"Don't you see?" Gale began, grasping his arm heartily. "She's not going to run off with any one but her husband, the reformed rake. The lady in the case has been my wife all the time."

A Mistake Somewhere.

The young man who professed that he could read character from handwriting looked attentively at the scrap of a letter which had been given him by a friend and shook his head.

"The woman who wrote that," he said in his most judicial tone, "is undoubtedly possessed of personal attractions and unfortunately too well aware of them, but her character, sir, is weak as water. She lacks determination, consistency, ambition of a high order and originality. Am I not correct in my synopsis so far as you know?"

"M-m, well, you may be," said the other, "for I've never seen the writer. She's the widow of my cousin Jim, in Iowa. When I knew Jim he was an agreeable scapegrace who never stayed in one position or place for more than six months and was always in debt. He married her twelve years ago, settled in a small city, built up a fine business, became mayor last year, just before he died, and has left a life insurance of $40,000 and an excellent income besides to his widow and four children.

"Some way," he added thoughtfully, as the reader of handwriting sat looking at the scrap of paper with a dazed expression, "I had imagined she might have considerable character, but I dare say you're right."—Youth's Companion.

Intelligence of a Gander.

"There is a neighbor of mine," says one of our readers, "who keeps a big flock of geese, and I recently discussed with him the degree of intelligence possessed by these birds. As an illustration, he told me the following story: 'That old gander came home alone one morning in a great hurry. He was evidently in great trouble about something. He rushed up to me and bowed several times; then he said something which I could not understand and, wheeling round, waddled off down the path by which he had just arrived. Presently he stopped to see if I was following, and, finding I was not, he came back and repeated the performance. This time I followed, to his manifest satisfaction, and he led me to the pond. On the bank all his geese were squatting around the grandmother goose of the family, and she had a rat trap securely gripping her left leg. My appearance was hailed by shrieks of delight from the whole party, and when I liberated the old lady (not much hurt) there was a grand chorus of thanks. The old gander followed me some distance homeward, bowing his acknowledgments all the way.'"—Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

A Poultry Mill.

Mary's father was making the experiment of raising chickens with an incubator in his barn. The neighbors were much interested in this experiment, and, meeting Mary, one of them asked, "Mary, have you any little chickens at your house yet?"

"No, but we're makin' some," replied the little maiden.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Optimistic.

"Billy Bliven asked Miss Parseigh how old she was," said one girl to another.

"Did she get angry?"

"No. She was flattered. She thought she must look very young or he'd never have dared."

Accepted the Inevitable.

She—My horse was quite difficult to manage at first, but he isn't now.

Papa—Well, he isn't the only one that has found out that he might as well let you have your own way.

Cheaper.

Nodd—I thought you were going to get up a fair to pay off your church debt. Todd—We were, but the congregation heard of it and made up the amount at once.

Entrapping Marine Monsters.

On the northern coast of Norway the fishermen get a yearly harvest from the whales which stray into the harbors. At certain localities, where the bays are almost landlocked, lofty stands are erected, similar to the otter outlooks on the north Pacific, and when a school is sighted scores of boats put out and, by the simple process of driving, hundreds of the oil producing cetaceans are entrapped. The Faroe islands are famous for this method of whaling. One of the largest catches ever made was in Hvarfiord, Iceland, where eleven hundred were driven ashore. The blackfish, or whales, come down the Atlantic coasts from the north, encounter shallow water, then follow it along and are naturally led into the cul-de-sac awaiting them. Here the boats easily surround and drive the whales in.

CATCHING SOFT CLAMS.

An Interesting Occupation on the Shore at Low Tide.

As we walk along the shore at low tide, on the lookout for seaweeds or interesting animals, little jets of sea water will be seen spurting up from holes in the sand. Let us dig rapidly down under one of these tiny openings and we will catch the spurter, the common soft clam, but if we are not quick enough he will burrow so rapidly as to disappear entirely and only send a last spout of water into our faces, as if in defiance. Place the shell in a glass of sea water and when the clam gains confidence he will extend from his shell the long tubelike siphon, and the two openings in the end of it, with their fringed borders, will be seen.

Now take a compound microscope or a magnifying glass and watch the water above the siphon. You will see that it is moving. With the minute life forms it contains the water sweeps in swirling currents toward one orifice of the tube and plunges suddenly down it. Then, after passing over the gills and body of the clam and giving out nourishment, the water is expelled through the other tube, and we see it rising slowly from the opening. If, however, the clam takes a fancy to contract his shell and so hasten this motion we will see a little fountain shoot up and sprinkle the surroundings just as they were observed to do on the shore.—St. Nicholas.

VIRTUES OF HONEY.

They Were Known Even Before the Koran Mentioned Them.

"There proceedeth from the bellies of bees a liquor of various color wherein is a medicine for men," says the Koran. But the virtues of honey were known before the Koran said anything about it and by countless peoples besides the desert folk of Arabia. Not only has it long been used as food and medicine, but many drinks of differing potencies and flavors have been made from it. In England a favorite drink of the old time was mead, which was made by the fermentation of the liquor obtained by boiling in water combs from which the honey had been drained. In the preparation of sack mead an ounce of hops is added to each gallon of the liquor and after the fermentation a small quantity of brandy. Metheglin or hydromel is manufactured by fermenting with yeast a solution of honey flavored with boiled hops. A kind of mead is much used in Abyssinia, where it is carried on journeys in long horns. In Russia a drink called "lipetz" is made from the delicious honey of the linden. The "mulsum" of the ancient Romans consisted of honey, wine and water boiled together. "The "clarre" or "piment" of Chaucer's time was wine mixed with honey and spices and strained clear.—Chicago News.

THE EYE IN READING.

How Its Jumps Along the Printed Line Are Measured.

We know that an eye at ordinary reading distance takes in about one inch of a line at a time and that in reading a line of an ordinary book the eye makes five or six distinct jumps. But as the movements are so very minute and rapid how have they been studied?

A beam of light is thrown upon the cornea of the eye, and this beam is reflected by the cornea on a photographic plate. As the eye moves in reading the reflected beam also moves, and upon developing the plate, which is also kept moving, a zigzag line is found. A study of such photographic tracings shows that the eyes in turning back to pick up the next line have some difficulty in so doing. The longer the line of print the greater the effort, and for this reason we may conclude that a narrow line is better for an eye than a long one, and if the line be much wider than the ordinary newspaper column there is greater effort involved.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Australian Nicknames.

The Australian papers protest that the term "Cornstalks" is not proper as a nickname for the inhabitants of the big isle of the south seas. English papers have been in the habit of calling the Australian cricket team its "Cornstalks." Of the Australian states New South Wales alone confers the title "Cornstalk" upon her sons. A Queenslander is a "Bananalander," a Victorian a "Gum Sucker," a South Australian a "Crow Eater," a West Australian a "Sand Groper."

Thoreau's Deathbed.

When the forest haunting hermit Thoreau lay on his deathbed, a Calvinistic friend called to make inquiry regarding his soul. "Henry," he said anxiously, "have you made your peace with God?" "John," replied the dying naturalist in a whisper, "I didn't know that God and myself had quarreled."

The Shadows.

Were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils as never happened to him than from those evils which had really befallen him.

At the Club.

"Carry any life insurance?"

"Yes, $10,000 in favor of my wife."

"Should think you'd be ashamed to look her in the face."

"Wha-what for?"

"For living. What excuse do you give her?"

He that hires one garden (which he is able to look after) eats birds; he that hires more will be eaten by the birds.—Hebrew Proverb.

Tracing Back a Common Saying.

It is a curious bit of literary exercise to take a common saying and trace it back to its origin. Take the common saying, for instance, "All that glitters is not gold." It is found in current literature everywhere and in a dozen different forms. Dryden renders it, "All, as they say, that glitters is not gold." Spenser says, "Gold all is not that doth golden seem." Lydgate has the same idea in the words, "All is not gold that outward sheweth bright." Chaucer expresses it in somewhat different phraseology. Middleton has it, "All is not gold that glisteneth," and Shakespeare says, "All that glistens is not gold." Go a little farther back, however, and the same expression is found is the monkish collection of proverbs, and there is no doubt if a classical scholar were to set to work with the determination to hunt the proverb down, no matter how long it took, he would find it in Latin, Greek and most other ancient and dead languages. It is a natural outgrowth of sarcasm as applied to fictitious show and is no doubt as old as the science of metal working.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 3.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xxxvi, 11-21—Memory Verses, 19-21—Golden Text, Num. xxxii, 23—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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After the death of Josiah, the last good king of Judah, the twenty-two years that remained to them ere the long threatened judgment fell were filled by the following kings: Jehoahaz or Shallum, three months; Eliakim or Jehoiakim, eleven years; Jeconiah or Jehoiachim, three months, and Mattaniah or Zedekiah, eleven years (verses 1-11 and II Kings xxiii, xxiv), but all, without exception, did evil in the sight of the Lord and humbled not themselves when the Lord sent messengers to reprove them and win them back to Himself.

How pitiful are the words of the Lord by His servants to His erring and deceived people, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me," "My people have forsaken me," "Turn, O backsliding children, for I am married unto you!" "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thine help!" (Isa. i, 3; Jer. ii, 13; iii, 14; Hos. xiii, 9). Then listen to our Lord Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, * * * how often would I have gathered thy children * * * and ye would not!" See Him with tears, saying, "If thou hadst known * * * the things which belong unto thy peace." Hear Him say even to His apostles, "Will ye also go away?" and "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?" (Matt. xxiii, 37; Luke xix, 41, 42; John vi, 67; xiv, 9.)

Ask your own heart, Am I rebellious and self willed or am I willing and obedient before the word of the Lord? The expression "in the sight of the Lord" recalls the word to Abraham, "Walk before Me, and be thou perfect or sincere" (Gen. xvii, 1), and the promise in Ex. xv, 26, that if they thus walked in His sight He would put none of the diseases of the Egyptians upon them. What a record of the development of iniquity and of the wickedness of the human heart this lesson is, the consummation being described in verse 16, "They mocked the messengers of God and despised His words and misused His prophets until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people till there was no remedy."

A fuller consummation yet to be made manifest is found in II Thess. ii, 3, 4, where we read of one who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or that is worshiped so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God showing himself that he is God. Yet we rejoice that the Lamb shall overcome, for He is King of kings and Lord of lords (Rev. xvii, 14). It does not seem as if there could be any hope for a nation which would treat God as Israel did, and yet because of His unconditional covenant with Abraham and David He will for His own name's sake yet restore them to their own land and do all that He has said for them because "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance" (Rom. xi, 29; Lev. xxvi, 44, 45).

They had been duly warned that if they forsook the Lord severe chastening would be dealt out to them (Lev. xxvi; Deut. xxviii), and Jeremiah, who was still the Lord's messenger at the time of our lesson, had repeatedly told them that if they did not repent they would be given into the hands of the king of Babylon, who would carry them away into captivity for seventy years (Jer. xxv, 8-11). False prophets who preached peace and spoke out of their own hearts said that Jeremiah lied and ought to be put to death, so they had him imprisoned, and Jehoiakim cut and burned the words of the Lord, and they went from bad to worse until, as our lesson says, there was no remedy. They proved to be an illustration of Prov. xxix, 1, "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

As it was in the days of Noah and of Lot so shall it be in the end of this age (Luke xvii, 26-30), and as truly as the flood and the fire from heaven came upon the people in those days, so surely shall all that God has said come upon the earth at the end of this age (Ps. cxlix; Isa. xi, 4; II Thess. i, 7-10). The word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah was literally fulfilled, and so shall every word of the Lord be fulfilled in His time (verse 21; Isa. xiv, 24).

It was Jehovah Himself who gave Judah and her rulers into the hands of the king of Babylon and said concerning it, "I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies," "You only have I known of all the families of the earth; therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities" (Dan. i, 2; Jer. xii, 7; Amos iii, 2). The dearest thing to God on earth today is His church, and the last seven letters to the church are those in Rev. ii and iii, in which the ascended Christ sends His last messages to His beloved church, lovingly but very searchingly telling her what He approves and disapproves, that so she may be a company of overcomers and in due time sit with Him in His throne.

Happy are those who, like the elect remnant in the days of Jeremiah (for God always has his elect remnant), are ready to overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony and by not loving their lives unto the death (Rev. xii, 11). Looking for that blessed hope, waiting for His Son from heaven, is the only safe attitude and the only one that will wean us from all present entanglements (Tit. ii, 13; I Thess. i, 10).

Cynical.

Doctor (to wealthy old lady, convalescent after a severe illness)—Have you no bright, cheerful relations who could come and stay with you? Old Lady—Oh, yes; many. But they wouldn't be a bit cheerful if they thought I was getting better.

Good Reason.

Marie, who never knew her lessons, was speaking of one of her little schoolmates, who always stood at the head of her classes. "I should like to be the father of such a little girl," said Marie's papa, wishing to point a moral. "No, you wouldn't, papa," said Marie. "Why not?" asked papa. "Because her father has been dead two years," said Marie.

One Sided.

Mr. T.—I think I shall give up my business, my dear. I might as well have some enjoyment out of my money. Mrs. T.—Oh, not yet, Samuel! But when one of us dies I intend to give up housekeeping and see a little of the world.—Illustrated Bits.

A Vegetable Caterpillar.

In New Zealand and Australia they have an animal vegetable oddity which cannot be equaled by any other animate or inanimate object upon the earth's surface. It is the queerest of the many antipodean wonders and paradoxes and for the want of a better name has been called the "bulrush caterpillar" or "vegetable worm." The native Tasmanian name for the oddity is aweto-hotete. The aboveground portion of this vegetable worm is a fungus of the order sphaeria, which grows to a height of six or eight inches. When pulled up by the root this fungus is found to consist of a large caterpillar, showing head, segments and breathing holes—every detail of the grub being perfectly preserved. On examination the interior of the caterpillar is found to be composed of a "punky" looking substance, really the root of the fungus, which has cremated every fiber of what was once a living, breathing creature's anatomy. In all the instances which Buckland records, the sphaeria had made its attack in the fold of skin between the second and third segments of the caterpillar and had replaced all the animal substance of the creature's body with a hard brown vegetable growth resembling the fungoid growths on blackberry and other vines.

Veils In Churches.

During the tenth century no woman was allowed to appear at church without a veil. It had to be a real veil, too, covering and concealing the features in order that the prayers and meditations of the men might not be disturbed by the contemplation of feminine loveliness. There was a tradition that the origin of the custom was in an order from a great French saint. When a young man he met a little girl with features so noble and beautiful that, although he was many years her senior, he immediately fell in love with her because she resembled a young lady to whom he had been engaged years before, but who died in his arms. The man and the child separated, and he became a priest. Many years later he saw her in the congregation just as he was entering the pulpit to preach, and the sight disturbed him to such an extent that his sermon was a failure, and he ordered all the women thenceforth to wear veils.

Birds In Attack.

Birds display great skill and cunning in the chase, the attack and in guarding themselves from injury during the struggle for supremacy. The secretary bird is the inveterate enemy and untiring pursuer of the snake. All sorts, even the most venomous, he hunts with a zest that is at once interesting and amusing. The snake flees from its foe, who follows, watching every opportunity for a blow. When the reptile turns the bird uses one of his wings as a shield and strikes with his foot. The snake buries its fangs in the wing, but leaves the poison in the plumage, and the bird escapes unhurt. Repeated blows from the powerful claw confuse and disable the snake, and at last it falls, to be at once dispatched by thrusts of the sharp beak into its head. The bird then tosses his victim into the air and, catching it as it falls, swallows it.

England's First Organ.

Elfeg, bishop of Winchester during the reign of Alfred the Great, is reputed to have procured an organ for his cathedral. It was the largest instrument then known, having 400 pipes divided among ten keys, supplied by wind from twenty-six pairs of bellows and requiring the services of no fewer than seventy blowers. Judging from this, the Winchester organ either came from Germany or was built upon a German model, for in that country, until much later, the wind was provided by a species of treadmill arrangement whereon the blowers gripped a bar, each working two pairs of bellows, like those of our smiths, with their feet.—London Queen.

Splitting Paper.

Very often it is worth knowing how to split a sheet of paper. Suppose you had an article which was printed on both sides and you desired to paste it in your scrapbook. You would paste it between two sheets of stout paper and, when nearly dry, draw these apart. You will have half of the printed sheet on each, and by the use of moisture you can readily detach them.

Three of Them.

One word in the English language in which the vowels occur in regular sequence is "facetious." Is there another?—Rochester Post-Express.

Ever hear of the word "abstemious?"—Cleveland Leader.

What is the matter with "arsenious?"—New York Tribune.

Autobiographies.

All autobiographies are lies. No man is bad enough to tell the truth about himself during his lifetime, and no man is good enough to tell the truth to posterity in a document which he suppresses until there is nobody left alive to contradict him.—George Bernard Shaw.

Woke Him Up.

Bashful Beaumont—Er—I—er—dreamt I—er—kissed you last night. What's that a sign of?

Modest Maiden—Well, it's a sign that you're more sensible asleep than awake.

They Fall Short.

Foreigner—Are the earnings of your household servants large as a rule? American—No; not nearly so large as their pay.—Pittsburg Post.

He who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that.—Mill.

Scarlet Fever.

An English physician declares that it is better to keep scarlet fever patients at home, where the germs die out gradually in the fresh air, than to send them to a hospital, where they are in the midst of dozens of other cases in all stages of the disease. On their return to school the germs are called into activity by the foul air in the room, and the disease is spread to others by coughing, etc.

No Show.

Magistrate—How comes it that you dared to break into this gentleman's house in the dead of night? Prisoner—Why, your honor, the other time you reproached me for stealing in broad daylight. Ain't I to be allowed to work at all?"

A Suspicious Agreement.

"I guess your watch is wrong."

"What! My watch doesn't vary a quarter of a minute."

"Well, I don't know how much it's out of the way, but your time is too blamed near mine to be right."

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Big, Big Words.

"Those who are accustomed to ridicule present day scientists because of their fondness for big words," said the etymologist, "will find them much more moderate in the concoction of words than the old timers.

"For instance, I have just come across the account of a scientific treatise published in the seventeenth century that contains words even much more cumbersome than its title, which, by the way, is 'Panzoologicomineralogia,' a good mouthful surely, yet the meaning is easily ascertained when the word is reduced to its component parts.

"The list of long titles that were then favorites would cause the modern book clerk a spasm, yet the list could be gone into indefinitely. A play in blank verse published in the latter part of the seventeenth century had as its alluring title 'Chrononhotonthologos,' and this was the opening sentence:

"'Aldeborontiphoscophornio, where left you Chrononhotonthologos?'

"If the modern mouthing actor can hardly get simple Anglo-Saxon words over the footlights, how could he get along with that morsel?"—New York Herald.

Great Writers Not Correct Writers.

There is not a single great author in our literature in whose works numerous errors have not been pointed out or thought to be pointed out. They are charged with violating rules involving the purity if not the permanence of the language. A somewhat depressing inference follows from the situation thus revealed. The ability to write English correctly does not belong to the great masters of our speech. It is limited to the obscure men who have devoted themselves to the task of showing how far these vaunted writers have fallen short of the ideas of linguistic propriety entertained by their unrecognized betters. As a result of these critical crusades there is no escape from the dismal conclusion that the correct use of the language is not to be found in the authors whom every one reads with pleasure, but is an accomplishment reserved exclusively for those whom nobody can succeed in reading at all.—Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury in Harper's Magazine.

Squirrels Are "Handy."

The handiness of the squirrel is something extraordinary in the animal world. He sits up on his hind paws and uses the fore paws in many ways just as a man does. He strikes with it and wards off a blow from another, and squirrel quarrels rarely go further than attempts to cuff each other like children. A lady who lives in our county and who is the protector of squirrels in that region told me that she had contrived a little rack to be filled with nuts, so that they came to the opening singly, one dropping into the place as another was taken out, and this was fixed by her window so that she could watch the squirrels come. One day a squirrel took the last nut and was quietly eating it on the window bench when another came and, finding none in the rack, went up to the eating squirrel and gave him a deliberate box on the ear and went away.—W. J. Stillman in Century.

Eyeglasses and Romance.

It is curious to observe that even the greatest realists do not venture to bestow eyeglasses on their heroines. It is rather odd, too, seeing how many charming women do in real life wear them and are not debarred by them from the most dramatic careers and the most poignant emotions, but while the modern novelist has bestowed eyeglasses on everybody else he has not yet had the hardihood to put them on the nose of his heroine. Why?—Mrs. John Lane in London Outlook.

Unlike Fishing Lines.

"That fishing song in the new opera is clever, don't you think?" asked the critic.

"No," replied the hard luck angler; "it isn't at all natural."

"No?"

"No; the lines are too catchy."

She Quotes an Authority.

Elsie—When I grow up, mamma, I'm going to be extravagant like you. Mamma—What makes you think I'm extravagant? Elsie—Well, I'm sure I've heard papa say so lots of times.

Now They Don't Speak.

Clara—I always tell my real age. Estelle—Well, you can afford to. You see, you're not as old as you look.—Detroit Free Press.

Shall We All Die of Thirst?

After telling of the gradual drying up of the great lakes and rivers all over the world in an article in Chambers' Journal, J. T. Whitby continues:

"Everywhere in our own country, as in others, water springs are giving out and water beds drying up, slowly perhaps, but surely. The increase of population and the modern system of drainage have of course a great deal to answer for, but much of the drought is undoubtedly caused by the rapid destruction of timber on all sides, for trees not only attract rain clouds, but preserve the moisture of the soil. While it is impossible for puny man to control the geological period through which we are passing and whose characteristics would be, according to some, the gradual disappearance of water, it may be inquired whether it would not be advisable to postpone that disagreeable moment of a world without water as far as possible by the better preservation of our woods and forests and the persistent replanting of trees."

Raw White Potato For Inflamed Eye.

The writer wishes to testify, from his own experience, to the efficacy of the raw white potato when used for irritated and inflamed eyes. It is used as follows, but care must be exercised not to let the juice of the potato come into contact with any cloth or clothing, which it will ruin by turning black. The potato to be used should be pared and then scraped with a spoon into small fragments and a little water added. This should be laid upon a cloth which has been placed over the eyes, and then the patient should open and close his eyes as much as possible so as to allow the liquid to have its effect directly upon the eyeball. The patient will find great relief in this effective but inexpensive treatment. Of course the patient must be and remain in a reclining position.—Stanley R. Walbridge in Detroit News-Tribune.

Softening the Blow.

A young Virginia woman who was very ill was approached by her colored servant, who said, "Miss May, mah mothah dun had a cousin what had de same ailments what you dun got." "Is that so, Cora?" replied the lady. "Yessum," responded Cora, encouraged, "but mah mothah's cousin she died, 'deed she did." "Well, Cora," said her mistress, angry that she should tell her such a tale at such an inopportune time, "if that's all you have to say to me you can leave the room and don't come in again. I don't want to hear such stories." Cora was thoroughly frightened at what she had done and wished to ameliorate her ill chosen story, so she thought for a moment and, turning to go, said, "Well, Miss May, mah mothah tole me she died mighty easy."

Points About Pins.

Thorns were originally used in fastening garments together. Pins did not immediately succeed thorns as fasteners, but different appliances were used, such as hooks, buckles and laces. It was the latter half of the fifteenth century before pins were used in Great Britain. When first manufactured in England the iron wire of the proper length was filed to a point and the other extremity twisted into a head. This was a slow process, and 400 or 500 pins was a good day's work for an expert hand. The United States has the credit of inventing the first machine for making pins. This was in 1824. The inventor was one Lemuel Wellman Wright.

May She Ever!

Figure it out on a rose leaf and write with the brew of a lily that nowhere under the great blue dome is there a creature half so pretty as a Kentucky woman. She's prettier than an evening star in the shadow of a summer sunset, more inspiring than a thousand songs and as bewitching as a fawn tangled in the vines of a wilderness of roses. She's our hope, our romance, our vine and fig tree—the light which enables us to see a million miles beyond the north star.—Springfield (Ky.) Sun.

The Pity of It!

A certain lady of wealth living in the north of Ireland was recovering from a serious illness and one morning called for an egg, which she ate with much enjoyment. As she passed back the cup and plate to her nurse she said, "An egg is a delicious thing." Then, with much melancholy, "What a pity," she added, "it is so common among the poor."—London Globe.

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Chosen by Muhammad Shah to reform the calendar, his astronomical observations were formulated in tables which corrected those of De la Hire. He built five observatories, at Delhi, Benares, Muttra, Ujjain and Jeypore.

It is not under cover, but is an open courtyard, full of curious and fantastic instruments invented and designed by him. They have been allowed to go out of repair, and many of them are now quite useless, it being impossible even to guess what purpose they served in the wonderfully accurate calculations and observations of their inventor, but the dial, gnomons, quadrants, etc., still remain of great interest to astronomers.—Scientific American.

Real Elixir of Life.

Contentment is the real elixir of life. It is the real fountain from which flow the waters of perennial youth. Sometimes it costs an effort, a tremendous effort, to say it is all right, but the man or woman who can say it is much better off for thus looking at the sunny side of the world than the person who harbors a grievance against all mankind and walks through the world burdened with the somber thoughts of his disappointments. The discontented perhaps never stop to think how much worse off they could be; that, no matter how few their pleasures, there are those in the world who have fewer or none at all; that, given health and strength and the full possession of the senses, they are advantaged and blessed in the race of existence.

The Tempering of Copper.

The expression "the tempering of copper" arises from a thirteenth century misunderstanding of the Greek word baphe—a word used by the Greco-Egyptian alchemistic writers of the third century. Berthelot, the eminent authority on alchemy, has shown that this word may mean tempering, coloring (of cloth, glass and metals), the coloring materials or the coloring bath. Egyptian alchemy was busied originally in producing brilliant bronzes on copper and the copper alloys, and this expression "the tempering of copper" means, and always has meant, bronzing copper so that it may simulate silver or gold.—Arthur Jones Hopkins in New York Times.

Honey In the East.

In ancient Egypt honey was employed as an embalming material, and in the east to this day it is largely used for the preservation of fruit and the making of cakes, sweetmeats and other articles of food. In India a host will offer to his guest a dish composed of honey and milk or of equal parts of curds, honey and clarified butter. It is given to a bridegroom on his arrival at the door of the bride's father. In the east, also, when grafts, seeds and birds' eggs are to be transported a great distance they are often packed in honey.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement. In effect June 4, 1905. Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.41, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

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Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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(Successor to L. Thompson
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NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER. P. M.

In the Later Years

By Analusia Barnard

Copyright, 1905, by Analusia Barnard

The boy and the girl met in Sunday school. She was six—rather old for her years; he was twelve.

They were selected to "speak a piece" together, a funny little thing in which she held her hands behind her while he guessed what she held. He repeatedly failed to guess. Then she would urge him to guess again. Finally, losing all patience, she would cry, "Oh, you great, big, stupid boy—I've just got a kiss for you." Then, throwing him a sugary cake, she would run off.

Soon after the dialogue episode his mother sent her an invitation to the boy's birthday party. Filled with pride, she exhibited the tiny note, with its pictures of birds at the top.

At the party she had a splendid time. First, each of the little girls was given a pair of ribbon reins with which she must catch a horse and trot him past the grand stand, where the judges sat smilingly in armchairs. The girl caught her "great, big, stupid boy" and was happy.

After that a man in a long black robe did wonderful tricks and the children's eyes grew wide with wonder. Then, such a supper—bouillon and turkey and chicken salad, each in turn, like real grownups! And olives!

"What's them things?" asked the boy, when he discovered the olives. "Look like pecans."

"Oh, you great, big, stupid boy, don't you know olives?" the girl retorted scornfully.

"Yes, but I wanted to see if you did, girlie," he answered.

The little girl turned and looked at him. "Why do you call me that?" she asked.

"Why do you call me 'stupid boy?'" he returned.

"Because that piece said so," she replied, her blue eyes smiling into his. "Don't you like it?"

"I—I don't mind—from you," he said.

"But you haven't told me why you call me girlie," persisted the girl.

"Well, because—because I like you, and that's what Uncle Jack calls Miss Paterson. I heard him say 'I can call you girlie when folks are round, but when we're alone I will call you sweetheart.'"

"Sweetheart," the little girl murmured. "Papa calls mamma that sometimes. Sounds pretty, don't it? He must love her lots. Does he?"

"No more than I love you," he asserted proudly, playing with her curls. "Her hair isn't half as pretty and she hasn't got such big blue eyes. Mamma says you look like an angel, so there!" he blurted out, half ashamed of having voiced his admiration.

"I don't want to be an angel," she retorted decisively. But after she got home she decided that she liked the boy better than ever.

The children were friends for two years. Then business reverses came to Mr. Hurlburt, the little girl's father, and they went abroad to live.

"You'll always be my sweetheart, girlie," the boy said to his little girl friend when she left. "And I'm going to marry you when I grow up. Don't forget me."

And she, understanding little of his meaning, said, "I won't." Then she lifted her face for his farewell kiss.

And the boy remembered, and his mother encouraged the thought of "girlie." She knew that the memory of the child's sweetness and innocence was good for her boy.

* * * * * * *

The drawing rooms of Mrs. Appleton's handsome home were thronged with guests. Two men stood talking, apart from the others. Their eyes were on the slender, graceful figure of a girl on the opposite side of the room.

"I am sure I know her or have known her," Robert Worthington was saying. "I wish she would turn around."

"I believe she is some one whom Grace met abroad," Jack Appleton returned. "Her name is Hurlburt. Come, I'll present you." And without waiting for his friend's reply, he started forward and Worthington found himself being introduced to Miss Hurlburt.

"I think I used to know Miss Hurlburt long, long ago, before she was quite grown up," he said, looking at her frankly. He had held her in his thoughts so long that the meeting did not seem strange to him, but to her his smile was like the perfume from far off flowery fields which she had passed through sometimes, but could not remember where nor when.

"I—I think"— Then, with a rush of memory, it all came to her. "Oh, you are the boy I used to play with before we went to Europe to live. I'm so glad you remember me, but it's strange. How could you?"

"I was old enough to be impressionable, I suppose," he said, still looking at her. "I have always thought of you as 'girlie.'"

They were alone now. "Girlie!" she exclaimed. "It sounds pretty, doesn't it?"

The man laughed boyishly. "That's just what you used to say in the old childhood days."

"Did I?" she asked, with wide open eyes. Then suddenly, "Why, yes, and I used to call you 'great, big, stupid boy.' Do you remember our piece?"

"Do I?" the man asked with unusual emphasis, Miss Hurlburt thought. "Every word. Shall we try it now?"

She had entered into his mood. "Yes, let us."

Her face, which before had seemed to Worthington overserious, was wreathed now in smiles like those he remembered on the sunny faced child.

"Now guess what I hold behind my back," she began. "Wasn't that the beginning? And it ended with, "I've just got—a kiss for you." She hesitated slightly over the last sentence, blushing prettily.

The half conscious love Worthington had felt for her always flamed into life. Looking up, she caught the expression in his eyes, and her own heart leaped. Then her color faded, leaving her white and frightened looking.

"Girlie," he said softly, "your memory has not failed you?"

"You—you mustn't call me that now," she said. "It's different."

"Different? How?"

"Oh"—and her voice was almost a sob—"don't you see, you great, big, stupid boy?" The words had come back to her. "It wouldn't be proper; I'm engaged." And she extended her hand to him with the circlet of diamonds.

After a minute, when Worthington had swallowed some hard things that rose in his throat, he said, half questioningly:

"You—you are happy?"

She glanced at him shyly from under her long lashes. The hand which wore the circle trembled. "I suppose so," she said. "I am doing my duty. Isn't that the surest road to happiness?"

The wistfulness of her appeal made him bold. "Then you do not love the man?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said abruptly. The reply had escaped before she realized it. It had been taken so much for granted—this fact that she did not love the count—that the words were involuntary.

"Father wished it," she went on, "and I promised. 'I want you to marry Count Rinaldi or the son of my old friend Worthington,' he said. They were the only ones who were good to him in his trouble."

At the mention of his name a light broke through the cloud which Worthington had watched fold about him while she spoke.

"Miss Hurlburt," he whispered eagerly, "do you remember my name—Robert Worthington?"

He stood back to watch the effect it produced. Wonder, delight, sorrow, resignation, followed each other in quick succession. Then she looked him squarely in the eyes, telling him more plainly than words that she understood.

"I am glad you are here," she said, holding out her hand to him. "It was nice to see you again. I must go now."

"But—I may see you?"

"Robert Worthington is welcome," she said, and was gone.

Worthington saw the girl occasionally, but it was only a short time until he learned that she would never break a plighted troth. And yet—yes, he felt that her heart was slipping into his keeping. At last, for both their sakes, he remained away from her.

One morning, when he was finding it particularly difficult to keep his resolution, a paragraph in the foreign news caught his eye. "Count Leonardi Rinaldi, charge d'affaires of the legation at N., died suddenly this morning. His engagement to Miss Dorothy Hurlburt, a beautiful American girl, was recently announced"—

He read no further, but took the paper to his mother, his heart beating wildly, his eyes glowing with the light of love.

"Mother," he cried, look! Girlie is free, and now the 'great, big, stupid boy' will have his innings."

The Mariner's Yarn.

Down in the docks one day they were talking about a schooner which had been struck by lightning, when the reporter singled out an old mariner and said:

"Captain H., it seems to me I've read or heard of your vessel being struck?"

"Yes, she was," answered the old yarn spinner.

"Where was it?"

"Off Point aux Barques, about fifteen years ago. Very strange case that, probably the only one of the kind ever heard of."

"Give us the particulars."

"Well, we were jogging along down when a thunderstorm overtook us, and the very first flash of lightning struck the deck amidships and bored a hole as big as my leg right down through the bottom of the vessel."

"And she foundered, of course?"

"No, sir. The water began rushing in and she would have foundered, but there came a second flash and a bolt struck my fore-to'gallant mast. It was cut off near the top, turned bottom end up, and as it came down it entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to dry dock we simple sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks."—St. Louis Republic.

Untrustworthy.

The faith which Uncle James Hobbs had always kept in the accuracy of illustrations in his favorite magazine was sadly shaken after his visit to the botanical gardens.

When Mrs. Hobbs called his attention to a picture of a Cuban village in the next issue of the magazine he looked at it doubtfully.

"More than likely it doesn't look that way at all," he said, dejection plainly written all over his drooping figure. "I never told ye about my disapp'intment sitting under one o' those pa'm trees in the gardens. Why, the pictures in the magazine gave such a shade to them Arabs underneath I'd always wanted to sit under a pa'm tree. But I tell ye, after trying it that blistering hot day I'd jest as soon think of expecting a ladder to shade me as a pa'm tree, and I don't know but sooner, if 'twas one where the rungs weren't too fer apart. I wouldn't lay my calculations on Cuby's looking too much like that picture if I was in your place, Maria."

The Gentle Orientals.

To rid themselves of an enemy, the residents of oriental countries frequently mix with the food of the person of whom they would be rid the tiny black specks found under the sheath leaves at the joints of bamboo. These specks, seen under a microscope, are veritable barbed arrows, and once taken internally resist the action of the gastric juices and set up an intestinal inflammation that invariably causes death.

The Bad Part.

"I dreamed last night that I was married," said the maid as she sat down to breakfast the other morning. "Is that a bad dream?"

"The only thing bad about it," growled her father, "is that it isn't true."—Chicago News.

Fiscal.

Youth—I have come to seek the hand of your daughter in marriage.

Man—Will you kindly call tomorrow? I make it a rule not to attend to business out of office hours.

Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere, and we are too wise to trust them.—Cowper.

Antartic Penguins.

Some of the penguins in the antarctic regions weigh as much as eighty pounds and are about four feet high, with a splendid orange patch on the neck. The young take three years to develop fully, and even then the plumage is distinctly less brilliant than in the older birds. Both the movements and migration of the penguins are remarkable. When first followed the bird prefers to walk, but when in danger of being caught it drops on to its abdomen and with the help of the wings glissades at a pace too great to be overtaken by a man walking. They seem aware of the movements of the great ice fields and use them to help their migration to the pack ice in the north. They take trouble to collect stones, which they delight to steal from one another's piles, for nests.

Many of the ways of the penguins are suggestive of preserved instincts. Their attitude when sleeping is modeled on that of birds with fully developed wings. But the penguin has to be content with reaching the shelter of his wing with no more than the tip of his beak.

The Duck and the Orator.

Some day, my child, I will take you out into the wide, green country and show you a young Pekin duck. He is an active little tyke, is the Pekin duckling, even when he doesn't date back farther than day before yesterday. When it comes to swimming he is a sight reader, and he is more destructive to tender grass than a young Nebuchadnezzar. But unfortunately he is so constructed and flat of back that if by any chance he gets turned wrong side up he cannot turn over again unaided, and unless help comes he lies there and paddles the air with his little feet until he fans himself to death. He is cheerful about it, though, and makes no outcry, apparently thinking that because his legs are working he is swimming along according to Hoyle.

My child, a little duck on his back and the average after dinner orator on his feet are both deserving of the sympathy which we should be ever ready to bestow on the unfortunate, and therefore we should sign all petitions that are presented to us looking to the establishment of a commission to turn little ducks over and loquacious gentlemen down in the hope that if they are prevented from paddling and gabbling themselves to death they may be of some use hereafter.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

One Way to Win Sleep.

A writer in a medical journal suggests a new way of juggling with insomnia. His sleep inducer is a chain of magic words so associated in sound or meaning that each suggests the next subsequent—for instance: Ice, slippery; smooth, rough; ruffian, tramp, etc. When sleep is coy recite the list mentally. This is said to be a sure cure. It keeps the mind from rambling from subject to subject, as the mind tends to do in sleeplessness.

THE GIRDLE.

It Was a Much Used Arrangement In the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages at the girdle were hung the thousand and one odds and ends needed and utilized in everyday affairs. The scrivener had his ink horn and pen attached to it, the scholar his book or books, the monk his crucifix and rosary, the innkeeper his tallies and everybody his knife. So many and so various were the articles attached to it that the flippant began to poke fun. In an old play there is mention of a merchant who had hanging at his girdle a pouch, a spectacle case, a "punniard," a pen and ink horn and a "handkercher," with many other trinkets besides, which a merry companion seeing said, "It was like a haberdasher's shop of small wares." In another early play a lady says to her maid: "Give me my girdle and see that all the furniture be at it. Look that cigars, pinchers, the penknife, the knife to close letters with, the bodkin, the ear picker and the scale be in the case." Girdles were in some respects like the chatelaines of more modern times, but they differed therefrom in being more useful, more comprehensive in regard both to sex and to articles worn, and when completely finished more costly. It is partly for this reason that we find girdles bequeathed as precious heirlooms and as valuable presents to keep the giver's memory green after death. They were not infrequently of great intrinsic value.

A QUEER CHANDELIER.

It Is Made of Human Bones and Hangs In a Church.

In the center of the arched roof of All Saints' church, Sedlitz, in Bohemia, hangs a chandelier constructed entirely of human bones. The church in which this remarkable object is suspended is decorated from the floor to the ceiling with the blanched bones of human bodies. Garlands of bones stretch across the walls and hang from the ceiling. Pyramids, topped with golden crowns, are artistically reared from the ground with these whitened remains of the dead. The altars are literally covered with skulls, among which are hundreds of those which had been pierced by bullets or crushed by murderous blows from swords and other weapons, denoting that these grim relics of humanity have been gathered from adjacent battlefields.

Tradition says that these piles of human bones were gathered by a blind friar of the Cistercian order, who stored them in a corner of the church. As they were fast changing into their original elements, a man named Rint devoted himself to the task of cleaning and arranging them in the church. Prince Carl of Schwarzenberg took a strong personal interest in the restoration and arrangement of the church and ordered all the repairs to be done at his own expense. A large number of tourists visit this extraordinary church every year.—London Tit-Bits.

Reynolds and Two Pictures.

Sir Joshua Reynolds having become a great man, it was but natural that the town council of Plympton, near Plymouth, where he was born, should elect him mayor. In acknowledgment of the honor he painted a fine portrait of himself and presented it to the corporation. He wrote to a friend asking him to see that the picture was hung in a good light. This friend not only did so, but hung a poor picture alongside of it in order to heighten the merits of Sir Joshua's work by contrast. Then he informed Reynolds of all the trouble he had taken. In thanking him Sir Joshua told him that the poor picture had been painted by himself (Reynolds) in early life.

The Hopelessness of Gout.

A quaint old cure for the gout—a cure, from a seventeenth century medical work, that was designed to show gout's hopelessness. "First pick," said this odd cure, "a handkerchief from the pocket of a spinster who never wished to wed; second, wash the handkerchief in an honest miller's pond; third, dry it on the hedge of a person who never was covetous; fourth, send it to the shop of a physician who never killed a patient; fifth, mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client, and, sixth, apply it, hot, to the gout tormented part. A speedy cure must follow."

One Toed Women.

Everybody has heard of the small feet of the ladies of China. But it is not so generally known that they commonly have but one toe. This is, however, the fact. The great toe of the females of the first rank, and of some of the inferior classes also, is the only one left to act with any freedom. The rest are doubled down under the foot in their tenderest infancy and retained by compression and tight bandages till they unite with and are buried in the sole

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, bad breath, constipated bowels. Correct all these by giving small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar-coated.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Home Made

Have your cake, muffins, and tea biscuit home-made. They will be fresher, cleaner, more tasty and wholesome.

Royal Baking Powder helps the house wife to produce at home, quickly and economically, fine and tasty cake, the raised hot-biscuit, puddings, the frosted layer-cake, crisp cookies, crullers, crusts and muffins, with which the ready-made food found at the bake-shop or grocery does not compare.

Royal is the greatest of bake-day helps.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Case of Adam and Eve.

"In a certain church in Colorado Springs," said an Oregon clergyman, "there used to be a queer old, crusty character, a Scot who was noted for his profound knowledge of the Scriptures. I lectured in that church one evening, and after the lecture the Scot and I and some few others fell into conversation.

"I was urged to put the old man's Scriptural knowledge to the test. I was urged to question him and to let him question me. He would get the better of me—that, every one said, was certain—but I had my doubts and, turning to the Scot, said confidently:

"'I will try you, my friend, with the grand, leading, insurmountable question, How long did Adam remain in a state of innocence?'

"The Scot answered:

"'Till he got a wife.'

"Then, with a grim chuckle, he went on:

"'But can you tell me, sir, how long he remained after?'"

Ringer and Wind.

Making a ringer in the pitching of quoits must have been a part of the training which made the English longbowmen so terrible in siege that by gauging the distance and taking the lay of the wind they could send up a deadly volley at the exact angle to drop their arrows with destructive force into the heart of a beleaguered city. Getting the lay of the wind is the first thing to be learned in the noble art of pitching horseshoes. If the wind be contrary, the nicest calculations as to everything else will be in vain. It is only a supreme master of the game, a dazzling genius in its mathematics, who can play against the wind—that is to say, one who, if the wind be from the east, can, by throwing at exactly that degree of an oblique angle needed to make it meet the wind full at the point opposite the goal, may hope to have it carried to the right spot.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Exact Obedience.

Native servants in India have the generally desirable, though sometimes inconvenient, virtue of the Chinese—doing exactly as they are told. The trouble is that they seldom use judgment.

Lord Roberts during a campaign in India had ordered his man to prepare his bath at a certain hour. One day a fierce engagement was going on, but the servant made his way through a storm of bullets and appeared at his commander's side.

"Sahib," said he, "your bath is ready."

Even a better story comes from an unknown soldier who was awakened one morning by feeling the servant of a brother officer pulling at his foot.

"Sahib," whispered the man, "sahib, what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half past 6, but he did not go to bed till 7."

Bathers Who Sleep Floating.

"To fall asleep floating on the waves is not an impossibility," said an Atlantic City life guard. "On the sun warmed billows on an August afternoon I once floated off to sleep, and when I awoke I was nearly half a mile out at sea. I know a Camden man who often takes a floating nap off Chelsea.

"A good many people can't float even though they can swim. They can't float because they keep the line of the body, from head to heels, stiff and straight. The line should be kept curved a little—it should resemble a very broad V—and all the muscles should be loose, relaxed. It is easy to float. I have taught many children of six and seven years to do it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Branding Criminals.

Until the end of the eighteenth century the prisoners' dock in most important English law courts was furnished with an iron upright and collar fixed in front of the person who was being tried. If a conviction followed and the judge elected to include a decree of branding in the sentence that portion of it was carried out upon the spot. The criminal's hand was put through the collar, which was effectually screwed round the wrist and, the necessary branding irons having been previously heated in the courthouse fire, was forthwith marked upon the thumb with the letters which the judge directed to be burned upon it.

A Hard Cut.

Mr. Jawback—Why are you not wearing your wedding ring? Mrs. Jawback—I wore it out doing housework! —Cleveland Leader.

An old Chinese proverb says, "Be very appreciative, and the people you admire will spit in your face."

Day Dreaming.

It is much easier to fancy what we should like to have, what position we should like to fill and how we should act if different circumstances surrounded us than it is to put forth the efforts and self denial necessary to make such attainments. A proportion of life is consumed in this manner. This habit is justly called day dreaming, for as in sleep the brain, deprived of the power of will to direct it, weaves cobwebs that the first breath of consciousness dispels, so in this listless condition the mind, uncontrolled and unguided, brings forth specious fallacies that reason, when fully aroused, will utterly dissipate. These day dreams are sometimes defended on the ground that if useless they are at least harmless; that if they confer no benefit they inflict no injury. This, however, cannot be the case. Nothing occupies so neutral a position. Uselessness is of itself an injury, but besides this habit of idle reverie produces positive evils. Valuable time is wasted, energy is frittered away, the mind is enfeebled, the activities are discouraged, the present active life is rendered tame and insipid.

Jumping.

Jumping to the ground from a height, jumping from the ground over a height and long jumping may be either harmless or highly injurious, according to the way in which one alights. The human brain cannot stand jars. When it receives them it is injured, although the injury may not be felt for years. Headache, giddiness, sleeplessness, neuralgia and a whole host of other departures from health may be set up by jarring the brain. In jumping the great danger is not to the legs. The part chiefly risked is the head. When the feet touch the ground the shock passes up the limbs and spinal column, the parts above serving as buffers and so preventing the parts below being thrown too greatly in the upward direction. But the head has nothing above it; hence the shock may dislocate the neck or fracture the skull. One should always alight on the toes and with the legs slightly bent. This position greatly helps to prevent jarring.

Named For His Satanic Majesty.

The unfortunate disaster by which a life has been lost on the Welsh mountain known as the Devil's Kitchen has drawn attention, says the Dundee Advertiser, to the curious but seemingly universal practice of past times in naming peculiar natural formations after his Satanic majesty. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that hardly a county in the British isles is without some place or thing with the designation Devil, all of which prompts the thought that his Satanic majesty must be a holder of a considerable amount of property on this terrestrial globe. The Devil's Punch Bowl, the Devil's Bellows, the Devil's Beef Tub, the Devil's Frying Pan, the Devil's Lake, the Devil's Dike, the Devil's Caldron, are a few instances which occur at random, scattered about in various parts of the country.

Made Red Hair Fashionable.

The French painter who won attention for his red headed girls cannot be classed among the great masters, but he made red hair fashionable and is said to have been responsible for the peroxide blond. Not until Henner introduced his sweetly brown and red women to the art world did pink and white beauty find it was insipid to be fair. Red heads extinguished the blond cendree, and even the dark haired "washed" their locks until they were of the desired Henner colorings and acquired "tones" that were so warm they improved the dullest skin. Henner's pictures may be said to have apotheosized the much derided "carrot head." He saw red and made it "heavenly brown."

The Mustache.

The home of the mustache is in Spain, and here is the history of its origin: After the Moors first invaded the country the Christian and Moslem population became so mixed that it was difficult to say which were Moors and which Spaniards. The Spaniards then hit upon a means by which they could at once distinguish their brethren. They did not shave their lips any longer and they allowed a tuft of hair to grow below their under lips, so that their beards formed the rude outline of a cross. Thus the mustache became a symbol of liberty and fraternity.

Grumpse's Openwork Socks.

"Why does Dr. Grumpse always buy openwork socks?"

"He says that, having been a bachelor for forty-five years, the kind with holes in are the only ones in which he feels natural."—Cleveland Leader.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1905.

SOME CENSUS FIGURES.

We embrace this opportunity to thank Charles F. Pidgin, Esq., Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, for a sheet containing tables of (unverified) enumerations of 1895 and 1905; of the cities and towns comprising the Metropolitan District; 1895, 1900 and 1905; population 33 cities, 1895, 1905; and that of the counties of the State for the same years.

Concerning the table showing the population of the cities and towns comprising the Metropolitan District Chief Pidgin says:

"In this table is given the population of 12 cities and 17 towns comprising the Metropolitan District for the Census years of 1895, 1900 and 1905 Being easy of access to Boston, the Capital city, they have been called its 'bedrooms' because so many of their inhabitants are employed in, or do business in Boston. In 1900 these 29 cities and town had increased their population over that of 1895 by 76.427; but in 1905 the increase over 1900 was but 63,143. In 1905, as compared with 1895, the increase was 139.570"

"Boston's population in 1905 is 593,598, an increase over 1895 of 96,678. The population of the 33 cities of the State in 1905 is 2,020,500, an increase in 10 years of 372,768.

The population of the State in 1905 is 2,998,958, as against 2,500,183 in 1895, a gain of 498,775.

Chief Pidgin's sheet of tables and comments is valuable and handy to have for ready reference.

GUILD AND DRAPER.

Some things occurred in Boston the other day that point unerringly to the nomination of Eben S. Draper at the Republican State convention for Lieu tenant Governor, and that, too, with little, or no, opposition.

The nomination of Curtis Guild, Jr., for Governor is a fixed fact, and his election will follow in November as sure as fate.

It looks as though Hall's campaign for the second place on the Republican ticket had about petered out, and as to Col. Goetting he can hardly be considered as ever having been "in the swim."

Hall lost his chance for promotion when he broke away from the Republican Party and cast his lot with Eugene N. Foss et als. on the Reciprocity craze.

SIGNED.

Amid the booming of cannon, ringing of bells, screech of factory whistles, and hurrahs of the people at Portsmouth, N. H., the Japanese-Russian peace articles were formally and officially signed by the Plenipotentiaries of those countries at the Kittery Navy Yard at 3.47 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 5, 1905.

The epoch marking ceremonies which ended the greatest war of modern times, brought permanent peace to Japan and Russia, and were freighted with such momentous consequences for the whole world, were performed without fuss or feathers; the signatures of the Envoys were unostentatiously affixed; a purely business air prevailed; and the trick was done.

FOSS DID IT.

Hon. Eugene N. Foss, champion of Henry M. Whitney's Canadian Reciprocity scheme, got his sub-committee of the Boston Chamber of Committee of 100 together last Tuesday and compelled them to join with him in pledging the Riciprocity vote (if any) in the Republican State convention on Oct. 6 next, to Fred S. Hall of Taunton for the Lieutenant Governor nomination. They, also, voted to give the vote of the faction to Curtis Guild, Jr., for Governor; which latter step raises a doubt as to whether, or not, Guild is "sound on the goose."

☞ The State census of 1905 shows that the population of Boston falls slightly short of 600,000, which is a disappointment to Bostonians, but ought not to be. There are various reasons to account for the slow growth of Boston, one of which is that, territorially, it is unable to accommodate a large population, and as its business increases, as it is doing by long strides, it will become more crowded, and compel its people to establish homes outside of the city proper. But Boston's lack of large increase in permanent residents is more than made up by the growth of surrounding towns and cities. Within 10 miles of the State House, or over about one half of the area covered by Chicago, there are almost 1,125,000 inhabitants, and all within sight of the "Gilded Dome." These towns and cities are, to all intents and purposes, other than in local government, a part of Boston, and, except by the census takers, are reckoned as a share of the population of the Hub. Looked at from this point of view, Boston is growing rapidly.

☞ The Peace Envoys bid farewell to Boston last Wednesday, satisfied and happy over the good deeds they accomplished at the Kittery Navy Yard. The Maine and New Hampshire Yankees fell in love with all of them, and Baron Komura's gift of $10,000 to New Hampshire for the benefit of its poor people, made it all the more binding. The Peace convention did a great deal towards bringing the U. S. and Far East nearer together—socially, at least.

☞ According to the Reading *Chronicle* two citizens of that town are aspirants for Representative Nowell's seat in the House, by name Shackford and Turner. The *Chronicle*, by the way, scrupulously refrains from taking sides with either political party, but thinks Eben S. Draper, Republican candidate for Lieut. Governor, will "be cut by the rank and file" because he is supported by the "machine," if anybody knows what that is.

☞ No Republican, as yet, has stepped to the front to oppose the nomination of Hon. Levi S. Gould for County Commissioner. He is a good citizen, an efficient public officer, and his reelection is a foregone conclusion.

☞ No report reaches the JOURNAL office of the sayings and doings, if any, of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee. The rest of us can't tell how we are going to vote until the Committee give the word. And the caucuses are coming on pretty soon, too.

☞ Judging from specimens sent us, some of Col. Goetting's campaign literature is old and mildewed.

LOCAL NEWS.

— School Census taker Mulkeen is finding children galore.

—Misses Edith and Gertrude Pierce are visiting in Dorchester.

— The National Band promenade concert and ball is to take place on Sept. 13.

— Miss M. Adeline Hinckley has resigned from the High School pedagogic force.

— Gateman Callahan was a close second in furnishing pears for Editorial delectation.

— The School Board held a meeting last Tuesday evening to pass on bills and soforth.

— Misses Abby and Minnie McSweeney have gone to New York for a two week's outing.

— Jim Durward, the American Rifle Champion, don't want any public reception and glorification in his.

— Mr. J. Foster Deland, Manager of the Hammond & Son Company, and wife are at South Paris, Maine.

— Mr. Alvah A. Persons has about recovered from a long and severe illness, and is ready for business again.

— Mr. Myers of Lowell succeeds Supt. Gray as Supt. of the Woburn Division of the B. & N. Street railway.

— Mrs. William P. Warren is visiting relatives and friends at Sandwich, N. H., with whom she will stay several weeks.

— Capt. Ellis has finished the new schoolhouse foundation, and everybody says it is fine. It will stand—no doubt about that.

— Principal Herbert Owen of the High School, wife and son have returned from their summer home at Monmouth, Maine.

— The alarm from 612 at 7.15 last evening was for a fire in K. of C. rooms Thompson block corner Main and Everett streets.

— Woburn Firemen's Relief Association are to give their annual ball and concert in the Auditorium on Wednesday evening, Oct. 4.

— Special Policeman James E. Boutwell did duty on Main street Labor Day. If he desires it, he ought to be put on the regular force.

— The Middlesex County W. C. T. U. convention is to be held in the Congregational church in Wakefield at 10 a. m. Friday, Sept. 14.

— Work on changes and additions to Lyceum Hall is nearly done. When opened to the public it will be one of the best halls in this vicinity.

— M. A. Burnes is busy these days. His teams go loaded with furniture and household goods in all directions; his salesmen are busy; and he is happy.

— William E. Kenney, one of the mainstays at the postoffice, after a fine vacation outing, has returned to his post of duty in prime order for work.

— Nobody can say that dogdays didn't go out with flying colors last Tuesday. It was hotter than blazes, and the humidity could be cut with a knife.

— Misses Charlotte S. and Mary E. Cummings of 9 Newbury street, Central Square, have gone to Pennsylvania and Delaware to spend the month of September.

— Mrs. Thomas Salmon and her son Thomas of Arlington Road returned last Friday night from a delightful trip to Niagara Falls, Toronto, and Montreal, Canada.

— The promenade concert and dance to be given by the National Band Association next Wednesday evening will be a fine affair and success, as has been the way in all their entertainments.

— Organist Hood of First Church, who, with Mrs. Hood, has got back, show unmistakable signs of good living during his vacation. He must have "struck it rich" on the food question.

— After over 21 years of faithful and efficient service Mr. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue has resigned the office of Janitor of the Unitarian church. He retains his position at the High school.

— The U. S. Weekly Crop Bulletin ending Sept. 4, say: "Crop conditions have continued to improve the past week owing to the large amount of precipitation that has occurred and the moderate temperatures that prevailed."

— Dogdays took their departure last Tuesday, not exactly in a flood of glory, nevertheless, in an acceptable manner. They kept up their reputation fairly well during August, and no fault was found.

— Mr. George E. Brown, a truehearted and loyal Civil War Veteran, attended the National Encampment at Denver this week, as he has several others. It is the joy of his life to meet the in their annual G. A. R. National Council.

— On Oct. 5, the Boston & Maine Railroad Co. are to run their annual excursion through the Hoosac Mountains to Albany; down the Hudson River to New York City; thence to Boston by the Fall River Line. Tickets for the round trip only $5.

— Mr. Prior Chute, member and general manager of the coal, wood, hay and grain business of Cummings, Chute & Co., left here on a visit to the British Provinces, of which he is a native and respected representative, last week. He has returned.

— Whitcher has a unique window display this week which is worthy of especial notice. The picture scheme is "100 years of Woburn," representing the town in 1820 and presumably in 1920. It is one of the designs with which Whitcher's brains abound.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneer's office.

— The assemblies of Co. G Rifle Team will be resumed on Oct. 12. Mr. James Durward, Jr., has always been the leading spirit of them. John J. Hern's Orchestra have been engaged for the series.

— Carrie May Andruss left here last Monday to resume her school work at Richmond, Mass., where she has taught with marked success for the last two years. Her engagement for a third year speaks well for her ability as a teacher, and also for her popularity.

— Supt. Kirkland of the State Moth Commission, salary, $5,000 perannum, says in the Winchester *Star*: "If the moth pest is to be suppressed, we need the help and support of the press in full measure, as well as that of every public spirited citizen." Do you mind the "If?"

— Lawyer Albert F. Converse and family have reached home from a glorious good visit in New Hampshire. The Squire will now gather up the threads of business where he dropped them a month ago, and his presence in the Courts will become a familiar sight again.

— It is estimated that 50 tons of vegetable growth has been taken from Horn Pond in the last few weeks under the direction of the Board of Health, and it isn't all removed yet. A liberal appropriation was made by the City Council for the work, which is being judiciously expended by the Health officers.

— Levering Reynolds entered Burdett's Business College in Boston this week. He has been employed by a Boston firm for some time, but concluded to become a bookkeeper and stenographer. The Burdett College is opening with large classes this fall. It is the leading institution of the kind in New England.

— Marcellus Littlefield and wife had such a fine time fishing in North Pond, Smithfield, Maine, that they concluded to prolong their visit there. "'Cel" wrote us: "Great fishing here for pickerel and black bass, 3 and 4 pounds of both being taken from North Pond." It is a great patch of earth for country pleasures and angling down at Smithfield.

— Mr. George Buchanan of Bennett street is the first person to pay tribute this fall to the superior Editorial merit of the JOURNAL which assumed the shape, a few days ago, of a large basket of as fine pears as ever grew on trees, or tickled the palate of mortal man. For the receipt of which he will please accept this public acknowledgement with thanks.

— Leather making seems to be going out of business here. Another of the Trust's factories, A, has shut down, making three that have gone out of commission since the Trust bought nearly all the Woburn factories—the Skinner, Cottle and Crane—all leading establishments. The prospect for the leather business here is anything but encouraging.

— For the purpose of mending his political fences and attending to some business in the Superior Court W. Fred Davis, Esq., returned to his home in this city last Monday evening. The balance of the Davis party are still at Flagstaff, Maine, but expect to reach here tomorrow. Dr. DeFriez of Jamaica Plain has, as usual, been the life of the camp down there.

— Contrary to law, or a custom equal in effect to law, some straw hats are still seen on the streets—hats that should have been shed on Sept. 1. It is noticed, too, with feelings akin to regret, that the white and gray napless plug so much in vogue a dozen years ago, and less, is conspicuous by its absence. Which forces the thought, "Oh, the time! oh, the manners!"

— Mrs. Harriet C. Blake of Abbot street has returned from a pleasant vacation outing at Kennebunk, York county, Maine, a seaside resort which she is fond of. The present is not the first season Mrs. Blake has passed there, nor, by any means, the least enjoyable. She has had for company her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Dr. Harry G. Blake, and children, all of whom have reached their home in this city.

— The public schools of this city will reopen for business next Monday, Sept. 11. Already many of the teachers are foregathering at their former haunts for duty, probably somewhat refreshed and invigorated by their long vacation rest, and better prepared than ever for the onerous tasks on the performance of which they are about to enter. The birch and ferule will soon enjoy supreme sway in our local institutions of learning.

— Owing to the absence of one of the judges, the closing of the Photographic Contest of the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railways will be postponed from September first to October first. Contestants who have already sent in a dozen photographs are at liberty to send in as many more as desired, thus giving a chance for the best dozen to be selected out of the lot. Due notice will be given of the successful competitors, as well as the prizes received by each.

— It seems likely that Mr. Myron A. Day will not return to Alaska, where he has been doing a prosperous business for more than a dozen years, but remain permanently in the East. He left here for the Far West about 1892, and has been a resident, in different sections of it, during the years intervening. He has about concluded that New England is good enough for him. No lad or young man was more popular than "Bert" Day when a resident of Woburn.

— Not much business was done at the meeting of the School Board last Tuesday evening Miss Marion E. Conn, one of the best teachers, was given a year's leave of absence. E. L Ames was appointed janitor of the Wyman and Main street schools. Miss M. Adeline Hinckley of the High School force resigned. There was quite a little crossing of swords by Mrs. Josephine Hayward on the one side, and Messrs. Chalmers and Riley, on the other, over some question of intercourse between teachers and pupils, or something like that.

— The Ancient Order of Hibernians are for Mayor Reade for a second term teeth and toenail.

— The lightning here last Wednesday evening was not severe, but it did a good deal of damage at Tewksbury

— Editor Grimes of the *News* has been too busy to take a vacation, but is lotting on attending a County Fair, if he can hear of one that is likely to suit his complexion.

— The boys of Co. G, 5th Regiment, the Woburn Company, are proud of their comrade, James Durward, Jr., who won the National Individual match at Seagirt last week against the whole United States, including the U. S Army and Navy and their West Point and Annapolis Academies. He has been a fast friend and earnest worker for the good of the Company many years, and every member thinks there's nobody quite equal to "Jim." As a marksman he is a credit and an honor to Massachusetts, Co. G, 5, and to our city, and a prime fellow from centre to circumference.

— The Woburn Brass Band gave a fine concert on the Common last Friday evening, as they always do, and a great crowd enjoyed it. After the entertainment the Band gave a promenade concert and ball in the Auditorium which was a grand success and a most enjoyable affair. Both Bands have treated the public handsomely in the line of concerts this summer and are entitled to thanks for them. They began a little late, but have kept it up since in lively style, and their music has been greatly appreciated. Woburn has two of the best Bands in the State.

— The cordwainers of Lynn, and indeed, the whole city, went into ecstacies last Friday over the wonderful and unprecedented action of M. Witte, the Russian Peace envoy, in leaving his boots there to be mended. That he actually left them with a Lynn cobbler to be patched was proved beyond doubt by a picture of the boots appearing in the Boston papers Saturday morning, and also the patch. Now the question is which has the greatest reason to feel proud of the presence of the plenipotentiaries, Kittery Navy Yard, Portsmouth, or Lynn? Probably the Lynn cobbler. But there was honor enough for all three.

— With the exception of closed public buildings and business houses, and a paucity of humanity on the streets, there were but few signs of a holiday in this city last Monday. Presumably a large share of our population went to Boston to see the Labor Day parade and indulge their fancy for other entertainments. The weather was strictly of the dogdays order, that is to say, it rained a part of the time, fairly clear by spells, and hot and muggy all of the time. Holidays, legal and otherwise, are getting to be somewhat of a bore to a good many people, and celebrations of them are not entered into with as keen a zest as would be the case were they to come at longer intervals. At least, it looks that way.

— History tells us that a member of the Eames families of Woburn and Wilmington emigrated to Jefferson, Lincoln county, Maine, in 1750 or 60, and became the root of a large and flourishing family tree in that State, nearly all the branches of which changed the spelling of the name from Eames to Ames, the great prima donna being one of the few who retained the former. The Eameses, or Ameses, of Maine have always taken leading parts in the affairs of the communities where they have dwelt, been influential in shaping them, successful in business, and good loyal citizens. Descendants of the Woburn emigrant of a century and a half ago are still residents of Jefferson, Damariscotta, and many other parts of Maine. Mr. Henry Martin Eames of this city is a member of the old family.

— It seems as though Edward Caldwell, proprietor of the mammouth furniture and household furnishing store on Main and Park streets, is satisfied with present conditions and has confidence in the future business prospects of Woburn, else one would find him curtailing, rather than enlarging, his operations. He has been in trade here 15, or more, years, and from a somewhat modest beginning has built up a business second to no other of the kind in this county. For a long time he enjoyed the advantages of a principal ownership of a large furniture factory; but the biggest share of his success has been due to able management, especially in the line of increase in size and variety of stocks carried by him. He evidently thinks Woburn is a long way from being a dead business town.

— Dry corncobs constitute an important item in the circulating medium out in Nebraska; they are used extensively for fuel. That accounts for the offer of "Ike" Rickle, Editor of the Juniata (Neb) *Herald*, to take corncobs in payment for subscriptions. "Ike" says Nebraska is a great country for newspaper men. He knows of a nearby publisher who started a weekly paper a dozen years ago on a capital of 15 cents, and is today worth $100,000 —thanks to the death of a rich old uncle. He tells of another man out there who started in on a journalistic career about the same time "poor but honest," and is still poor, but has nothing to say about the other thing. We know that "Ike" is all right, for he was brought up by hand in the Genesto (Illinois) *Republic* office, of which paper the writer of this item was then the Editor.

— At the 5th Regiment riflematch at the Wakefield Range last Monday, Sept. 4, Company G of Woburn won first prize and proudly bore off the honors. The weather was unfavorable for the best showing of skill by the marksmen, but our boys piled up the totals in good shape and left the other fellows in the lurch. An interesting feature of the affair was the presence as participants of the three Durward brothers, James J., the Champion Marksman of America, George and Robert J., all of them "science" with the rifle. The Company G team, all of whom took a hand in the game, were: Capt McCarthy, Lieut. A. T. Tornrose, Corp. F. H. Keane, Sergt. F. C. Keane, Privates James Durward, Jr, George Durward, Robert J Durward, Busteed, W. A Smith, John H. Nutting. The Woburn Phalanx (Co G, 5th) was organized in 1835—70 years ago.

CURTIS GUILD, JR., Republican canditate for Governor.

— Mr. John Seaver and family have moved to Medford.

— The National Band are to give their final openair concert of the season next Wednesday evening.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Rev. Dr. Williams, pastor of the First Baptist Church, is again at home at the close of a happy vacation.

— Mr. Rufus R. Whitten has go home from his great-great-grandfather's grave at Plymouth, his native soil.

— The A. O. H. picnic last Monday was held in the Auditorium on account of the rain, and was grand success.

—Brooks, the druggist, is still doing business at the old stand, and prospering. Brooks is "sound corn" all the time.

— The South Border Athletic and Outing Club have taken the building formerly occupied by Young & McDonald on Conn street, owned by Mr. J. B. McLaughlin.

— The condition of our streets were bad enough, mercy knows—the worst in the county; but so long as there is no funds in the treasury to pay the workmen, what are you going to do about it?

— Miss Annie Scalley leaves to-day for St. Vincent's. Accompanied by her parents the young lady goes to Burlington, Vt., Aut Sable, Saratoga, and down the Hudson to her school in New York, which she enters for the year.

— This is the season for ague, malaria, typhoid fever, and like complaints to prevail, and the only genuine, sure-thing preventative and remedy is Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets, the same that are advertised in this paper.

— The mild article of friction that crops out once in awhile in the School Board is a good sign. For one thing, it shows that some life still exists in the Board; it rubs off rust; it betokens individual interest in the business—all exeellent and commendable in their way.

— The weather yesterday was something to conjure by. It was sweet, and typically autumnal, and everybody enjoyed it. To be sure, occasional turning of the leaves to yellow and scarlet, and their fall to earth, blunted the edge of the pleasures of the day, but on the whole, it was delightful, and seemed to make life worth living.

— On Sunday evening the renewed vestry of the Congregational Church will be open to the people, and special services will be held, with music and addresses appropriate to the occasion. All interested are invited to attend and share the pleasure. Rev. Dr. Norton, the pastor, returned Wednesday evening from a delightful vacation outing passed in the Moosehead Lake region,

— Mrs. Annie and Mr. F. Percyval Lewis have taken up their residence at Winchester, but Mrs. Lewis will teach in Woburn as formerly. See ad.

— After 2 years absence in Europe, F. Percyval Lewis has been recalled to the organ of the Unitarian church, and is to play there next Sunday. Mrs. Florence Ives Atwood is to be the soloist.

— Churches will open their fall campaign next Sunday. Rev. Dr. Norton of First Church and his choir have returned; Rev. Mr. Williams of the First Baptist; Rev. Mr. Parker of the Unitarian, and other pastors, are once more on deck and ready for duty.

— At a meeting held a few evenings ago the women of the Danish Brotherhood, '97, of this city, presented, by the hand of Mrs. Peter Carlson, an enthusiastic leader in the organization, a Danish Flag to the Brotherhood, which was gratefully accepted and hearty thanks returned. It was the first anniversary of the formation of the society here, which includes a large number of excellent Danish Woburn people. Representatives of the Order were present from Boston, Worcester, Maynard, and other places. A banquet and speeches were followed by dancing and a good time.

— It was a veritable flood. Rain began to fall, gently for a time, at 11 o'clock Saturday night, Sept. 2, and continued, increasing in quantity and quality, without the least cessation, until Sunday night—30 hours—with periods of downpour all day Monday. For duration and amount of precipitation it was unquestionably the biggest rainstorm that records give any account of. In Boston and on the seashore it was tremendous, the wind being much stronger and swifter there than farther inland; for example, the waves swept over the top of Minot Ledge Lighthouse, something that has seldom, or never before, happened. Shipping in the harbor and near the coast was knocked about, and the surf on the beaches beat everything. Roofs of buildings here, that had been watertight before, yielded to the pressure and leaked like seives. It was a great storm, the biggest September one ever experienced in these parts.

Base Ball.

It is reported that the East Ends will try to down the Winchester A. C. tomorrow, at Winchester.

The East Ends were defeated by the St. Augustine's of South Boston last Saturday at the Albany street grounds.

The Woburn Giants and Cambridge A. C., both colored teams, had it out at the Park last Saturday, the latter winning.

There were no games here Labor Day. The game between the Clerks and the South End teams will be played later, as well as the games between North Woburn and Stoneham.

—Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

"THE AMERICAN BOY"

FREE for 6 months with a purchase of a Suit or Overcoat in our Boys' Department. "THE AMERICAN BOY" is the biggest, brightest, and best boys' paper in the world, and is read by nearly a quarter of a million boys. You ought to read it! BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. Good Clothes for the Boys.

Hammond & Son Co. LEADING CLOTHIERS.

Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN

[Original.]

"Sparks."

COMMUNICATED.

The infamous liquor traffic is the deadly foe of legitimate business. Vote it out!

Judicious advertising is the magnet that draws the cash from the pockets of the public.

It is said that the U. S. Treasury has lost $145,000,000. Has any one in Woburn found it?

Woburn business men should be hustlers. Business will pick up if you push it along.

Many of our Woburn merchants are now wearing smiles that won't come off. That means business.

You can't force people to buy your goods, but you can persuade them by judicious advertising to do so.

Because you can't advertise as much as some one else, that is no reason why you should not advertise at all.

Woburn merchants report a good business last week, not only from our own city, but from the regions beyond.

The coming State election gives promise of being fought with tremendous energy. May the best man win.

Every time we see a girl riding a wheel early in the morning, we wonder if the breakfast dishes at her home are washed.

The wives of some of Woburn's noblemen seem to think they have pneumatic husbands, who are no good unless they are blown up every day.

Private-house burglars have become so numerous in Woburn and vicinity, that nine out of every ten married men insist on sleeping on the back side of the bed.

It is reported that Jack the Hugger has recently been captured in this city, much to the disappointment of some of the more mature maidens, who thus see their last hope vanish.

The day is surely coming when every right-thinking citizen of this good city of Woburn shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that the rum traffic shall be tolerated here no longer.

The wide-awake, up-to-date merchant is always on the lookout for novelties, and when they appear he grabs 'em quick and advertises them "like sixty," and the public buys them. That's enterprise.

We often hear people say, "Prohibition don't prohibit!" The laws against murder, arson and stealing don't seem to prohibit, but do restrain to some extent, because they are enforced, and so would prohibition.

It has been said that saloons can't be driven out of large cities, but Cambridge, with a present population of 98,000 drove it out, and has kept it out, with an increased "No" majority for about twenty years. When Woburn wakes up, she can do the same.

See that your children have social entertainment, and do not be afraid to sit down and play a game or two with them in the evening. It will make you feel younger, and will lead the children to love their home, and perhaps keep them from evil companions.

Business here is said to be some better than it was, but not yet of a character to warrant the proprietors in purchasing another safe to put their receipts in over night, nor are any of the hands in the tanneries making contracts for new brownstone houses for residential purposes.

The JOURNAL respectfully solicits brief reports of receptions, society notes, personals, announcements, engagements, weddings, births, etc., etc. Copy should reach us not later than Thursday, and should bear name and address of author —the latter not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Why run to Boston to purchase your groceries, clothing, etc., when we have right here in our own city a better assortment, both in price and quality than in many of the stores in Boston. If you doubt this, call on the Boston Branch, Hammond or Fred Flint, and you are sure to be convinced.

A story of the meanest man on record was related the other day. He owned a country newspaper, and when his helper, the long-suffering compositor, asked for his wages, he was told that the subscription price of the paper must be deducted. "But I don't take the paper," said the "comp." "I know it, but you read the copy when you set the type," said the champion mean man.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Man as a Creator."
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Crucified Church."
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., "The Hidden Side of Life."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D. Subject: "Our Church Home."
Sunday School at 12 M.
5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor.
7 P. M., Addresses by the pastor and others at opening of renovated vestry. Special Music.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.30.
The Reading Room is open from 2 to 4 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 4, by Rev. Daniel March, Hadley Enos Robinson and Annie Scott Black, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 4, by Rev. H. B Williams, Ernest Herbert Wellman of Raymond, Mass., and Alice Gray Felch of Woburn.

In Norwich, Aug. 31, by Rev. Lewellyn Pratt, Charles S. Lougee of Chelsea and Edna May Waters of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 3, by Rev. H. B Williams, Frank M. Bartlett and Mabel Smith, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 4, Walter W., son of Elza and Maude Oulton, aged 5 months, 20 days.

In Burlington, Sept. 3, Ellen, wife of Herbert Berry, aged 59 years, 12 days.

In Billerica, Sept. 6, George W. Richardson, aged 68 years, 2 months.

Durward and Prize.

Saturday's dispatches from the great National shooting match at Seagirt, N J., put "Jim's" receipt of his big prizes in this manner:

Immediately after the close of the match, the marksmen went to the clubhouse, from the piazza of which Gov. Stone of New Jersey presented the prizes.

When the name of private James Durward of the 5th Massachusetts was announced as the winner of the first individual prize, and as he stepped forward to receive the medal, there was considerable cheering, led by Col. Cole, but before he could reach the Governor, retreat was sounded and the band played the "Star Spangled Banner." Private Durward halted just where he was until after the ceremony and then continued toward the Governor's cottage, medal in hand. The incident was very impressive and one long to be remembered.

When "Jim" came up for his second medal for the best score in the two skirmish runs, he was again loudly cheered.

At the White cottage Gov. Stone held a reception this noon, and among those who attended were Col. Charles H. Cole Jr., Maj. Thomas Talbot and Lieut. Simonds of the Massachusetts team, and all the officers of the New England teams.

Like Finding Money.

Finding health is like finding money—so think those who are sick. When you have a cough, cold, sore throat, or chest irritation, better act promptly like W. C. Barber, of Sandy Level, Va. He says: "I had a terrible chest trouble, caused by smoke and coal dust on my lungs; but, after finding no relief in other remedies, I was cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds." Greatest sale of any cough or lung medicine in the world. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; 50c and $1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR
CLOTHES
FOR MEN AND BOYS

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises
Newest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter

Suits, $16 to $50
Overcoats, $20 to $50

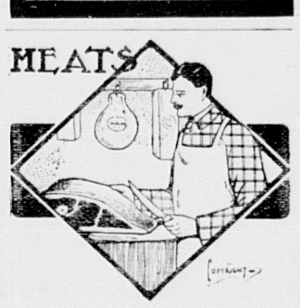
MEN'S AND BOYS'
HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET
BOSTON

SMITH PATTERSON COMPANY

DIAMOND MERCHANTS
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL 52 SUMMER ST.



CHOICE CUTS FOR SUMMER

can't be had everywhere. The meat must be properly cured, well cooled, and cut by one who knows how.

OUR MARKET

does such a large business is why you can rely on choice cuts from us. We keep the best meats that market affords. A choice steak, chop or roast from us will make you feel like a lord. Prices reasonable. Try us.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 123-6

M. J. MULKEEN,
Notary Public
Justice of the Peace
— AND —
General Steamship Agent.

White Star Line, Cunard Line, American Line, Atlantic Transportation Line, Dominion Line, Holland American Line, Leyland Line, Red Star Line, Anchor Line, Allan Line.
Drafts at the lowest rates.
Pension Vouchers promptly and carefully executed
OFFICE: 480 Main Street.
RESIDENCE: 106 Pleasant Street.
WOBURN

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.
MRS. ANNIE S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCYVAL LEWIS
PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.
1 Maxwell Road, cor. Mystic Ave.
WINCHESTER, MASS.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
WOBURN

HOT WEATHER DISINFECTING.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

Is the most economical and effective household disinfectant, deodorant and cleaner.
At all dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c. and $1.00.
☞ Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages.

NOTICE
Lodges, Societies, Clubs
You can charter one of the beautiful twin screw excursion steamers of the Lynn Steamboat Co. for a
MOONLIGHT EXCURSION
Entire Evening, $30.00
For further particulars address
LYNN STEAMBOAT CO.,
WHARF
Market Street, Lynn, Mass.

SOUVENIR STATIONERY
—OF—
Woburn—2 Views
Highest Grade Linen
35c. a Box
Whitcher's PILL BOX
KODAK SUPPLIES

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
...BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn
Telephone 131-2

Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

CUT GLASS!

You can hardly go wrong in choosing something in Cut Glass for a wedding or anniversary present. And you certainly can't go wrong in coming here to purchase it. We have a beautiful assortment of the latest designs, including Water Bottles, Bowls, Bon Bon, Olive and Oil, from among which anyone can surely select a gift for the amount they wish to spend.

SIMMONS watch or lognette chains for graduation.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches a specialty.

DON'T FORGET

That the holder of the Lucky Soda Check gets the beautiful

2-pound Box of Apollo Chocolates

given away weekly to our SODA CUSTOMERS.

The more desirable season for Candies is now approaching. Try a pound of Schraff's Butter Crackel. It's so delicious.

We always carry in stock, fresh every week, a full line of APOLLO, QUALITY and LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES in dainty packages.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Public Telephone. Free Messenger Service.
We save you money on all Drugstore Goods.

THE BOMB

That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

PRICE
—OF—
FLOUR
Reduced!

ON ALL GRADES

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Tea and Grocery House
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FITZ & STANLEY.
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STOPACHE
IS
CURING
Headache
EVERY HOUR
IN
THE DAY
25c. AT
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.

Was Your Home Comfortably Warm Last Winter?

If not, why not prepare to keep out next winter's cold? You can save fuel and nothing. Advice and estimates cost you nothing. Results guaranteed. Those at the head of the procession never have to wait. Telephone Woburn 246-6

EDWARD E. PARKER,
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

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608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
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National Bank Building,
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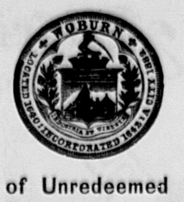
To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

CITY OF WOBURN.



Sale of Unredeemed Real Estate by the City of Woburn.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, August 24, 1905.

In conformity with the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the public and all persons interested as former owners, or occupants of each of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, are hereby notified that said parcels have been conveyed according to law to said City of Woburn, for non-payment of taxes and assessments, and the time in which each of the estates might be redeemed by the owners thereof having expired, each of said parcels will be offered for sale in accordance with section 67 of Chapter 13 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room No. 3 Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 23d, 1905**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to the highest bidder for each of the several parcels a quit claim deed will be delivered. For further particulars reference is made to the Registry of Deeds, for the Southern District of the County of Middlesex, the volume and page numbers following the description of each parcel, indicating the record of the deed under which the said City of Woburn now holds title to the estate described.

The sums set against the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the taxes and assessments for the non-payment of which said estate was sold to the City of Woburn, together with the subsequent taxes and assessments, interest on the same, and all lawful costs and charges, but not including costs and charges incident to this sale. And none of the said estates will be sold for less than the amount set against the said estates, respectively.

ESTATE EDWIN R. MARDEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 8, Block 1, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 413. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. $18 23

ESTATE WILLIAM EVERHARD.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 21, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 408. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 23

ESTATE DELICIA A. BROWN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 31, Block 17, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 401. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 15

ESTATE ARTHUR MCDONALD.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 2 and 3, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 418. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 23

ESTATE JAMES A. HARRON.—About 5000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 28 and 29, Block 28, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated August 11, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2587, Page 427. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1895, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold 18 23

ESTATE JOSEPH P. MCKAY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 20, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 278. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 18 23

ESTATE FRANK W. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 14, Block 5, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 267. Amount due thereon for the taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE JOSEPH KOWALSKI.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 3, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2758, Page 276. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE CHARLES H. RILEY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 23, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2758, Page 293. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 00

ESTATE LODOVICO RUFFONI.—About 3570 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, Block 7, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 261. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE AUGUST WIBURG.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 34 and 35, Block 3, Section B, Shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 300. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE MARY MCGUIRE.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 43 and 44, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 274. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1899, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE JESSIE M. HUNT.—About 4,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 271. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 80

ESTATE BERNARD SWEENEY.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 28, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 298. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 30 26

ESTATE BRIDGET SWEENEY.—About 3600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 21, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 295. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1093 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE DANIEL CLIGOTTE.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 21, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 263. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE HOWARD W. PITMAN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 24, Block 15, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 26, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2758, Page 291. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 40

ESTATE ANNIE E. BANKS.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 36, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 341. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1901 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 40

ESTATE W. ARTHUR CALLEY.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 25 and 26, Block 46, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 345. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 21 80

ESTATE GEORGE C. LENTH.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 20, 21, 24 and 25, Block 21, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 365. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 87

ESTATE FREDERICK J. MANGLER.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 27, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2823, Page 371. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 00

ESTATE JENNIE G. MITTEN.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 4, 5, 6, Block 47, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 375. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 33

ESTATE JOHN P. MURPHY.—About 5,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 379. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 22 11

ESTATE CHESTER M. PERRY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 12 Block 32, Section B, shown Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 381. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years, 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE CHESTER M. PERRY.—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 28 and 29, Block 33, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 383. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 16

ESTATE CHESTER M. PERRY.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 27, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 385. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE ANNIE PIKE.—About 2,450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 34, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 387. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE COLLINGWOOD RYAN.—About 2100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 6, Block 30, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 393. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE LAURA SELDNER.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 395. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE EDNA L. INGALLS.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 41 Block 21, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 357. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 80

ESTATE SALLY J. MAHONEY.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 15, 16 and 17, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 369. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 21 80

ESTATE CHARLES T. CREAGH.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 10, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 347. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 26

ESTATE THOMAS F. MCANARNEY.—About 2,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 14, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 373. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 26

ESTATE MARION I. CALDER.—About 2500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 31, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2823, Page 343. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 26

ESTATE W. ARTHUR MIXER.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 38, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 377. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE ALBION RYAN.—About 2100 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 7, Block 30, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 391. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE AUGUSTUS W. DOYLE.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 14, Block 8, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 349. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 10 85

ESTATE ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 34, Block 15, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated June 26, 1900, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2823, Page 367. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1898, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 8 50

ESTATE JENNIE B. BELL.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being part of lot 36, Block 33, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 65. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 86

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

First Church Vestry.

At an expense of about $1000 the vestry of the First Congregational church in this city, the oldest religious organization in Middlesex County, founded in 1642, has been during the vacation season just closed, under the supervision of the Parish Committee, remodeled and changed into one of the finest and most commodious annexes to the auditorium that can be found anywhere in this vicinity. Mr. George E. Fowle did the work with his usual thoroughness and good taste, and every part of it has been done in a complete and workmanlike manner.

Narrow strips of variegated red birch are substituted for the old floor, which had become rough and ragged with 45 years of constant use, and give the large vestry, with its school and other rooms, an appearance vastly more pleasing than they have ever before worn.

The desk and platform have been changed from the west to the north side of the room, which, we think, is an error of judgment; but the former location has been handsomely painted, and the panelling is intact, which admits of a return of the desk.

Four spacious and exceedingly cheerful rooms had been partitioned off and fitted up on the south side for use of the different classes of the Sunday School, an improvement that is very keenly appreciated by the Superintendent, teachers and pupils. They are admirably lighted, of sufficient size, and model schoolrooms.

The old homely settees have been removed and comfortable chairs, furnished by Mr. Edward Caldwell, the well known furniture merchant of this city, have taken their place, which is one of the most important changes that have been made in the vestry, and ought to go far towards increasing the Sunday evening and mid-week audiences. The old seats have been an eyesore and backsore for many years, and new easy chairs will, no doubt, be regarded as a boon.

Fresh paint laid on by skillful hands, and new arc gasburners from the Woburn Gas Light Company, Capt. John Gilcreast, Superintendent, installed by Walter Knapp, have greatly enhanced the generally fine appearance of the vestry in its changed condition, and contributes largely towards making it one of the best anywhere.

Changes and improvements have been wrought in the kitchen by Mr. Fowle and his workmen, which must appeal with especial force to the approval of the women of the church, for they will lessen the work in that department a material percent and make it comparatively easy of execution.

On the whole, First Parish are to be congratulated on the much needed and handsome transformation of their vestry.

Are You Engaged?

Engaged people should remember, that, after marriage, many quarrels can be avoided, by keeping their digestions in good condition with Electric Bitters. S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "For years, my wife suffered intensely from dyspepsia, complicated with a torpid liver, until she lost her strength and vigor, and became a mere wreck of her former self. Then she tried Electric Bitters, which helped her at once, and finally made her entirely well. She is now strong and healthy." Robbins Drug Co., druggist, sells and guarantees them, at 50c a bottle.

Literary Notices.

The recent temperance convention at Wilkes Barre is the subject of a finely-illustrated article in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Other illustrated papers of much interest are At Central, by Edward Harkins; A National Festival, by E. M. Lynch; Tenpenny Drama, by the Rev. John Talbot Smith; and Paul Morton, by the Rev. J. T. Roche: The number also contains a generous supply of fiction, including The Glamor of a Queen, by Frances Maitland; The Day of the Auction, by Nora Tynan O'Mahony; The Tailor of St. Botolph's, by Michael Earls, S. J; His Neighbor, by Margaret Chadwick; The New Boy in the Neighborhood, by Hall S. Lusk; and In the Shadowy Glens, by the Rev. James B. Dollard. Poems are contributed by the Rev. David Bearne, S. J., Thomas Walsh, Mary M. Redmond, Rev. J. T. Walsh, and Lizzie Twigg.

WINCHESTER.

Our town stable drags its slow length along.

The Unitarian church is to reopen for divine services on Sept. 10.

The Winchester Gun Club held a shoot on Labor Day on the Club's grounds.

The schools of this town opened out again last Wednesday. The houses are full.

Minnie B. Noyes, teacher in the High School, has written and published another schoolbook.

Charles E Redfern proves, in an article of almost interminable length, to his own satisfaction, no doubt, that the town missed a figure in refusing to buy the "Twombly Ledge." O, give the "Twombly Ledge" a rest, for pity's sake!

And now Tree Warden Guild has put in his oar and tells the people how to exterminate the moth. There has been an awful sight of literature expended on this subject, and what good has it all done? The moth beats them every time.

Attacked By a Mob

and beaten, in a labor riot, until covered with sores, a Chicago street car conductor applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was soon sound and well. "I use it in my family," writes G. J. Welch, of Tekonsha, Mich., "and find it perfect." Simply great for cuts and burns. Only 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

During the past week, enthusiastic audiences have applauded heartily the performances of the Castle Square Theatre Stock Company in "Old Heidelberg." The opening week of the season has indeed proved that the Castle Square is as firm as ever in popular favor, and that the brief summer closing of the house served merely to increase the desire of its patrons for the promised attractions of the present season. "Old Heidelberg" has been presented skilfully and artistically by the Stock Company, with John Craig at its head, and a successful season of productions in the best taste and under the most expert stage management is assured. The coming week will see the first stock company presentation of "Imprudence," in Boston. It will be given by the full strength of the stock company, with John Craig and Lillian Kemble in the leading roles. "Imprudence" is a comedy of English life and manners. The afternoon performances at the Castle Square begin promptly at two o'clock, and the evening performances at eight. Afternoon performances will be given daily hereafter, with the exception of Mondays. For the week of September 18th, Mary Lawton will make her first appearance in the title role of Mrs. Fiske's famous success, "Tess of the D'Ureervilles."

Got Off Cheap.

He may well think, he has got off cheap, who, after having contracted constipation or indigestion, is still able to perfectly restore his health Nothing will do this but Dr. King's New Life Pills. A quick, pleasant, and certain cure for headache, constipation, etc. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; guaranteed.

"Steal Not This Book."

Students of sociology who are fond of tracing back the customs of latter day man to the practices of his remote ancestry will note with interest the fact that there is authority at least 600 years old for the entry, "Steal not this book for fear of shame," by which schoolboys proclaim their ownership of a work.

In a curious volume in the Bodleian library, formerly belonging to the monastery of Robertsbridge in Sussex, is the following inscription: "This book belongs to St. Mary of Robertsbridge. Whoever shall steal it or sell it or in any way alienate it, let him be anathema maranatha."

In the course of the fourteenth century the book came into the possession of John, bishop of Exeter, who seems to have been somewhat troubled by the inscription as being likely to give rise to injurious suspicions with regard to himself. Accordingly he wrote underneath it under date 1327, "I, John, bishop of Exeter, know not where the aforesaid house is, nor did I steal this book, but acquired it in a lawful way."—London Advertiser.

The "Tale of a Tub."

One of the most ancient of all sea "yarns" is one that ships have escaped from the fearsome monsters of the deep by throwing them a tub to divert their attention, in much the same way that a landsman might sacrifice a garment in order to escape a bull. In Munster's "Cosmography," published in 1544, there is a picture of a vessel escaping from a whale by this stratagem, while the earlier editions of Swift's "Tale of a Tub" have a similar one. These stories were usually told in such an incoherent way that people became skeptical of their truth, and when a pleader named Tubb put a cause before Sir Thomas More in outrageously rambling language that chancellor jocularly remarked, "Here is a tale of a tub." Thereafter the expression became part of the slang of the period until much later it was raised to a higher rank by becoming the title of Swift's famous work.

Styles In Africa.

The women bore a hole in their top lip and gradually increase this until it is able to inclose a disk of wood two and even three inches in diameter. A Mubira woman came to call on us whose disk measured two and five-eighths inches across. The size of the wood inserted proclaims the rank of the person. Peasants are only allowed to wear pieces of stick of the same dimensions as a match.

The weight of the wood causes the lip to fall down over the mouth, and in order to eat it is necessary to lift up this shutter with one hand while the other conveys the food to the mouth. Frequently the lip breaks under the strain put upon it, in which case the disconnected ends are carried back and tied to the ear.—"On the Borders of Pygmy Land."

The Catamaran.

The catamaran, made of a hollowed log, shares the popularity of the Massoola boat with the fishermen of Madras. The rickety looking contrivance can weather any storm in the skillful native hands, and letters are sent by this means to ships in the offing when other communication with the shore is impossible. The catamaran requires steering with a paddle through the raging surf, and, though the boatman may be frequently dashed out of the rude skiff by the violence of the waves, he leaps into his frail bark again with the efficiency of long practice, and the catamaran, flying over the crest of the great billows which threaten instant destruction, accomplishes the perilous voyage in safety.

A Hint For Lovers.

Being "in love" is very different from loving and may be only a selfish emotion, which is the direct opposite of loving. Being in love without loving is bondage—sometimes pleasant and sometimes painful, but always bondage, says Leslie's Monthly. True loving means freedom—freedom both for ourselves and, as far as it is in our power to give it, for all whom we love, for when we truly love another human being we love him for the sake of his best strength, his best use and his best happiness, and not at all for the sake of ourselves.

Costly Curds.

The Empress Catherine, noticing that the beautiful Mlle. Potocka, who had lately come to court, had no pearls, immediately commanded a fancy dress ball, to which the girl was bidden to come as a milkmaid. Then while Mlle. Potocka was dancing the empress slipped a superb necklace of pearls into the pail she carried and at her exclamation of wonder said, "It is only the milk which has curdled."

Sydney Smith's Wit.

"By Jove," said a country squire who had got the worst of an argument with Sydney Smith, "if I had a son who was a donkey I'd make a parson of him straight away!"

"Possibly," returned the wit, "but your father was evidently of a different mind."

Could Tell In a Moment.

Mr. Munn E. Baggs—Now, then, you know what kind of a house I want. What will it cost to build it? Architect—Why—um—what was the amount you originally intended to put into the building?—Chicago Tribune.

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HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

A high-class preparation for the hair. Keeps the hair soft and glossy and prevents splitting at the ends. Cures dandruff and always restores color to gray hair.

The Raven.

Many birds seek the protection which the presence of man affords against furred and feathered foes when the breeding season approaches. Not so the raven. Its distrust of us is profound, and its nest is placed in some wild spot far out of reach of our possible attack or succor. But there are other enemies. I know of a pair that built on one side of a projecting crag high up on the cliffs of Rathlin island. Some fierce peregrine falcons occupied the other side of the crag, and when one day their eggs were taken by an adventurous collector they, sharing the popular opinion of a raven's blackness, concluded that their neighbors were the offenders and wreaked their grief and vengeance upon them. When, on their return from a foraging expedition, the falcons found their nest despoiled they were seen to hold a consultation, and after much deliberation they suddenly arose and both with one accord flew at the ravens' nest and sacked it, tearing it in their rage and indignation until not one stick was left upon another.—London Standard.

Stop Smoking to Enjoy It Better.

An excellent plan for smokers is to abstain from time to time—that is, fast from all tobacco, say, for weeks or a month at a time. This method enables the smoker to enjoy his smoke more when he goes back to it and is less harmful to his health.

"It is a fine scheme," said one man. "When I stop for a month I am equipped with the keenest relish and liking for a good cigar at the end of that month. I am rested, refreshed, recuperated—in pocket too. Thus I show that I am master of my habit, and not mastered by it. I have been doing this way for a long time now and I heartily recommend my plan to all smokers. I do not limit myself to any number of cigars while in one of my smoking months, but simply smoke at will, and then absolutely quit until another month is through."—Baltimore American.

Laughter and Health.

A physician in search of remedies for human ills finds that laughter stands very high in the list of prophylactics. The effect of mere cheerfulness as a health promoter is well known, but an occasional outburst of downright laughter is the heroic remedy. It is a matter of everyday experience, says the authority in question, that one feels the better for a good laugh, an explosion of laughter being in truth a "nerve storm, comparable in its effect to a thunderstorm in nature, doing good by dissipating those oppressive clouds of care which sometimes darken the mental horizon." This authority assures us that the memorable adage, "Laugh and grow fat," rests on a sound philosophical basis. Portly people are not given to laughter because they are fat. They are fat because they laugh.

Burglars and Chloroform.

Doctors agree that the public is wrong in the popular conception that burglars sometimes chloroform the inmates of a house before committing a robbery. The usual story is that the anaesthetic was squirted into the sleeping room through keyholes. A Kansas City surgeon who has had occasion to administer chloroform or ether 500 times says that chloroform administered in this manner would put a quietus on the burglar as well as the inmates of a home. Physicians have tried many times to administer chloroform to sleeping persons and have met with very poor results. The first effect of an anaesthetic is not to lull to insensibility, but to arouse all the mental and physical vigor of the person to whom it is given.—Kansas City Journal.

Railway Wheels.

Did you ever notice that the wheels of a locomotive engine are beveled? The reason for this is that in rounding a curve the outer rail is, of course, a little longer than the inner one. The difference is very little, but it would be enough to make an engine "skid" unless it were reckoned for. In the beveled wheel the higher part, with its greater circumference, is forced against the outer rail by the very tendency of the engine to drive straight ahead, and with the other wheel the smaller circumference rests on the rail, thus overcoming the difference in the lengths of the lines.

Alcohol as Medicine.

"Alcohol has a certain position as a medicine," said Sir Frederick Treves recently, "but in the last twenty-five years its use by the medical profession has steadily diminished. It is often said that alcohol is an excellent appetizer, but the appetite does not need artificial stimulation. If the body wants feeding, it demands food."

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THEIR MAY FLITTING

By FRANK H. SWEET

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"The au-dac-i-ty!"

Elizabeth Brown's eyes flashed, and she threw the note from her angrily, then picked it up at the inquiring look of her mother.

"Read that!" she commanded hotly.

Mrs. Brown took the letter and read it meekly. It was brief:

My Dear Miss Betty—I have just left the house. It is down in the country and near the seashore and has piazzas and an apple orchard—in short, is an ideal home for a young married couple. Will call tomorrow and go into details more fully. Faithfully yours, JAMES GRAHAM.

Mrs. Brown looked up with a pleased flutter.

"I didn't know it had—had gone so far, Elizabeth," she said eagerly, "that you were engaged. When"—

"We are not engaged," sharply, "and never will be. I have thought Mr. Graham a very pleasant man and have liked him, and he has called on us quite often lately, but there has never been a word of—of love spoken, and now this note! It is positively insulting! Mother, we must commence packing at once and move this very afternoon."

"Why, child, we can't," in startled dismay. "It will take a week at least. You know"—

"I know we shall be out of this house before night!" vehemently. "I shall go and engage a moving van at once to carry our goods to the station, and I will have them taken to the little station just beyond the limits of the town. It will cost a few dollars more, but it will hide all trace of our whereabouts. Mr. Graham will be here tomorrow to go into details—the presumptuous wretch! I'm sorry I ever spoke to him about our plans to hire a quiet place for the summer. Now, mother, you go and be packing your clothes and valuables. I shall tell the van man to be here in an hour, and we must be ready."

"Yes, dear," meekly, "but where shall we go?"

"Why, to—to— Oh, anywhere! It doesn't really matter. Suppose we try that little place where we had two weeks' outing last summer—Orchardville, you know. It's real country there, with solitary walks and gardens in every yard and country people coming in with things to sell. Rent must be cheap there, and by offering enough we can get some sort of house, or, if we can't, we'll hire part of one or rooms. Anyway we haven't time to engage one ahead now."

"Orchardville is where we first met Mr. Graham, isn't it?"

"Is it? Why, yes. I believe you are right, mother, but, you know, he told us he was just down there for a few days' fishing and that he didn't get a bite, so, of course, we wouldn't meet him again. Men never go fishing twice to the same place when they have bad luck. Now, please hurry, mother."

The next afternoon they were standing on the front porch of a pretty vine covered cottage, superintending the removal of their goods from the local delivery wagon. The indignation still burned in Elizabeth's eyes. Mrs. Brown looked tired and plaintive.

"I do hope we can stay here, Elizabeth," she sighed, "but the postmaster seemed slow in giving up the key and wouldn't promise us the house sure."

"We'll stay all right, mother; don't you worry. The house was to rent and the key left with the postmaster for prospective tenants. What if the owner did write to him about an old maid who was looking after a place for some young friends and that he would have her come down and see this. She hasn't put in an appearance yet, nor her young friends, and we were the first real applicants. Besides, we are in actual possession, and I was shrewd enough to force an advance rent into the postmaster's hands. Now help me swing this hammock on the piazza here and then you lie down in it for an hour's rest."

Two days later they were settled and the furniture was all arranged. Mrs. Brown was lying in the hammock behind the screen of vines, gazing pensively at Elizabeth, who had stopped reading and was now contemplating the closed book in her lap with unseeing eyes. There were solitary walks about this village, many of them, and the young girl was facing the fact that the walks represented the social condition of the place. The previous summer's outing had been pleasant, but there had been companionship to make it so.

The gate latch clicked, and Mrs. Brown was aroused by a stifled exclamation from Elizabeth. Coming up the walk was James Graham, and beside him was an angular, middle aged woman who was apparently refusing to be convinced.

"'Tain't the kind of house I want, Mr. Graham," she was saying shrilly, "not in any way. There must be a bay winder in the end for Della's plants an' willers in front for her an' Tommy to set under. She said I needn't even look at a place without the willers."

"But let me show you through the house, Miss Brown," urged Graham. "I am sure you will like the arrangement, and there is a fine willow in the back yard which the young people can sit under. There wasn't time to go to my agent after the key, but I can get in one of the windows and open the back door from the inside. I'm sure"—

But the woman stopped short, turned and started back toward the gate.

"Willers in front," she repeated aggressively. "Them's the last words Della said. It's no use, Mr. Graham. I don't want it."

Graham watched her through the gate and up the sidewalk toward the station and then turned again to the house.

"Might as well run through it while I'm here," they heard him say, then: "Why, hello! Looks as if somebody lived in the house—curtains at the windows, and," as he came a few steps nearer, "hammocks swung on the piazza, and— Great Scott! Elizabeth—Miss Brown. You here! Well, well! This is luck."

Elizabeth was at the head of the steps now, an odd light in her face.

"Who was that woman, Mr. Graham?" she demanded.

"Belle Brown, a queer stick, who is looking after a house. A friend recommended her to me as a joke and I determined to retaliate by actually renting her the house. You have noticed how I failed. But is it really possible that you have rented my house from the postmaster?"

"We really have," Elizabeth answered smilingly, "though we did not dream it was yours."

"An uncle gave it to me several months ago, and you are my first tenants. It's jolly that you are to be here all summer. I like the place and have planned to come down after a few days for a long stay, but I did feel a little apprehensive about the social lonesomeness. It's odd, though, that you didn't give me some hint of your coming. I"— He paused abruptly at something he saw in her face, adding suspiciously: "Did you get that letter I meant for Betty Brown, which she told me never reached her? Yes!" as the color rose swiftly to her face. "I see you did. He hesitated a moment, then leaned toward her boldly. "Suppose we let the letter stand, Elizabeth, just as it was written," he whispered. "It is what I really would have sent to you had I dared."

Elizabeth tried to frown, but the frown softened before it reached her eyes, and he was looking into her eyes. He was satisfied.

Didn't Satisfy the Magistrate.

The other evening a man of the burglar type stepped up to an old gentleman and, handing him a piece of paper, said:

"Sir, would you be good enough to read me the writing on this piece of paper?"

The individual addressed consented and, moving toward the rays of a convenient gas lamp, read the following words:

"If you utter a cry or speak a single word I shall shoot you. Give me your watch and chain and your purse at once and then pass on."

Completely taken off his guard, the gentleman handed over the articles asked for and walked off. A few steps brought him to a policeman, and, relating his story, the pair proceeded in pursuit of the stranger, who was not yet out of sight.

Next morning before the magistrate the vagrant was called upon for an explanation.

"Your honor," he said, "I am not an educated man and can therefore neither read nor write. Last evening I picked up a piece of paper, and, it striking me that it might be of some importance, I took it to the first person I met and asked him to decipher it. The gentleman read it quietly to himself, and then, without saying a word, handed me his watch, chain and purse and walked off without giving me time to recover from my surprise or to ask him what he meant. It seemed to me that the paper possessed a certain value, and that he had given me the valuables as a reward for finding it."

But the magistrate gave him six months just the same.—London Tit-Bits.

The Quiet Answer.

As a young and unknown man I went down to a certain sessions court on the Oxford circuit to prosecute for the crown in a case of extensive robbery from a goods shed of the London and Northwestern railway. Some ten or twelve of us, all members of the circuit, had accepted the invitation of a very good fellow, also an Oxford circuit man, to drive out that evening and dine with him at —— manor. My case had duly come on and I had secured a verdict of "guilty" during the afternoon. Having changed into evening dress, I took my place in a private bus, together with my fellow guests, for the five miles' drive out. About halfway there I, as a newcomer, not having apparently been noticed by the rest (the inside of the vehicle was as dark as Erebus), a certain Mr. T., a great talker, asked in loud tones, "Who was the young idiot who prosecuted today in that railway case?"

"I was," I promptly rejoined from my obscure corner, and I never knew a man relapse so quickly into silence before or since.—Fox Russell in Pall Mall Magazine.

Autograph Fans.

It was in China that the first autograph fans were seen, and they became very fashionable there long years ago. Some carefully preserved specimens have belonged to the emperors and their wives, while others have been given as diplomatic presents. A fan of this description, for instance, was presented by the Chinese ambassador to Mme. de Clauzel at the coronation of Napoleon I. In India the very first fans were supplied by nature in the spreading leaves of the lotus and palm, but screen fans soon became emblems of power there also, for they are not only mentioned in the great Hindoo poems "Mahabharata" and "Ramayana," but Brahma and India are represented in the ancient sculptures at Elephanta followed by slaves bearing the fly fan and parasol, which latter was also considered as an emblem of supreme power.

Have a Purpose.

Have a purpose in life and stick to it. Be sure you're right, that the purpose is worth your effort, that to win is just the thing, and then stick. Live plain, be honest and work hard. Steady work and plain food will keep a man in the path of rectitude when sermons fail and contribute not a little to his success. The brain cannot do its best work when sprinkled with the ashes of a dissolute, ill directed life. Be sure you're right, then stick.—Dr. Abbott.

Needless.

The good fairy called her assistant and showed her a golden box.

"Take this box," she said, "and lock it carefully in the safe. It contains good advice."

"My mistress," replied the assistant, "why should we lock up good advice? No one will ever take it."—Puck.

The Boy and His Pa.

"I make a chum of my father."

"I could never do that with mine."

"Wouldn't he like it?"

"He might, but ma wouldn't. I'm usually out till after midnight."—Houston Post.

The reason why lovers are never weary of one another is this—they are ever talking of themselves.—Rochefoucauld.

Didn't Catch Them.

The following story of Oliver Wendell Holmes was told some years ago by a physician who was a student in the Harvard Medical school when Dr. Holmes was an instructor in anatomy there.

One day the subject before the class was the cranium, and a human skull was passed from hand to hand, the instructor asking the members of the class to describe the prominences, cavities and apertures. Student after student gave the names and locations of the orifices, until finally the inquiry narrowed down to one opening which baffled every one.

Dr. Holmes waited patiently for some one to distinguish himself, but no explanation was advanced. When all had given it up, the doctor rather dryly remarked: "That is Holmes' hole. I made it myself."

Mistakes Attract Attention.

The average person takes pleasure in calling attention to errors in spelling or grammar in signs. The mistakes furnish them a temptation to display their knowledge that is hard to resist. "Every now and then," said a local haberdasher, "I fix up a window sign with a misspelled word or an error in grammar in it. Dozens of people drop in to tell me where it's wrong. Of course I act surprised and thank them. Then the chances are I sell them something." At a Kansas City theater there used to be an advertising curtain which bore the word "versus" spelled "verses." The word attracted more comment than many of the acts did. It made people talk about the theater, and in the theatrical business to get the public to talking about things is the first step toward money making. So many people began to bother the house manager about the misspelled word, however, that he finally had to have it changed.—Kansas City Times.

"Weak Hearts."

It is a harmful thing for any one to coddle his heart when there is no disease, and I think we (the medical profession) are far too instrumental in aiding and abetting this. We do far more good by pronouncing people sound, even if out of health, and thus sending them forth with renewed hope, than by keeping them in the chains of uncertainty and nervous dread, than which nothing can be more crushing to the utility of a life or more harmful to the chance of regaining health.

I know of no symptoms of a "weak heart." Yet the use of the term leads either to a state of nervous dread from which recovery is most difficult or else to a life of luxurious idleness, which, by the enervation it causes, is likely sooner or later to be precedent to the end it would seek to avoid.—Dr. James Goodheart of London.

The Crucifix In the Banana.

The increasing popularity of the banana in this country recalls a curious reference to the fruit to be found in an old volume entitled "The Glasse of Time In the First Age," divinely handled by Thomas Peyton (1620). In the eighty-first stanza occurs the following:

A cucumber much like it is in shew,
Of pleasing taste and sweet delightful hue;
If with a knife the fruit in two you reave,
A perfect cross you shall therein perceive.

In the Canary islands and in Brazil it was regarded as an affront to the Saviour to cut the banana with a knife, as it revealed the crucifix. But in order to see this clearly it is necessary to cut the fruit when it first commences to ripen or, if ripe, immediately after it is taken from the plant.—London Standard.

Rats.

A plan that will sometimes destroy a large number of rats is to fill a barrel partly full of water and cover it with an inch or so of meal. A hole is bored in the barrel a little above the meal, and the rats enter, sink through the meal and find a watery grave. In catching rats in steel traps great care is required to deceive the rodents. Traps need to be well covered and everything done to avoid raising the suspicions of the "varmints." Often when rats refuse to eat poisoned bread and butter they may be baited with poisoned crackers, cheese or meat. Rats are shy and gamy creatures, but it is possible to "make game of them."

He Knew Too Much.

A curious Malayan legend says that in olden times the waters surrounding Singapore were so infested with swordfish as to make it impossible for the fishermen to pursue their daily task. A boy advised the rajah to let down into the water freshly peeled stems of the banana plant, and, this being done, the fish imbedded their swords in the stems and were easily killed. The boy genius was considered a danger to the throne, and he was executed lest he grow up and become a conspirator.

Whistler's Idea of Hands.

Whistler, the artist, said: "I always use Irish models for hands, with their long, slender fingers and delightful articulations, the most beautiful hands in the world. I think Irish eyes are also the most beautiful. American girls' hands come next. English girls have red, coarse hands; the German girl has broad, flat hands, and the Spanish hand is full of big veins."

To Break It Gently.

Mike had been appointed a committee of one to break the sad news to the widow.

"Here," said Pat, "where are yez goin'?"

"To the tilegrapht office. I'll sind her a dispatch, and whin she gets it she'll faint and the turrable shock'll be painless."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Love.

"What is love?" asked the sweet girl, who was looking for a chance to leap.

"Love," replied the old bachelor, "is a kind of insanity that makes a man call a 200 pound female his little turtledove."

The American Woman's Home.

Hundreds of thousands of American women are born, live their lives and die in boarding houses or hotels without ever finding time to create a home for themselves or without even feeling a desire to do so.—House Beautiful.

A Sign of Economy.

The Old Man—H'm! Is he a saving and economical young man? The Sweet Young Thing—Indeed he is, papa. Why, he trims his cuffs!

Without earnestness there is nothing to be done in life.—Goethe.

A Judge and a Pistol.

A correspondent of Law Notes writes of the administration of justice in a certain insular possession of the United States when the island was under Spanish rule. Judge Z. had had a quarrel with an editor. The judge arranged with a hoodlum to insult the editor in order to provoke him to a breach of peace. A policeman to arrest the editor was a part of the "plant." The plot was carried out, but the editor kept his temper. The officer arrested him, none the less. He was haled before Judge Z., who found there was no case. The judge took from a drawer of his desk a revolver, silver plated and beautifully inlaid with gold and mother of pearl, showed it to the prisoner and informed him that the policeman had delivered the weapon to him as one taken from the person of the defendant and asked him what he had to say to the charge of carrying arms. The editor examined the weapon, put it in his pocket, admitted that he had had it in his possession, produced a permit from the Spanish authorities to carry arms and, with true Castilian politeness, bowed himself out and off with the judge's beautiful pistol.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 10.

Text of the Lesson, Ezek. xlvii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 3-5—Golden Text, Rev. xxii, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We have in this lesson the record of a river of living water issuing forth from the temple of Jerusalem and flowing eastward to the Dead sea, bringing life and health everywhere. On either side of the river are seen trees of unfading foliage, fruit bearing, the fruit being for meat and the leaf for medicine, or, as in the margin, for bruises and sores. Referring to the same time to which Ezekiel refers, the Spirit says in Joel iii, 17, 18, "So shall ye know that I am the Lord your God, dwelling in Zion, my holy mountain, * * * and a fountain shall come forth of the house of the Lord and shall water the valley of Shittim." Again in Zech. xiv, 8, He says: 'And it shall be in that day that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem, half of them toward the eastern sea and half of them toward the hinder sea. In summer and in winter shall it be." In verse 9 of our lesson we read of "rivers" and in the margin "two rivers," doubtless the same as those of Zechariah.

Our lesson is in a portion of Scripture which tells of the future glory of Jerusalem, with its literal temple restored, the name of the city from that day being Jehovah-shammah (the Lord is there). The context in Zechariah tells of a change in the configuration of the earth in and about Jerusalem, and there is no reason why we should not expect a literal fulfillment of every prophecy concerning the land and the people, but every reason why we should expect it, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Now, while the principle "literal, if possible," stands for all Scripture, we must remember that as in the story of Abraham and Ishmael and Isaac these things had also another meaning, so here we must seek the lesson for our hearts which will work out in us more of the life of Christ, for to that end all our study of the Scripture must tend. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness (a literal event), not only hath shone in our hearts (if we have truly received Christ), but will increasingly shine there as we meekly receive His word in our hearts (II Cor. iv, 6; Ps. cxix, 130). A literal rock in the wilderness gave forth literal water with which literal men and women quenched their literal thirst (Ex. xvii, 6), but the other meaning is seen in I Cor. x, 4, where we read, "That rock was Christ."

In Jer. ii, 13, the Lord speaks of Himself as the fountain of living waters and complains that His people had forsaken Him for water from their own broken cisterns. In John iv, 13, 14, the same Lord told the woman of Samaria of water that did not satisfy, and also of water that would satisfy and become in the believer a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. The line of truth suggested by "water" in the first seven chapters of John's gospel is most refreshing and inspiring, but the complete story takes us back to Gen. i, 6-8, and on to Rev. xxii, and the cry is ever sounding forth: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely;" "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink" (Isa. lv, 1; Rev. xxii, 17; John vi, 37).

The four times measured river of our lesson may suggest to some the river that went out of Eden and was parted into four, or the fourfold story in the gospels of Him who is the fountain of living waters. But it certainly suggests the ever increasing revelation of God in His wonderful word and the breadth and length and depth and height of His love, which a little child can grasp in some measure, but which is also too deep for even the most spiritual to understand.

Our range of vision must take in not only the present blessings of the gospel while the church is being gathered out, but the greater blessing to all nations when "Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit;" when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea;" when "the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of the new Jerusalem and they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it (Isa. xxvii, 6; xi, 9; Rev. xxi, 24, 26).

Who shall see and share all this? Whosoever chooses now to take the water of life freely. But how can they take it who have never heard of it? There is our responsibility as stewards of the grace of God. Let him that heareth say come! What are you doing about it? If we really know what it is to drink of the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb (Rev. xxii, 1) we cannot but want to have others drink also. And if we do not most earnestly desire that others may know and drink it is a question whether we ourselves have tasted.

There are many worshipers who do not worship in spirit and in truth because they have only a form of godliness without the power thereof (II Tim. iii, 5; Isa. xxix, 13; xxxiii, 31, 32). Some of them make much of turning to the east when they worship, possibly not knowing that facing the east meant turning the back to the temple. See verse 1 of our lesson and Ezek. viii, 16. In the first verse of the lesson there are two very suggestive phrases—"the door of the house" and "the altar"—each of which points to Him who is the only sacrifice for sin and the only entrance into the presence of God.

Very Old.

Miss Passaye—I prize that book very highly. It is a very old edition. Miss Budde—Yes, dear, I thought it must be when I saw on the fly leaf that it was presented to you on your twenty-first birthday.

The Pretty Girl.

He—I dreamt last night I proposed to a pretty girl.

She—What did I say?

Another Victim.

"Poor Mrs. Boozer suffers terribly from the liquor habit," said Mrs. Gabb.

"How is that?" inquired Mrs. Chinn, scenting gossip.

"When her husband comes home at night is he is too far gone to pay attention to her remonstrances and the next morning he has such a headache he can't listen to her."—Portland Telegram.

It is a fine thing to know when to let go. Many a man holds on too long. It is better to jump overboard than to go down with the sinking ship.

Gifts at Baptisms.

Gifts to infants at their baptism are of ancient origin. Formerly the sponsors generally offered gilt spoons to the child. These spoons were called apostle spoons because the figures of the twelve apostles were carved at the top of the handles. Rich sponsors gave the complete set of twelve, while for those who were not so opulent four was considered the proper number, and poor sponsors would content themselves with offering one. In the latter case the handle of the spoon generally exhibited the figure of any saint in honor of whom the child received its name. It is in allusion to this custom that when Cranmer professed to be unworthy of being sponsor to the young princess Shakespeare makes the king reply:

Come, come, my lord;
You'd spare your spoons.

The mug or spoon and fork offering of the present day appears as a very debased survival of a really beautiful christening offering.

Origin of Dog Days.

According to the generally accepted doctrine the dog days begin on July 3 and end on Aug. 11, but there have been disputes as to every possible point about them. It was universally agreed that they were connected with the dog star, but which one? The real dog star, Sirius, or Procyon, the Little Dog? Then there were disagreements as to the particular astronomical performance of the star that fixed the dog days; as to their number, which varied in different estimates between thirty and fifty-four, and whether they were to be reckoned before, after or around the star's performances. The forty settled on precede the rising of Sirius with the sun. A belief grew up that in these days dogs went mad, but terrestrial dogs have really nothing to do with it. The original belief was that the star and sun together brought intense heat and all sorts of plagues.—London Chronicle.

Cloth Dyed With Cobalt.

Cloth changes color with a change of weather if it is dyed with chloride of cobalt. In clear weather it is a blue, when a change is near it turns to violet and for rain to bright pink. The change is due to moisture, and it can be produced by breathing upon the cloth. This property of cobalt salts has been applied to the construction of floral hygrometers. The petals of artificial flowers are tinted with cobalt salts and vary in color from blue to pink according to the weather. Their action is different from that of a barometer, which indicates a change of pressure of the atmosphere and is also usually behind the change of weather. The barometer indicates the cause of the storm, and the colored cloth shows its effect.

Clean Spectacles.

Oculists will agree that many persons who wear spectacles, although the lenses may be perfectly adapted to the needs of the eye, suffer much inconvenience and possibly ultimate damage simply through not keeping their glasses clean. Students and writers, lawyers and clergymen, business men and school children who use glasses rarely keep them clean, and from their cloudy and grimy state serious injury results to the eyesight. The glasses should be frequently cleaned with alcohol, which is preferable to water, and either tissue paper or chamois leather is better than the usual handkerchief.

First Use of "Magazine."

"Magazine," properly a storehouse (Arabian), has been annexed by literature, but it is interesting to assist at the birth of its now common literary use—in that venerable periodical, the Gentleman's Magazine. In the introduction to its number (1731) we read, "This consideration has induced several gentlemen to treasure up, as in a magazine, the most remarkable pieces on the subjects above mentioned."—London Times.

Mean Thing.

"No," said Miss Passay, "I don't like the photos Kamrer made for me. They make me look like a woman of forty."

"Well," replied Miss Pepprey, "you should have told him not to touch them up if you didn't want them to look so youthful."—Philadelphia Press.

EFFIGIES AT FUNERALS.

A Curious Custom That Was Followed In the Olden Days.

At the funerals of great personages, the old chronicles tell us, "his lively effigy," dressed to imitate life, was carried in a chariot before the corpse to the grave, then there set up under a "hearse" or a temporary monument in the church. Such effigies were often left in a glass case standing over the vault where the interment had taken place. Some statues were of wood, with heads of plaster, but the more modern ones were of wax. In the olden days laudatory poems or epitaphs were affixed with pins or wax to these "hearses" and were even thrown into graves on the coffins in a similar manner to our modern custom of flowers at a burial. When Skelton, poet laureate to Henry VIII., "took sanctuary at Westminster to escape the displeasures of the then all powerful Cardinal Wolsey it is said that he subsisted on what he earned by writing epitaphs for use at funerals in the abbey. Ben Jonson's well known epitaph to the Countess of Pembroke—

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, etc.—

was evidently thus attached to her "hearse."—Gentleman's Magazine.

A DESIRE TO PLEASE.

It Is Always Appreciated, and In Business It Pays.

There is nothing people appreciate more than being served by those who really enjoy accommodating them. What a comfort, at a strange hotel especially, to be served by those who seem anxious to please us, who seem to take real pleasure in making us feel at home and comfortable! There is no one quality which will help youth along more rapidly than the cultivation of this desire to please, to accommodate. It appeals to everybody; it creates a good impression.

What a pleasure and a comfort when traveling to be served by pleasant, good natured people who try to please us! A surly, impudent Pullman porter often destroys the pleasure of a whole journey on a train. An impudent clerk in a hotel office can make everybody in the house uncomfortable, and such service is dear, even if it could be had for nothing.

It is noticeable that a boy who always tries to help wherever he can and to make everybody comfortable, who is accommodating in everything, is very popular and, other things being equal, most likely to be promoted.—Success.

SPICE SPICES SPICES SPICE

Our "PILGRIM BRAND" Spices are the purest and finest that can be produced. They are purchased by us direct from the importer, sent to the grinders, ground, packed, and shipped to us in tightly sealed cases. Upon arrival, samples from each case are immediately sent to our Analytical Department, where Professor Scoville submits them to **a thorough test** for **purity** and **strength.** That spices of almost every kind are adulterated is a most deplorable fact. That many are greatly reduced in strength by extracting their essential oils is also true. Severe penalties are prescribed by law for these acts, but the perpetrators very seldom suffer.

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¼ lb. ground spice put up in neat cans.	Ground Spices			Whole Spices		
	¼ lb.	½ lb.	1 lb.	¼ lb.	½ lb.	1 lb.
Black Pepper	10c	17c	30c	08c	12c	20c
Cloves	15	23	40	08	15	28
Red Pepper	15	25	40	12	21	33
Nutmeg	23	40	75	19	33	57
Af. Ginger	09	12	20	06	11	19
Paprika	19	33	60			
Mustard	15	25	40	08	15	25
Mace	25	45	80	20	35	65
Jamaica Ginger	12	18	35	08	15	29
Allspice	09	17	30	08	12	20
Cinnamon	19	35	65	17	30	55
Cassia	25	45	80	18	35	65
White Pepper	13	23	40	12	21	33
China Cassia				08	12	20

The ingredients of our own preparations and all drugs and chemicals sold by us are subjected to the most thorough tests by our Analytical Chemist, Professor W. L. Scoville, and we GUARANTEE them to be of the HIGHEST QUALITY OBTAINABLE. OUR GUARANTEE PROTECTS YOU. Your money back on our own preparations if they do not cure. WE TAKE THE RISK.

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How to Make Beeswax.

The following recipe for beeswax can be vouched for: After the combs have been put through an extractor or crushed and strained through a thin cloth the wax is put in a copper or porcelain lined kettle, with cold water enough to cover it, and boiled for half an hour, or longer if it seems necessary. When the wax is taken from the stove it is strained and poured in a vessel previously dipped in cold water. To make a round cake of beeswax pour the melted wax in a bowl that has been dipped in cold water. To make wax sheets use a board three-eighths of an inch thick, dampened with warm water, then dipped in the melted wax two or three times. The board is next put in water to cool for a little while, after which it is taken out, the edges trimmed with a sharp knife and two sheets of wax peeled off. To make these wax sheets the wax must not be too hot or it will crack.

Sound Waves.

The sensation of sound, as is well known, is produced by a certain to and fro or wave-like movement of the air striking upon the drum of the ear and so setting it in vibration. Each sound wave consists of two portions, in one of which the air is compressed beyond and in the other rarefied below the average pressure. If two sound waves are traveling in the same direction, but one of them starts half a wave length behind the other, the compressed half of one will fall upon the rarefied half of the other, the average air pressure will remain undisturbed, and the two sounds will combine to produce silence. If a sounding tuning fork be slowly rotated near the ear four positions will be found in which the sound will be barely audible. This is due to such interference of sound waves as has been described.

How to Cut Glass.

Glass can be cut without a diamond, and the way is very simple. Dip a piece of common string in alcohol and squeeze it reasonably dry. Then tie the string tightly around the glass on the line of cutting. Touch a match to the string and let it burn off. The heat of the burning string will weaken the glass in this particular place. While it is hot plunge the glass under water, letting the arm go under well to the elbow, so there will be no vibration when the glass is struck. With the free hand strike the glass outside the line of cutting, giving a quick, sharp stroke with any long flat instrument, such as a stick of wood or a long bladed knife, and the cut will as clean and straight as if made by a regular glass cutter.

Napoleon Before the Convention.

When Barras introduced Napoleon to the convention as a fit man to be intrusted with the command the president asked:

"Are you willing to undertake the defense of the convention?"

"Yes," was the reply. After a time the president continued:

"Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?"

"Perfectly," replied Napoleon, fixing his eyes upon his questioner, "and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake."

First Great Depression.

"What, may I ask, was the keenest disappointment of your career?" asked the anxious interviewer.

The great financier stared coldly at the ink bottle. "It was when I was four years old, I think," he drawled, "when I woke up one morning and found my red balloon shrunken to one-fourth the size of the day before."—Detroit Free Press.

Man and the Dog.

We are alone, absolutely alone, on this chance planet, and amid all the forms of life that surround us not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us and not one loves us.—From a Maeterlink Essay.

Supplied a Deficiency.

Mr. Goodman—James, the gentleman you gave as reference tells me you're not very truthful. Jimmy (the office boy)—Well, say, yer sich a truthful guy yersel' yer need an ablebodied liar like me round der place.—Philadelphia Press.

Their Descent.

"Oh, yes," she said proudly, "we can trace our ancestry back to—to—well, I don't know who, but we've been descending for centuries."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Cruelty to Animals.

Colonel Martin, resident near the city of Galway, on the southern border of Connemara, Ireland, was probably the first to start the worthy humanitarian crusade against cruelty to animals. The surprised British house of lords shouted insult and derision at Lord Erskine when in 1811 he ventured to gently plead the cause of dumb brutes. The British house of commons would have treated Martin in the same manner when he introduced his bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals but for wholesome regard for his dueling reputation.

"Dick Martin's act," as the humanitarian statute was known, was passed in 1822, "a memorable date in the history of humane legislation." On June 24, 1824, Colonel Martin and a few other benevolent individuals met in London and formed the first society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Forty years later the movement spread to America. In 1866 Henry Bergh formed the New York society.

Words In Use.

Ordinary well educated people use from 3,000 to 4,000 words in conversation. Accurate thinkers and reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions and wait till they find a word that exactly fits their meaning, employ of course a larger stock; eloquent speakers may even rise to a command of 10,000. Shakespeare, who had a greater wealth of expression than any other writer, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000 and the Old Testament contains 5,642.

Our language therefore is not, after all, so formidable as it seems when we hear of a dictionary of 250,000 words. Skeats' Etymological Dictionary, which is limited to primary words (that is to say, it would explain luck, but not lucky or unlucky or luckless), deals with no more than 13,000 and among them are some really antiquated ones which were used some centuries ago, but are now to be found in the dictionary only.—Blackwood's.

Clever With Her Mouth.

To write and even to sew by means of the lips and tongue alone would seem a sheer impossibility, and yet Dr. Rubinstein of Wertheim-on-Main, a medical expert of reputation in Germany, according to the London Globe, vouches for having himself seen an authentic instance. The case was that of a young girl, paralyzed in all her limbs from the age of seven to fourteen, when she died. This afflicted little creature, by a triumph of will and patience than which, in its own way, few finer achievements have been recorded, trained lips and tongue to do the work of the hand, and to do it well, for she could not only sew, but could do it with neatness and speed, even arranging pieces of light stuff in their places by the same means. In three weeks she embroidered designs in silk on a piece of canvas some yards long.

Criers at the Paris Halles.

The position of crier at the Paris halles, or central markets, is one which, in view of recent revelations in a case before the law courts, ought not to be despised. The men who cry Gatinais fowls for sale earn £20 a month. Those who sell Brittany fowls get £16 a month, and those who dispose of ducks only receive £10 per month. Rabbits bring the crier only a pittance, for £6 a month is all he gets. Not everybody can be a crier, for unless you have sound vocal chords and a passable voice you will not be engaged. It also requires a man with a strong constitution, for the crier is at work from 6 o'clock in the morning till 8 o'clock in the evening, and on an average he should sell 2,000 fowls per hour.—London Globe.

Cromwell and Christmas.

During the commonwealth in England, when puritanical feeling held sway, many determined efforts were made to put down what were termed superstitious festivals and among these that of Christmas day. The holly and the mistletoe bough were to be cut up root and branch as plants of the evil one. Cakes and ale were held to be impious offerings to superstition. Thus in 1647 the Cromwell party ordered throughout the country by the mouth of the common crier that Christmas should no longer be observed.

A Juvenile Thrust.

Mother—Remember, Tommy, an angel is watching over you. Tommy—Aw, ma, don't be conceited!—Chicago News.

Business Cards.

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Waste and Poverty.

With regard to waste, which lies at the foundation of nearly all poverty, the working classes have exalted it into a principle of action. An English servant, as a rule, wastes as much of her employer's substance as possible. When she marries and has children she continues to be wasteful in her own home.—London Hospital.

Physical Evidence.

"Do you know," said a Sunday school teacher, addressing a new pupil in the infant class, "that you have a soul?"

"Course I do," replied the little fellow, placing his hand over his heart. "I can feel it tick."—Moberly (Nev.) Monitor.

Worse Than She Thought.

Aunt—But I thought you understood that George is a poor young man when you became engaged to him. Niece—Of course I did, but I didn't imagine it went so far as his not being able to get a new automobile till next season.—Judge.

Walter's Composition.

Little Walter was told to write a composition containing the word "seldom." This is what he handed up to the teacher:

"My father owned some horses, but last week he seldom."

There are but few proverbial sayings that are not true, for they are all drawn from experience itself, which is the mother of all science.—Cervantes.

"Walton's Angler."

This insignificant duodecimo volume, not remarkable for any especial literary merit beyond an easy, cheerful, chatty good humor, interlarded with technical information about a strangely fascinating sport, occupies one of the topmost niches in the huge temple of British bibliographical fame. "Worth its weight in gold" is a very inadequate expression. The number of sovereigns its value represents overbalances many copies. Its companion volume, the second part, by Charles Cotton, was not issued from the press until twenty-three years later and naturally increases the already stupendous price when found with the earlier work.

The perennial popularity of "Walton's Angler" is very remarkable. Seldom a year passes that does not witness its reissue in some form or other, either delicate and dear for the connoisseur's shelves or commonplace and cheap for the traveler's pocket. There is a charm about the book which time apparently cannot destroy.

The Madding Crowd.

One thing that annoys and humiliates a western man in New York city is the way in which he is herded with the crowd. Out west a man is an individual. He feels that he is somebody, a responsible citizen, a factor in the community, a person more or less worth while, entitled to a certain amount of respect merely as a man and regardless of wealth or social position or political power. But in New York, unless one is somebody very important, he is nobody at all. He is a mere unit in the mob, of no more moment than one ant in a hill.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Public Library Box 518

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VOL. LV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1905. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 42.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.41, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 8.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M, and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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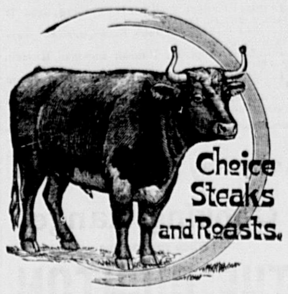

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

IN EL DORADO COUNTY

By Ina Wright Hanson

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Hermione jerked her fish pole impatiently.

"I'm sure it's better fishing over in El Dorado county," she said plaintively.

"There was once a man," I answered, "who stood at the fork of a sandy, stony country road, not knowing whether he should turn to the left, or go straight ahead. As he hestitated, a farmer came along and the man said, 'Which road leads to San Fernando?' And the farmer answered, 'Both.' And the man said, 'Which one shall I take, then?' And the farmer answered, 'No matter; whichever one you take, you will wish you had taken the other.' "

"I suppose you mean that if we were in El Dorado county I should think it would be better fishing here in Placer county?" ventured Hermione.

"Possibly I do," I said, continuing my scribbling, though doggedly, for I was not in story writing mood. Presently I chanced to look down just as Hermione looked up. Something there was in her limpid eyes, her rose fluted mouth, even the dash of color in her smooth cheek, which made me shove my notebook hastily into my pocket. I told myself it was her resemblance to her sister May.

May was in Paris, selecting her trousseau. When she returned at some indefinite time—she really seemed to be in no more haste to get back than I was to have her come—we were to be married. We were not sentimentalists, but were looking forward to a successful comradeship undisturbed by disquieting elements of love. A working union in which she would illustrate what her husband wrote. We had been engaged for three years without a quarrel. This, we argued, boded well for a pleasant future. Still there was no hurry.

But lately something had entered into my placid life which was setting me all awry. The mischief of it was, too, that the disturbance was not tangible. If it had been a debt, I could have paid it; if a tale rejected, I could have revised it or laid it upon the flames; if poor health had been the disquieting cause, I could have sought a remedy, but it was none of these. It was an omnipresent ghost which walked with me, unseen, unheard. I had a faint idea of its birth. On the day of May's departure for Europe we had been discussing Hermione.

"She must live with us," I said.

"Oh, yes," answered May, "until she is married. I fancy she will marry young. She is going to make a very attractive woman."

Before that day I had been a contented man; since that day I lived in a misty world except when I resolutely forgot my absurd, unreasonable feeling.

"Come on, chicken," I called gayly to Hermione, "we'll go into El Dorado county."

Over the rocks we clambered, laughing—it is so easy for a child to be happy and for a grownup child to catch the spirit if he will—over the rocks, across the suspension bridge spanning the American river, and we had gone from Placer county into El Dorado.

"There! This is lots nicer," she said when we were again seated to her satisfaction.

How sweet her voice was, and really the child was going to be handsomer than her sister, though May was considered a beauty. Hermione was changed lately, somehow. Ah, it must be her hair, which used to hang down her back in a frowzy braid. Today—why—a golden coronal, cleft here and there with a turquoise blue studded comb and topped off with a black bow. Why—

"What are you staring at me so for?" she asked, putting on her hat and blushing.

Fancy Hermione blushing!

"There was once a man," I answered hypocritically, "who was a—a—well, Cicero, for example, who was at work on a difficult mental problem, and at the time he was gazing hard at the—the family cat, for example, but he had no conception of the cat."

Hermione pouted. "If you call yourself Cicero, you might be a little more complimentary to me."

I laughed. Hermione always laughed if she had the faintest reason, so in a moment her dimples were in sight again. Strange I had never before noticed what a wealth of them there was.

"How old are you, child?" I asked suddenly.

"Eighteen," she answered, pulling her fish hook gently away from a snag.

I mused over her answer, the tangle in my head trying hard to straighten itself. May was thirty-one—my own age—though she didn't look it. Eighteen—ah!

"If the trouble is in your story," suggested Hermione, "maybe I can help you." Her hazel eyes looked innocently into mine. May's eyes were blue.

"If only you might!" I groaned, but I wasn't thinking of the half finished tale in my notebook. Suddenly all things had become plain to me. The ghost was laid, but what profit was it to me to gain understanding when it came three years too late?

"Well, who are the characters?" she asked precisely.

"A queen of beauty and wisdom and one little maid. It has three chapters. The first deals with a colossal mistake, the second with a fool's lethargy and the third with an awakening which came too late."

"Oh, not too late!" protested Hermione. "You really must change that. It ought to end well."

"Some stories can't end well, little girl," I answered with conviction.

"We'll make it end well," she continued decidedly. "And the king?"

"The king?"

"Yes; if a story has a queen, doesn't it have to have a king too?"

"This story hasn't. There's no king—only the king's fool," I answered bitterly.

"Is the king's fool in love with the queen?" Hermione's eyes followed the gentle eddying of her fish line.

"He—that's the approved predicament, I suppose."

"And the little maid loves the fool," she supplemented, "but he doesn't know it. By and by something happens"—

Just then something did happen. Hermione's pole went frolicking down the river, and like lightning out of a clear sky Hermione, joyous hearted Hermione, was sobbing tempestuously. In my moment of astonishment I took her into my arms. Shouldn't one comfort one's golden haired little sister? I opined that one should.

"There! There, little girl!" I shouted. "What is it?"

"Oh, it's May! How could she treat you so, and you so good and kind, and—and—oh, it will break your loving heart! It will make you an outcast—fugitive from justice!"

I smiled at her extravagance of expression; but, no matter what was the calamity, I was in no hurry to give up the warm little bundle in my arms. This was a new sensation, and altogether delightful, but quite too soon she drew herself gently away and began the explanation.

She had just received a letter from May. May had met a man in Paris, one "so dear and so handsome." Hermione quoted her sister's words with ineffable scorn—he "came of good family, he was rich, and, and, and—

Was ever sweet deliverance so opportune?

"Hermione," I said joyfully, lifting her tearful little face up to mine. "Hermione, you said the little maid loved the fool?"

"But that was in the story." She was blushing again.

"And so is this," I declared, bending my head.

"There was once a man," I observed contentedly, as we loitered along the homeward way, "who believed that somewhere between the Amazon and Orinoco rivers lay a land marvelously rich in gold and precious gems. He called this fabulous country El Dorado but he never found it. I am more fortunate than Sir Walter Raleigh. I have found my El Dorado, a 'golden region,' indeed, little girl."

And Hermione, smuggling her small hand into mine, asked naively:

"Then it was better fishing over in El Dorado county, wasn't it?"

His Miserable Lot.

"Why don't you go to work?"

"Lady," answered Plodding Pete, "I'm on me way dere now. De trouble is dat when I'm in New York I hear about a job dat I kin git in Frisco. An' by de time I gits to Frisco I finds de job is taken an' I hears of another one in New York."—Washington Star.

He Can, Indeed.

"Can a man have a billion dollars and be honest?"

"I should think so. He can certainly"—

"Well?"

"Afford to be."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Exit.

Mary Ann—I've come to tell you, mum, that th' gasoline stove has gone out. Mistress—Well, light it again. "I can't. Sure, it went out through th' roof!"—Exchange.

HIT BY A SHELL.

A Writer In a Boer Engagement Describes His Feelings.

Soon their gunners got our distance, and shells were screaming and bursting over the convoy, says Robert McCaw in "A Prisoner With De Wet" in the National Magazine. Several wagons in front of us were blown up and the oxen scattered in writhing masses on the road. The Kaffir who led our team took fright and bolted, the oxen swerved as a shell burst in front of them, and, the wheels suddenly going into a deep rut, the heavy wagon turned completely over, grinding me beneath its weight. My head bursting, I was falling down through blackness in the midst of a thousand crimson serpents. Somebody held my heart in his hand, was squeezing it, and then— Thank heaven, this is death!

Ages after there was a roaring of waters far beneath me. Then it thundered on my naked brain. A faint star was shining somewhere. It rushed toward me, growing bigger and bigger, until I was swallowed up in it—and my eyes were open. The wagon was righted. I was dripping wet, for the drivers had thrown water upon me. I heard the boom of the guns and the crash of bursting shells. I tried to rise, but my head seemed to float away from me and I felt myself striking the ground, but I did not feel myself falling. They lifted me on the wagon, and the oxen moved off. My head and face were sticky with thick blood and dust, and I was in such pain that I did not know where the pain was.

READ A GOOD BOOK OFTEN.

But Let the Intervals Between Readings Be Fairly Long.

So great has been the affection of readers for the books that have given them delight that literature is full of proofs of gratitude toward noble books. There have been countless comparisons and metaphors used to make clear the relation between the book and the reader. Perhaps the most original was hit upon by Coleridge, who compares an excellent book to a well chosen and well tended fruit tree. He says, "We may recur to it year after year, and it will supply the same nourishment and the same gratification if only we ourselves return to it with the same healthful appetite." But, though his simile pleases the fancy, it does not quite satisfy the judgment. While the fruit of a tree must yield much the same flavor always, the gratification we experience from reading must always differ according to the condition of mind of him who reads. It has been said that a traveler can bring home only what he takes with him, which means that the pleasure derived from traveling is entirely dependent upon the capacity of the traveler's mind. One's taste may change and one's ability to understand and appreciate is constantly changing, all of which points the moral that it is an excellent thing to read a good book often, provided the intervals between readings are fairly long.—St. Nicholas.

Postal Antiquity.

A recent discussion of certain postal grievances in the British house of commons has recalled the history of the post. Posts are mentioned in Scripture. In Job ix, 25, it is written, "My days are swifter than a post," and again in the book of Esther, chapter viii, letters were sent "by posts on horseback." The word, of course, here means runner. To Cyrus has been ascribed the establishment of systematic couriers and post horses throughout Persia, and Augustus is credited with introducing post chaises at Rome. It was in the reign of James I. that a postal system was introduced into England.

"Hot Enough to Roast Eggs."

We often hear persons make use of the metaphorical expression quoted in the headline when referring to an exceptionally hot day. Such an experiment may seem a little far fetched and out of the ordinary, but there are many cases on record where scientists have actually cooked eggs by the sun's heat. In 1837 when Herschel was in South Africa he cooked eggs by exposure to the heat of the sun "until they were powdery to the center." Sir J. C. Ross made a similar experiment in New Zealand.

A Use For Cloves.

Persons who get "qualms" when riding in the cars or on boats can almost certainly quiet them by slowly chewing a clove or two. Indigestion, accompanied by formation of gas, nausea and dizziness, will often yield to the same simple measure. There are other and better means of accomplishing these results, but the value of the clove is that it occupies so little room, is so easily carried about and can be so readily got when wanted.

A SUN BATH.

It Is a Potent Factor In the Cure of Any Disease.

There is no disinfectant made by man that can compare with the sun's rays in effectiveness.

A sun bath is a most potent factor in the cure of any disease. After one's skin becomes accustomed to the direct rays of the sun one may lie in the sunshine for hours at a time with great benefit, but at first the exposure should be of only a few minutes' duration at one time. These short periods, however, may be repeated several times a day. The best results are obtained by exposing the bare skin of the whole body (except the head) to the direct rays of the sun. Consequently a cot placed in the bow window of an upper chamber is an ideal place for a sun bath, provided that the air in the chamber is absolutely fresh and pure.

To sit on the porch in the sun is very beneficial, even if one must be so warmly wrapped up as to make it difficult for the sun's rays to penetrate to the skin.

To lie on the grass in the sun is better still—on the grass with only a blanket between the invalid and the healing powers of mother earth.

The patient's head should not be exposed to the direct rays of the sun in any case, and a sun bath should be followed by a cool sponge bath when possible.—Maxwell's Talisman.

A Greater Scoundrel.

A famous master of Trinity college, Cambridge, had been a friend in earlier days of one Jemmy Gordon, a solicitor. But Jemmy went to the bad, was struck off the rolls and lived from what he could get from old acquaintances. One day he met the master and asked for a shilling.

"Gordon," thundered the master, "if you could show me a greater scoundrel than yourself I would give you half a crown." And he stalked stiffly away to his rooms. In half an hour's time the butler announced that Mr. Pompous, the esquire beadle, wished to see the master. Now, the master had a special detestation of the beadle, who, when admitted and curtly asked what he wanted, replied:

"Mr. Gordon informed me that you desired to see me."

Said the master, "Gordon has made an ass of you!"

In ten minutes more the butler came again, grinning, and said:

"Mr. Jemmy Gordon has called and says you owe him half a crown, sir."—Newcastle Chronicle.

A Lost Custom.

Among the lost customs of merry England is that of the milkmaids' procession. It was a May day observance. The manner of their going was as follows: They borrowed a great quantity of silver plate—not sham plate, real gold plate—dishes, butter boats, cream jugs, tankards, etc. They built up the plate round an obelisk, crowning the whole with a tea urn. They arranged the most showy flowers of the season between and about the silver.

This obelisk was carried by two chairmen in gold laced hats and followed by a troop of handsome milkmaids dressed in pink and blue gowns, "drawn through the pocket holes," whatever that means, with high heeled shoes, mob caps, lappets of lace on their shoulders, nosegays in their bosoms and flat "Woffington hats" covered with ribbons. A fiddler went first in a sky blue coat and hat adorned with ribbons. The procession stopped before the doors of the customers and the milkmaids danced.—London Queen.

The Mace.

The mace was originally a potent weapon of offense, originating doubtless in that earliest and most common weapon, the wooden club. It was an essential part of a knight's accouterment, being useful at close quarters. For ready convenience it was hung at his saddlebow. Says an ancient poem:

And with his heavy mase of stele
Then he gave the kying his dele.

The besague and baston were varied forms of the mace. The mace used on horseback was a small weapon, usually of steel. That used on foot was much longer and commonly of wood, with head armed with iron rings and spikes. It was carried by the escort of magistrates and others as a ready protection against violence. As society quieted down and its original use fell into abeyance the thing assumed the ornamental appearance it now has, it now being carried in a mere honorary form.—Notes and Queries.

Some Words.

"Spider" is a less attractive word than "spinner," but it is really the same. "Spither," the earlier form of the word, stood for "spinther," meaning spinner—the disappearance of the "n" before the "th" being compensated for by the lengthening of the vowel, just as "tooth" really represents "tonth." There was once in use another word for the creature, that was ugly enough in meaning—"attercop," which appears in Wyclif's Bible. It signifies "poison bunch" and is still used in the north of England and in Antrim, Ireland, as an uncomplimentary term for a shrewish person. From "attercop" or from a similar use of "cop" or "cob," a bunch, to mean a spider, comes "cobweb."

A Green Old Age.

"A green old age" is a phrase often grossly abused. It is a literal translation of Virgil's description of Charon, the ferryman of the nether regions. The poet speaks of him as "Jam senior, sed cruda deo viridisque senectus" (somewhat aged, but his godship's old age was still fresh and green). This we might say of a hale sexagenarian, but to talk, as we do, of the green old age of a nonagenarian, however hale, is sheer nonsense.

The Art of Doing Nothing.

There is a side of life for which no preparation at all is made. No life is or can be one of unremitting work. Sooner or later every one has a day off and in nine cases out of ten has never been taught how to use it. In the schools of our Utopia there will be professors of the great art of doing nothing, of "sitting on a gate."—London Saturday Review.

Misjudged Him.

Lady A.—Here comes that dreadful man who sat next to me at dinner. He hasn't the manners of a pig! Mrs. B.—How funny! I thought he had.—Punch.

It Quiets the Cough

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more—it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, and heals. Sold for 60 years.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been a regular life preserver to me. It brought me through a severe attack of pneumonia, and I feel that I owe my life to its wonderful curative properties."—WILLIAM H. TRUITT, Wawa, Pa.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

Hasten recovery by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE
A Cream of Tartar Powder free from alum or phosphatic acid

EGGS AS FOOD.

Though Nearly Half Water They Are Extremely Nutritious.

The white of an egg is nearly seven-eighths water, the balance being pure albumen. The yolk is slightly less than one-half water. These figures apply approximately to the eggs of turkeys, hens, geese, ducks and guinea fowls.

To show how nearly alike the eggs of various domestic fowls are in respect to composition, the following figures are given by the department of agriculture:

Hen's egg—Fifty per cent water, 16 per cent protein, 33 per cent fat.

Duck's egg—Forty-six per cent water, 17 per cent protein, 36 per cent fat.

Goose egg—Forty-four per cent water, 19 per cent protein, 36 per cent fat.

Turkey egg—Forty-eight per cent water, 18 per cent protein, 33 per cent fat.

It should be explained that protein is the stuff that goes to make muscle and blood. Fat of course is fuel for running the body machine. Thus it will be seen that eggs, though half or nearly half water, are extremely nutritious, containing all the elements required for the building and support of the human body. But the old saying that an egg contains as much nutriment as a pound of beefsteak is far from correct. It would be nearer the fact to estimate a pound of eggs as equal to a pound of lean beefsteak in nourishing power.—Saturday Evening Post.

MAKING CAMPHOR.

A Simple Process With a Still More Simple Apparatus.

"To make camphor," said a chemist, "you put in chips at one hole, and out of another hole you draw the crude product in coarse white grains like salt.

"Wherever camphor trees grow you will find camphor distilleries. They are low buildings of mud brick, and their odor is so aromatic that it can be detected two miles off.

"In each building there are a dozen fires. On each fire is a kettle of boiling water with a perforated lid. Fitted on the top of this kettle is an iron cylinder filled with camphor chips of the size of your little finger. Fitted to the top of the cylinder is an empty inverted jar.

"There is your whole apparatus, a simple thing which works simply. The steam of the boiling water passing up through the cylinder extracts from the camphor wood its oil. This oil, mounting still upward with the steam, settles like a brine on the sides of the inverted jar at the top. This brine, when the fire goes out, dries into a substance like frost or snow.

"White and aromatic, the frostlike substance is the crude camphor. It is scraped off the sides of the jar and refined and pressed into those attractive balls and cubes that you buy at a high price everywhere."—Kansas City Independent.

STINGING MOSQUITOES.

Birds Suffer More From These Pests Than Does Man.

"Birds suffer more than man from the mosquito," a naturalist said. "Frequently the mosquito can't get at man, but birds he can always get at.

"The male mosquito is harmless. He never stings. It is the female who does all the mischief. Male and female alike live through the winter.

"After the mosquito's egg is first hatched, the creature that issues forth is called a wriggler. The wriggler lives in water, in marshy pools, in the puddles and the ooze of low lying meadows. He is like a tiny snake, and he must come to the surface to breathe.

"Hence kerosene as a mosquito exterminator. Ladle out kerosene on a pool of water and two tablespoonfuls will spread until they cover effectually fifteen square feet. This oily covering is air tight as a skin. If there are any wrigglers in the water under it they must die; they must smother.

"Some think mosquitoes feed on blood alone. This is a mistake. If a mosquito can't get human blood or bird blood or animal blood, it stabs plants and feeds on their juices."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Catching Cold.

Very severe colds are caught indoors, the result of indigestion or foul air. A cold is frequently brought on by eating a hearty dinner, becoming mentally absorbed for two or three hours immediately afterward and retiring to a warm, close room. The food is not digested, the temperature of the body is raised by the exertions of the stomach, the sleep is broken, and the individual rises chilled and ill. Had relaxation followed the dinner and the room been supplied with refreshing air, everything would have been different.

Notice Your Waiter.

"Did you wait on me?" asked the man at the corner table.

"No, sir," said the tall waiter.

"Then who did?" grumbled the corner man.

"I don't know, sir," was the reply. "You'd better ask the head waiter."

The corner man did ask, but the chief of the staff was no wiser than his assistant.

"What kind of looking man was he?" he asked.

"How should I know?" stormed the hungry diner. "I didn't come here to make a study of waiters' faces. I came to get something to eat, and if somebody doesn't hurry up"—

The head waiter stepped aside too soon to hear the rest of the complaint. "He is like ninety-nine out of a hundred men that dine out," he remarked. "None of them knows his waiter. There would be much less confusion if people would be a little more observing. Any man can take a peep at his waiter without loss of dignity. However, few do, and as a consequence they hail every man that passes with the query, 'Are you the fellow that waited on me?' "—New York Post.

Champagne.

There are two peculiarities about champagne drinking which are capable of explanation. The one is the rapidity with which the wine exhilarates notwithstanding the small proportion of alcohol it contains. This is due to the carbonic acid gas evolved, which is inhaled while drinking, for it is the property of this gas to expedite the action of anything with which it is associated. It is estimated that one glass of champagne is equal in effect to two glasses of still wine of the same strength and is more rapid in action. The other peculiarity is the sort of lethargy or deadness which follows after excessive champagne drinking. This is analogous to the stupor produced by carbonic acid gas, but it is assisted and intensified by the excess of sugar deranging the stomach. The undigested sugar turns into acid, and thus it is that too much champagne is apt to produce dyspepsia.

Not Just What She Meant.

The former head of a large private school in Cleveland was a gentleman of dignified bearing, refined and correct always in manner and speech. By birth and early rearing he was a Vermonter and doubtless of straight Puritan extraction. One day in his boyhood his mother called him in from the yard where he was playing with some other boys to say to him, in a tone suggestive of mingled sadness and severity:

"Noble, my son, I never thought to hear you use a swear word."

"Why, mother," said the boy, "I didn't use any swear word. I only said 'the devil.' Nobody thinks that's swearing."

"I don't care," cried the mother quickly. "It's making light of sacred things."—Cleveland Leader.

Why the Horse Acted So.

"I wonder what's the matter with that horse," said a man to his wife while he was in the act of unhitching the animal. The horse was rearing and plunging and displaying signs of terror whenever his master came near him. A passerby came to his aid, and while quieting the animal explained to the owner. "I noticed," said he, "that you just came out of the zoo over there. A slight scent of the wild animals has clung to your clothing, and, although your horse has probably never seen anything wilder than a cow, his instinct tells him that where that scent is there is danger. It will wear off soon and you will have no more trouble."—Philadelphia Record.

Crescent Shaped Rolls.

The little horseshoe shaped rolls to be seen in every baker's shop in the world have an interesting history. In 1687 Vienna was besieged by the Turks. They were about to enter the town by an underground passage that they had dug when the bakers, who work all night in order to deliver hot bread in the morning, gave the alarm. The authorities were so grateful they allowed them to manufacture a breakfast roll in the shape of the crescent moon, which is a device of the Turkish banner.

A Mathematical Incongruity.

How is this, from an expert accountant:

$$10 - 10 = 0$$
$$100 - 100 = 0$$

By axiom 1 things equal to the same thing are equal to each other; hence 10—10 equals 100—100.

Divide each side of the equation by 10—10, and the result is 1 equals 10. Figures will lie, even women's.—New York Press.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, 1905.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

Friends of Representative Herbert S. Riley who have sounded him on the subject say that if a third term should be offered him by the Republicans of this district he would not decline it; in fact, he would be pleased with a nomination for another year in the Legislature. He will not, however, enter into a fight for it, or allow his friends to do so. A number of influential Republicans have requested Mr. Riley to favorably consider the question of running again, to which his answer has invariably been in accordance with the ideas above set forth as to his attitude respecting it. He would gratefully accept a nomination for a third term, but will enter into no contest to secure one.

Rumors are going the rounds to the effect that some leading Republicans in this city are taking steps to bring out Hon. George F. Bean as a candidate for the Legislature to succeed Representative Herbert S. Riley. They claim, so reports say, that he would make a stronger run than almost any other man who could be named, and as for his qualifications for the place, they, of course, are admitted by everybody. How much foundation, if any, there exists for the rumors we are unable to say.

William F. Davis, Jr., Esq., aspires to take and fill Representative Riley's shoes in the House after Jan. 1, 1906, and is said to be working vigorously to that end. He is a smart and promising young Lawyer, but just how he will come out in his campaign remains to be seen.

MAYOR COLLINS OF BOSTON DEAD.

Hon. Patrick A. Collins, Mayor of Boston, died suddenly at Hot Springs, Virginia, yesterday morning, Sept. 14. He left Boston for Hot Springs on Sept. 5 in the best of health, and his death was a great and painful surprise. His son, Paul Collins, was present when his father died.

☞ Last Monday morning the Boston *Herald* was ornamented with a fine portrait of Ald. James H. Connolly, the ruling spirit of the Woburn City Council, and head of the Literary Bureau of that august body, which, no doubt, increased the sale of the paper here remarkably. The text which explained the presence of the portrait in the *Herald* was devoted to Ald. Connolly's candidacy for the Mayoralty this fall, and contained a glowing and well deserved tribute to his personal and political merits. Ald. Connolly is in the race for Mayor at the next city election, or, as he puts it, he is in the hands of his friends, and President Alyward must look well to his laurels, and likewise, his fences. He will be a formidable rival for the honors and emoluments of that exalted executive office.

☞ The fight for the Republican nomination for Attorney General goes merrily on all over the State. Candidate Champlin and his supporters are making more noise than others in the race, but that does not necessarily mean that he is ahead in it. It is surmised that District Attorney Sanderson will show up large in the convention, although not very much is heard from him at boom meetings and suppers. Sanderson's friends are not idle.

☞ The newspapers continue to give Portsmouth credit for furnishing shelter to the Envoys while they were discussing peace. It should be remembered that the Envoys were sheltered at Hotel Wentworth, and this hostelry is in Newcastle, not Portsmouth.—*Biddford (Me.) Journal.*

And their work was done at Kittery, Maine. Where does Portsmouth come in, anyhow?

☞ Ald. Connolly means well, and his efforts to give the unemproyed work on the highways are commendable, but is it not his duty to consider the financial condition of the Highway Department, and also the interests of the taxpayers? In his appeals he is silent as to these, but gives the workingman, alone, his strenuous attention.

☞ Boston is just at present the storm centre of the Draper-Hall contest for the Republican Lieut. Governor nomination, with Draper several sledlengths in the lead. It is reported that Eugene Foss himself, leader of the revolt, is just a bit inclined to sour on Hall, which may, or may not, be true.

☞ *Practical Politics* thinks the endorsement of the little Eugene Foss faction has killed Hall for the Lieut. Governor nomination, even supposing he ever stood any show for it.

☞ The Republican State convention is to be held at Tremont Temple on Oct. 6. Only two contests are in sight, namely, nominations for Lieutenant Governor and Attorney General.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

City—Taxes.
City—Reg Voters.
Geo. E. Pierce—Card.
E. Prior—Real Estate.
Dora A. Winn—Piano.
E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Barbers Ad. Ag.—Stoves.
W. G. Snow—Rogers Bros.
Geo. E. Pierce—Undertaker.
J. Walter Thompson—Ivers & Pond Pianos.

— Corps 84 are to give a whist party this evening.

— Don't forget the Trinity lawn party this evening.

— Josephine Hart is teaching at Vinalhaven, Maine.

— September, so far, has given us fine balmy weather, except when it rained.

— Police Officer McKenna finished his vacation and returned to duty last Wednesday.

— Tomorrow evening the Woburn A. C. are to give an athletic exibition in Auditorium.

— W. R. C., 84 will visit, by invitation, the General W. Hicks Corps at Saugus on Sept. 20.

— This is about the proper time to repair the coal bin and fill it with fuel for next winter's use.

— Charles McGovern has returned from Onset, Mass., after a delightful vacation.

— Abijah and Everett E. Thompson have been at York Beach, Maine, lately and enjoyed it.

— Tom McGovern and Gene Meagher have returned from the Hotel Wentworth, Newcastle, N. H.

— Fred Taylor and wife of Eastern avenue leave Woburn this week to make their home in California.

— Angelo Crovo is selling prime peaches these days at prices which bring them within the reach of all.

— The temperature was only 36 above zero yesterday morning, but mellowed considerably later in the day.

— Snow fell in northern Vermont and ice formed at Albany, N. Y., last Wednesday night. Think on that and weep.

— Several members of the local Union went to Wakefield Wednesday to attend the Middlesex County W. C. T. U. held there.

— Tickets will soon be out for the annual concert and ball to be given by the South End Social Club, Friday evening, Nov. 3.

— Mr. Frank Buchanan and wife reached the home of Mr. George Buchanan on Church avenue from the Provinces last evening.

— Mrs. Elizabeth V. Bridgham of Portland, Maine, or near there, attended the services at First Church, this city, last Sunday.

— George E. Pierce, undertaker, whose card appears in this paper, is a native of Woburn, and is connected with the Pierce family here.

— There is a report in circulation that ex-Mayor John P. Feeney will be a candidate again this fall for another election to the office of Mayor.

— City Messenger Edward Simonds has been under the weather of late, but it was nothing serious. Edward has immense recuperative powers.

—Charlie A Jones, Esq., President of the Five Cents Savings Bank, and his son Arthur are filling the role of sportsmen in the forests of Maine.

— The Soloist at the Unitarian Church Sunday, Sept. 17, will be Mrs. Florence Ives Atwood. Organ solos, some compositions by Franz Liszt.

— The beneficaries of the late Mrs. Nichia Barnum have received a check for $2,000 from the Supreme Commander of U. O. of Golden Cross.

— Mrs. Jeanings's Intelligence Office is as popular as ever. People wanting maids, and maids wanting situations, visit her place every day.

— The veracious reporter of a local sheet says the prices of real estate in North Woburn have advanced wonderfully since the boom was first hatched out.

— Gateman James Callahan of Church avenue B. & M. Crossing is taking a fortnight's vacation. He isn't rugged this fall and feels the need of a rest.

— Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Strout spent a few days of the past week at Northport, Maine, visiting Mr. Strout's mother and sister at their summer cottage.

— The Salem Light Infantry celebrated the 100th anniversary of its organization a few days ago, and Joseph W. Fields of this city, a member, attended it.

— The present is Harvest Moon, and that in October will ber Hunters Moon. Lovers and sportsmen will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Hope Circle opened the season in fine shape with a grand good supper in Odd Fellows Hall last Wednesday evening. Hope Circle are famous for their good times.

— The School Board have elected Margaret E. Breed to fill the vacancy in the High School corps of instructors occasioned by the resignation of M. Adeline Hinckley.

— The alarm from box 69 at 11 a. m. last Saturday, was for a fire which did considerable damage to the home of Mrs. Richardson on Bennett street, caused by an oil stove.

— Mr. Charles E. Cummings, a former watchmaker and silversmith at Hanson & Co's, and wife of Winthrop are spending their vacation here with relatives and friends.

— Mrs. Julia P. Lewis left here yesterday for her home in Illinois. She was accompanied by Mrs. Louise Newhall of Fairfield, Maine, who visits Duluth before returning.

— Section Director Smith of the N. E. Section of U. S. Climate and Crop Service, in his report ending Sept. 11, says all crops have improved during the last week. And Smith knows.

— Miss Marcia Winn, accompanied by her niece, Miss Madeleine Winn, have returned from Thetford, Vt., where they were two weeks the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Blake of this city.

— Quite a large number of Woburnites attended the wedding of Miss Helene M. Kimball, daughter of Geo. E. Kimball, and Dr. Arthur H. Kimball of Washington, D. C., at Hingham last Thursday.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder sails on Sept. 27, from Honolulu, Hawaii, for the States, under orders of the American Missionary Association and will be at Worcester the middle of October. Of course he will visit Woburn and Winchester, where he will be gladly received.

— The thirty-fifth annual promenade concert and ball given by the National Band Association last Wednesday evening, was a grand financial success, Lyceum Hall being packed to the doors. The evening was rather cold but it did not effect the attendance on the Common in the least.

— Mr. John Grothe is busy making snowplows for the Bridgeport, (Conn.) and Fitchburg & Lowell Street Railway companies, and flat cars for the New Jersey Street Railway Co. at Newark. His work in these lines has a wide and excellent reputation, and as far back as when the concern was Pollard & Grothe there was a large and growing demand for their snowplows.

— The public schools of this city opened last Monday for business armed and equipped as the law directs. Many changes of youthful countenances from the year before were observed.

— Mr. Milton Moore, of the firm of Moore & Parker, newsdealers, has the sincere sympathy of this community in his bereavement caused by the loss of his wife, whose death occurred on Sunday, Sept. 10.

— Editor Grimes of the *News* is a firm believer of President Roosevelt's doctrine of multiply and replenish the earth, which accounts for the appearance of a bouncing big boy baby at his home a few days ago.

— The Boston & Maine excursion to Western Massachusetts, Albany, down the Hudson to New York City, and home by the Fall River line, will come off on Oct. 6 and a fine one it will be. The tickets are only $5 each.

— The Boston & Maine Lake Winnipesaukee excursion leaves Boston at 8 20 tomorrow morning, Sept. 16. It is a delightful trip and costs only $2 from Boston and return, and that includes a splendid sail on the grand N. H. Lake.

— Another big rainstorm visited this section of the universe last Monday night and Tuesday. The idea prevails quite generally that, if things keep up in this style, there will soon be all the moisture here that Dame Nature cares for, or can stand.

— The first day's school enrollment in this city was 2819, against 2771 last year. The Cummings, Highland, Lawrence, Plympton, Rumford, Wyman, Goodyear and Main street schools are badly crowded, but Supt. George I. Clapp soon evolved a plan of relief.

— During the great rain of Sept. 3-4, the precipitation at Mr. Daniel H. Richard's weather bureau was plum 7 inches, which was, at least, 2 inches in excess of any former rainfall in this part of the world. Mr. Richard's beat Boston and some other records all hollow.

— There are people in every city Ward who are free to say that they think Benjamin H. Nichols is about the right kind of timber to make a Mayor of this fall. He is one of the clearest brained men in this city, square as a brick, and an unbending spinal column.

— Miss Dora A. Winn, Music Instructor in the Woburn public schools, advertises to resume instruction in the art of pianoforte playing at her home, 6 Highland street, on Oct. 1 next. She is one of the most accomplished performers and talented teachers in this city or vicinity.

— Mr. Edward Cummings returned from Thetford, Vt. with his family last week. They made the round trip in their auto and remained in Thetford a month. Mrs. Eustace Cummings has purchased a summer residence there and is having it fitted up for occupancy next summer.

— Leaves are beginning to fall from the trees. In spots the ground and sidewalks are littered with them. Surely, winter is coming on apace, and the falling leaf and withered flower tell the story. Bnt the old song says: "Winter will never last all the year round," which is cheering, to say the least.

— Thirty-one years of continuous teaching in the public schools is a long service. It is Miss Amanda Sevrens's record, and last Monday she entered on her 32d year. She is one of the best teachers that Woburn ever had—she must have been, else her term would have been shorter. She is an able, faithful and efficient schoolmarm.

— Mr. and Mrs. George E. Draper of 10 Irving street, West Medford, are receiving congratulations on the birth (Thursday, Sept. 7) of a bouncing little son. Mrs. Draper is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Leathe. Grandfather Leathe is a Woburn "boy" and is as tickled over the new arrival as the small boy on a Christmas morning.

— The caucus polling places have been designated by the City Council as follows: Republican, Sept. 26, Ward 1, Co-operative Bank rooms; 2, Armory; 3, Mechanics Hall; 4, Republican Headquarters; 5, 6, 7, at local hosehouses. Democratic, Sept. 27, Ward 1, South End Hall; 2, 3, 4, Auditorium; 5, 6, 7, at respective hosehouses.

— Hon. John P. Feeney, ex-Mayor, and Lawyer of honorable repute, has descended from the Editorial Tripod of the *News*, and the same is now occupied most efficiently by Mr. Grimes, a dabster at the business. He has been shoving the Editorial Quill for the last 25 years, and there is nothing in the art that he does not understand and can't master.

— Mayor Reade feels keenly the refusal of the City Council to take off the lid and allow work on the new schoolhouse to go on. He thinks they are making a great mistake in failing to provide money for the work, and that is an undeserved reflection on his administration. It is quite safe to say that no more work will be done on the building this fall.

— Lieut. Linwood E. Hanson, Co B, 26th Infantry Regiment, U. S. A., stationed at San Antonio, Texas, visited here two or three days last week. Before going into the Regular Army he was a business man of this city. He had, and still has, many friends hereaway, especially in Co. G, 5th Regt., M. V. M., of which he was formerly Captain.

— Selfrespect and a decent regard for justice, if nothing else, should move the City Council to provide for the payment of Capt. Ellis's bill for building the foundation of the new schoolhouse. It is a fine piece of work, now completed, for doing which Capt. Ellis has a legally executed contract, and to try to evade payment for it is not only wrong, but a smirch on the integrity and dignity of the Council.

— The Hammond & Son Co., leading clothiers, with J. Foster DeLand, Manager, and a lively corps of Assistants, were never busier at this season of the year than at the present time. They have superb stocks of clothing, underwear, furnishing goods, hats, caps, etc. and to make perfectly sure of selling them rapidly have tagged all articles with prices so low that successful competition, even in Boston, is entirely out of the question.

— Lawyer W. Fred Davis attended a meeting of the Executive Committee of Candidate Champlin's Campaign Committee, of which he is a member, at the Beacon Club, Boston, yesterday. It was a gathering of choice spirits, and the lunch was all that the most exacting heart could desire.

— We were pleased to receive a kindly worded note from our friend and respected former fellow townsman, Mr. Will W. Crosby, yesterday morning, and to learn that he is well and happy. Mr. Crosby fills the important position of Assistant and working Treasurer of the Brighton Mills at Passaic, N. J., a large manufactory of cotton and special fabrics, for which no young man is better fitted.

— Mr. Ward W. Hart, of the Boston end of Hart & Co.'s Woburn Express, and Mrs. Hart went away last Wednesday morning for a fortnight's vacation. Mr. Hart imagined that he was "running down" somewhat faster than the law allows, and not feeling very well himself, concluded that an outing would do him good, hence his absence. Mrs. Hart, good woman, thought it prudent for her to go along too.

— Mr. Fred W. McDonald of Groveton, N. H., where he has figured prominently as a lumberman and mill owner for a number of years past, spent a part of last week with his mother, Mrs. Martha A. McDonald, at her home, 4 Highland street, this city. He is engaged just now in preparing to build a large pulp mill up there and negotiating for the purchase of a big timber track with which to supply it.

— Mrs. Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Richards, left for her home in Illinois last week after a good long visit with her parents, other relatives and friends here. Her husband came on to return with her to their Western home. He suffered quite severely during the week or two he was here from a malarial attack received on board of the train soon after leaving home; but was much better when he went from this city last week.

— In the cosy Jewett cottage, Sheepscott Bluffs, at Westport, not long since, one of the most enjoyable fudge parties of the season was given. The cottage, which was occupied by a party of Massachusetts girls, was prettily decorated with evergreen and goldenrod. Among those present were: Miss Marion E Conn, Miss Edith M Esterbrook, Miss Margaret E. Rix, Miss Bertha W. Tidd and Miss Susan A. Tufts, all of Woburn, Mass.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

— To many friends and acquaintances the death of Mrs. Sarah L Spear at her home, 75 Garfield avenue, on Sunday evening, Sept. 10, 1905, will be felt as a severe loss. She was an estimable woman, and although an invalid and confined to her home most of the time for several years past, her friends were numerous, and by them she will be greatly missed. Three children, John H., Grace T., and William H. of Chicago, are left to sincerely mourn the death of a kind and loving mother.

— Brethren of First Church had a fine time rededicating their remodelled vestry last Sunday evening. Spirited addresses were made; music especially appropriate for the occasion was a pleasing part of the programme; and everything went off in the best of style. The speeches were made by representatives of the Parish Committee, Sunday School, Christian Endeavor, Prayer Meeting. All were excellent, and to the point. The rededication order of exercises was finished up on Wednesday evening by Pastor Norton.

— The rain of last Tuesday was spoken of by a few people uneducated in weather lore as the "Line Gale," a storm of unusual severity that almost always accompanies the Autumnal Equinox, and is often called the "Equinoctial Storm," coming at a date which marks the equal length of days and nights. It, however, bore but slight resemblance to that annual meteorological disturbance, not to mention the important fact that it was unseasonable relative to that event. Except in the matter of rain, it lacked all the dominant characteristics of the "Line Gale.",

— A great many people attended the funeral of Mrs Martha A., wife of Mr. Milton Moore, at the family home, 15 Pleasant street, last Wednesday. A large number of beautiful tokens of love and esteem were taken to the services. Mrs. Moore, who was, before marriage, Martha A. Nichols, was born at the Nichols homestead, corner of Lexington and Burlington streets, and was united in marriage to Milton Moore in the same house on Oct. 15, 1865. She was a sister of Frank C., Charles A., John Nichols and Mrs. Sarah M. Munroe, of Woburn, and Stillman Nichols of Winchester.

— The request of the Board of Health received by the City Council at their meeting Monday evening for $600 for expenses for the rest of the year, and $400 for a bacteriological outfit, was sent to the Finance Committee There were no remonstrants at the hearing on petition of the Lowell & Woburn Street Railroad Co. to erect poles and extend feed wires from the Boston & Northern lines to Clinton and other streets. Arthur I. Young, who appeared for the L. & B. Co., told the Board that the Company desired to open the road as soon as possible. The Finance Committee reported for a loan of $2,500 for sidewalks and edgestones

— Miss Marion Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs George H. Taylor, gave a most delightful lawn party at her home, 23 Pleasant street, last Saturday afternoon. The mother of the hostess filled the office of Matron on the occasion. The party consisted of some 40 boys and girls of about Miss Marion's age, and a jollier company, or one more handsomely dressed, it would have been hard to find. While playing games on the spacious lawn in front of the Taylor residenc they made a beautiful picture which attracted the attention of passersby and caused many to halt at the fence to enjoy the pretty scene and the lively games in which the young ones were gleefully engaged. It was a lovely afternoon, and everyone enjoyed it. A fine party repast was, by no means, the least important of the features that delighted the youthful and merry company.

— Crawford is ladeling out icecream in great shape these days.

— Typhoid fever prevails to some extent in this city, but not alarmingly.

— "Sparks," another invoice of which is received, will appear in these columns presently.

— Grace W. Heartz has resumed pedagogical work at Brewster Academy, Wolfboro, N. H.

— Carolyn R. Spencer is to return to her work in the Walker school, Wilmington, next Monday.

— Chief of Police McDermott is at Headquarters again from a fine outing in the northern mountains

— Only about a dozen men are now employed on the highways, and if ever good work was needed on them it is about now. The City Council are accountable for this unfavorable condition of things.

— Clifford Trull, son of the late S. Frankstord Trull of this city, has a fine clerical position with the Boston Clearing House, which he will fill to perfection, for he is a smart, intelligent young man. He graduated from the Woburn High School last June.

— Mr. Paul W. Norton, son of Rev. Dr. Norton, pastor of the First Congregational church of this city, a graduate of Amherst, has accepted a position in Kansas College at Topeka, that State, as teacher of Mathematics and Mechanical Drawing, of which he made a specialty while in college. The professorship, for which the young man is admirably quaiified, is an excellent one, and he is to be congratulated on his good fortune in obtaining it.

— Mr. E. Prior, a leading real estate dealer in this city, whose office is in the Johnson Block, corner of Main street and Montvale avenue, has sold more real estate in this city since Feb. 1, 1905, than he did during all the year of 1904, and has business on hand that will swell his sales far beyond those of last year. He finds, too, that a large part of the residence property sold by him is and is to be occupied by the purchasers, and was not bought for speculation. This latter is an encouraging sign, for it shows that people are coming here to make homes. Mr. Prior's latest sale was that of the large Col. A. L. Richardson building on Main street formerly occupied by the Richardson Brothers laundry, to L. Waldo Thompson, who now owns all the property from Mechanics building to Everett street. The sale included the Richardson residence on Walnut street, and was the heaviest that has been made here for several years past. The property is located in the Centre of the business part of the city, and very valuable. Mr. Prior has other sales on the string.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Under the direction of the Boston Stage Society, the Castle Square Theatre is already numbered among the high-class playhouses of Boston. The productions of the two opening weeks have given evidence of high artistic achievement, and it is apparent that every promise made by the management will be fullfilled to the letter. The best of plays will be offered, the best of acting is assured, and the most expert stage direction will assure as perfect a production and as complete a scenic environment as money and care can procure. For the third week of the season, beginning next Monday, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is announced. This play was made famous by Mrs. Fiske's interpretation of the unfortunate heroine some years ago. In "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," John Craig will play Angel Clare, the part he originally played in support of Mrs. Fiske, and the character of Marion will be assumed by Miss Florence Kahn. Mr. John Waldron and Mr. William McVay will also have important roles.

A Card.

Mr. George Edward Pierce, formerly of 46 Montvale avenue, has removed his undertaking office to 635 Main street.

Mr. A. N. Dearborn, formerly with J. B. Elheredy of Salem, Mass., a number of years has taken the position of Manager of Mr. Pierce Woburn office.

Those having need of services of the kind will find in Messrs Pierce & Dearborn persons well qualified to act in this capacity, having had several years experience at the business as well as those who are painstaking and considerate in direction and management.

Night and day calls will receive prompt attention. Telephone connections.

Like Finding Money.

Finding health is like finding money—so think those who are sick. When you have a cough, cold, sore throat, or chest irritation, better act promptly like W. C. Barber, of Sandy Level, Va. He says: "I had a terrible chest trouble, caused by smoke and coal dust on my lungs; but, after finding no relief in other remedies, I was cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds." Greatest sale of any cough or lung medicine in the world. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; 50c and $1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

"THE AMERICAN BOY"

FREE for 6 months with a purchase of a Suit or Overcoat in our Boys' Department. "THE AMERICAN BOY" is the biggest, brightest, and best boy's paper in the world, and is read by nearly a quarter of a million boys. You ought to read it! BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. Good Clothes for the Boys.

Hammond & Son Co. LEADING CLOTHIERS.

Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN

Interesting Figures.

ED. JOURNAL:—The magnitude of our agricultural crops are rarely realized when expressed in bales and bushels, and only when stated in other terms do we begin to appreciate the wealth that comes to us from the soil. Take cotton for instance. The agricultural report for last year makes the amount in bales fourteen million—seven thousand million pounds. The bales are five feet in length and weigh each 500 lbs. If all the bales were laid end to end in a straight line that line would be 13,257 miles long, or more than half the distance around the world. It would require 280,000 cars to transport it, and that number of cars would make 7,000 trains of forty cars each and, with no interval between trains, they would extend a distance of 2,000 miles. That crop was worth when picked and baled to the parties who raised it the sum of $500,000,000.

Our corn crop was more than 2,400,000,000 bushels. To contain that quantity of corn would require a bin ten feet wide, ten feet high and 5,682 miles long. At 800 bushels to a car it would make 750,000 trains of forty cars each, and that number of trains running on a straight line at intervals of 200 feet, would extend a distance greater than the circumference of the globe. That crop, when harvested, was worth to those who raised it $1,000,000,000.—X

WINCHESTER.

The season of football has opened at the High School, and great things are expected of the team.

Our vacation people have pretty much all got home, and are resting up for fall and winter work.

The Y. M. C. A. reopened about the first of the month and has a good prospect for a fine season's work and harvest.

Our good friend and esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. George H. Gilbert, has got home from his summer residence at Atlantic Hill, Nantasket, and his return to Sunnyside is welcomed.

Our Honorable townsman, Congressman McCall, is hard at work for the nomination of Champlin for Attorney General. Is he afraid that Champlin might take it into his head to run for Congress in the near future?

S. J. Elder, Esq., one of the ablest lawyers at the Massachusetts Bar, and one of our most highly respected citizens, has moved into his new and elegant residence on Myopia Hill and much comfort may he and hisn enjoy there.

Yesterday, Sept. 14, occurred the 62d anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Twombly. It was observed in a quiet way, but many old friends congratulated the venerable couple on their long and happy married life. It is far from often that a man and wife live together so many years, even a Golden Wedding being a rare occurrence.

Fall Disinfecting.

Is there anything more important to the health of the family than putting the home in a perfectly sanitary condition for the coming winter? Sanitary cleanliness by which the process of bacteritic life harmful to health is arrested and overcome—is occupying a very prominent place in the up-to-date housekeeper's mind. A little Sulpho-Napthol, one of the strongest bactericides known to science, in every pail of water used for cleansing, gives a condition of cleanliness and purity which is the highest point reached in home sanitation today. Sulpho-Napthol has revolutionized modern ideas of house cleaning.

Attacked By a Mob

and beaten, in a labor riot, until covered with sores, a Chicago street car conductor applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was soon sound and well. "I use it in my family," writes G. J. Welch, of Tekonsha, Mich., "and find it perfect." Simply great for cuts and burns. Only 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,

Violin and Piano-forte

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Bridget Hooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Samuel T. Hooper of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of October, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Man as a Maker of Edens."
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Christ the Just Judge."
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., "Adam, the First Man."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Sunday School Conference.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor.
7 P. M. First in series of character studies—"Abraham, the Friend."
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.30.
The Reading Room is open from 2 to 4 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

GEORGE EDWARD PIERCE,

Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Night and Day Calls will receive Prompt Attention.

635 Main Street, WOBURN
71 Haven Street, READING

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

Married.

In Acton, Mass., Sept. 6, by Rev. Franklin P. Wood, Edwin G. Bois of Arlington and Etta F. Wood of Woburn.

In Woburn, Sept. 5, by Rev. Wolcott Calkins, Ernest Clifford Bois, and Minnie Melinda Pelton, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 10, John H. Long, aged 30 years.

In this city, Sept. 7, Ellen L. Froberg, aged 17 years, 6 months, 18 days.

In this city, Sept. 13, John Roche, aged 80 years 5 months, 20 days.

In this city, Sept. 11, Hannah Bowman Russell, aged 85 years.

In this city, Sept. 10, Martha Ann, wife of Milton Moore, aged 66 years, 4 months, 1 day.

In this city, Sept. 10, Sarah L. Spear, aged 92 years, 4 months, 16 days.

Why Pay $35 or $40 FOR A Cooking Range When you can buy THE DIGHTON

A First Class, Highest Grade, Heavy (425 lbs.), COOKING RANGE, delivered at your Station, FOR $24.50

Save $12

Freight Paid

It has all the latest attachments, for wood or coal, with and without hot water attachment. Hot Water Tank (attached), etc.

Investigate Send for our Booklet Before Buying explaining this wonderful offer.

You don't buy from an unknown firm—we've been making stoves for 37 years.

DIGHTON FURNACE CO.

NO. DIGHTON, MASS.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

Will be in session at their office

Municipal Building, Common St.

—ON—

Saturday Evening, Sept. 23, 1905

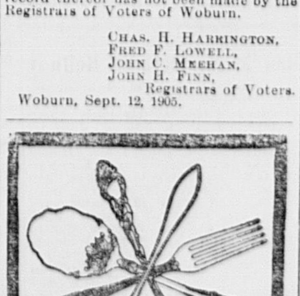
AT SEVEN O'CLOCK,

to receive applications for registration from those who desire to act in the respective party caucuses, as required by Sec. 36, Chap. 11, of the Revised Laws.

Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHAS. H. HARRINGTON,
FRED F. LOWELL,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 12, 1905.



"Silver Plate that Wears."

The trade mark "1847 Rogers Bros." on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 6 to

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR

CLOTHES

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises
Newest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter

Suits, $16 to $50
Overcoats, $20 to $50

MEN'S AND BOYS'

HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET

BOSTON

HALL CLOCKS

$85. to $500.

BEST MAKERS

FINELY FINISHED AND FULLY GUARANTEED

SMITH PATTERSON COMPANY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

52 SUMMER ST. BOSTON

CHOICE CUTS FOR SUMMER

can't be had everywhere. The meat must be properly cured, well cooled, and cut by one who knows how.

OUR MARKET

does such a large business is why you can rely on choice cuts from us. We keep the best meats that market affords. A choice steak, chop or roast from us will make you feel like a lord. Prices reasonable. Try us.

Linnell's Market,

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Justice of the Peace

— AND —

General Steamship Agent.

White Star Line, Cunard Line, American Line, Atlantic Transportation Line, Dominion Line, Holland American Line, Leyland Line, Red Star Line, Anchor Line, Allan Line.

Drafts at the lowest rates.

Pension Vouchers promptly and carefully executed

OFFICE: 480 Main Street.

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WOBURN

MISS DORA A. WINN

WILL RESUME

PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION

October 1, 1905.

6 Highland Street Woburn

STANDARD DISINFECTANT

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

Best Home Purifier of Foul Places Destroys Decomposition, maintains conditons essential to health.

Beware of inferior imitations.

Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages and labels. Only the genuine bears it.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,

Room 526 Old South Building,

BOSTON.

Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

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You can charter one of the beautiful twin screw excursion steamers of the Lynn Steamboat Co. for a

MOONLIGHT EXCURSION

Entire Evening, $30.00

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LYNN STEAMBOAT CO.,

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Market Street, Lynn, Mass.

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SOUVENIR STATIONERY —OF— Woburn—2 Views

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ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

CUT GLASS!

You can hardly go wrong in choosing something in Cut Glass for a wedding or anniversary present. And you certainly can't go wrong in coming here to purchase it. We have a beautiful assortment of the latest designs, including Water Bottles, Bowls, Bon Bon, Olive and Oil, from among which anyone can surely select a gift for the amount they wish to spend.

SIMMONS watch or lognette chains for graduation.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

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☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches a specialty.

DON'T FORGET

That the holder of the Lucky Soda Check gets the beautiful

2-pound Box of Apollo Chocolates

given away weekly to our SODA CUSTOMERS.

The more desirable season for Candies is now approaching. Try a pound of Schrafft's Butter Crackel. It so delicious.

We always carry in stock, fresh every week, a full line of APOLLO, QUALITY and LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES in dainty packages.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

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THE BOMB That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It's here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box. EDWARD C. CHURCH, Opera House. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

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608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass. EVENING OFFICE AT National Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Was Your Home Comfortably Warm Last Winter?

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To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block. Apply at the Bank.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Sale of Unredeemed Real Estate by the City of Woburn.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, September 14, 1905.

In conformity with the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the public and all persons interested as former owners, or occupants of each of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, are hereby notified that said parcels have been conveyed according to law to said City of Wobuan, for non-payment of taxes and assessments, and the time in which each of the estates might be redeemed by the owners thereof having expired, each of said parcels will be offered for sale in accordance with section 67 of Chapter 13 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room No. 3 Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, October 21st, 1905,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to the highest bidder for each of the several parcels a quit claim deed will be delivered. For further particulars reference is made to the Registry of Deeds, for the Southern District of the County of Middlesex, the volume and page numbers following the description of each parcel, indicating the record of the deed under which the said City of Woburn now holds title to the estate described.

The sums set against the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the taxes and assessments for the non-payment of which said estate was sold to the City of Woburn, together with the subsequent taxes and assessments, interest on the same, and all lawful costs and charges, but not including costs and charges incident to this sale. And none of the said estates will be sold for less than the amount set against the said estates, respectively.

ESTATE HENRY J. COBB.—.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 8, 9, 10, Block 27, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 60 Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. $12 44

ESTATE LEWIS COHEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 13, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 72 Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for whichsaid estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE FLORENCE J. FOWLE.—About 5200 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 7 and 8, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 83. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE HENRY A. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 9, Block 10, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 93. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 05

ESTATE HENRY A. GREEN.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 7 and 8, Block 35, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 90. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold 15 60

ESTATE HENRY A. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 6, 7, 8, Block 40, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 88. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 22 and 23, Block 28, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 97. Amount due thereon for the taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold. 15 60

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12, 13, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2911, Page 104. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 35, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2911, Page 99. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13 and 14, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 102. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 2, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 106. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 17

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 5,040 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10 and 11, Block 10, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 95. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 71

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 1, Block 3, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 109. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 6, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 111. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 17

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8 and 9, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 113. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1093 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 42

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13 and 14, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 116. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 14 27

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 10,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, 9, 10, Block 14, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 118. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 19 84

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, and 10, Block 15, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn, City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 120. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 17

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7200 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 13, 14 and 15, Block 15, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911 Page 122. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 8, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 124. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE ELLA T. MORAN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 7, 8, and 9, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2911, Page 136. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 05

ESTATE MORGAN C. TYLER.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 195. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE LODESA M. BABBITT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 6, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 62. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE JOHN J. COOPER.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36 Block 5, Section B, shown Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 76. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years, 1999, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 96

ESTATE CHARLES H. COLLINS.—About 4060 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 2 and 18, Block 13, Plan B, on Plan Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 9, Plan 35, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 74. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE PETER J. GRIFFIN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Block 36, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 372. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 86

ESTATE EDWARD O. HOWARD.—About 7,300 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12 and 13, Block 3, Section G, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 374. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1900, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 17 49

ESTATE FRANK KELLEY.—About 4700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 an 7, Block 27, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 376. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 00

ESTATE JEREMIAH MARA.—About 2,459 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 17, Block 4, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 381. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 12 57

ESTATE WILLIAM W. WHITTAKER.—About 5500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 26 and 27, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 401. Amount due thereon, for taxesof the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 00

ESTATE HOWARD B. FLINT.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 35 and 66, Block 28, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Campany, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 369. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 00

ESTATE JOHN W. SMITH.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 5, Block 11, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 394. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE SARAH S. TRACY.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 21 and 22, Block 32, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 399. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE GEORGE RAYMOND.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 2 and 21, Block 23, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2954, Page 390. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold. 9 90

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

MRS. ANNIE S. LEWIS

MR. F. PERCYVAL LEWIS

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

1 Maxwell Road, cor. Mystic Ave. WINCHESTER, MASS.

Are You Engaged?

Engaged people should remember, that, after marriage, many quarrels can be avoided, by keeping their digestions in good condition with Electric Bitters. S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "For years, my wife suffered intensely from dyspepsia, complicated with a torpid liver, until she lost her strength and vigor, and became a mere wreck of her former self. Then she tried Electric Bitters, which helped her at once, and finally made her entirely well. She is now strong and healthy." Robbins Drug Co., druggist, sells and guarantees them, at 50c a bottle.

A WELL KEPT SECRET.

How the Keeper Managed the Church and Town Hall Clocks.

The old watchmaker of a small town in the west of England recently retired, and the contract for keeping the church and town hall clocks in order was given to his successor. Unfortunately from the start the new man experienced a difficulty in getting the clocks to strike at the same time. At last the district council requested an interview with the watchmaker.

"You are not so successful with the clocks as your predecessor," he was told. "It is very misleading to have one clock strike three or four minutes after the other. Why, before you took them in hand we could hardly tell the two were striking. Surely you are as competent as Mr. H."

"Every workman has his own methods, gentlemen," replied the watchmaker, "and mine ain't the same as H.'s were."

"I'm decidedly of the opinion that it would be for the general good if they were," remarked one of the councilors.

"Very well, sir; in the future they shall be," came the reply. "I happened to write to Mr. H. last week about the trouble I had with the clocks, and—but perhaps," he added as he produced a letter and handed it to the chairman, "you'd like to see what he said."

"Dear Sir (ran the letter)—About them clocks. When you get to know what a cantankerous lot of busybodies the council consists of you'll do the same as I did for fifteen years—forget to wind up the striker of the town hall clock, and the silly owls won't be able to tell that both clocks ain't striking together."—Tit-Bits.

OLD FAMILIES.

One of Them Claims to Reach Back Beyond the Flood.

The most ancient family in France, in so far as the tracing back of the ancestry in an unbroken line is concerned, is the royal house of Bourbon, which goes back to Robert le Fort, in the year 861. Next in point of antiquity comes the Rohan family, which for the last century, however, has been settled in Austria, the so called Rohans in France being not really Rohans, but merely Chabots, their only connection with the house of Rohan being by marriage.

Then comes the house of Narbonne-Pelet, the head of which is the Duc de Narbonne, who can trace his lineage back without interruption to the year 910. Of course, in making this assertion, I do not take into consideration the somewhat mythical claim of the Duke of Levis-Mirepoix to be descended in a direct and unbroken line from Jacob's son, Levi. He has among his family pictures one old painting in which the Holy Virgin is represented as requesting the former Duke of Levis-Mirepoix to put on his hat, which he had doffed in salutation, she being depicted as uttering the words "Couvrez vous, mon cousin." Another picture represents an ancestor of the Duke of Levis-Mirepoix navigating a small boat on the waters of the deluge, he being too exclusive and high toned to share the ark with the Noah family and its belongings.—London Chronicle.

Higher Chinese Education.

Many of our people think of China as a land of ignorant coolies who are so inferior to ourselves as to rise scarcely to the plane of human beings. The fact is that China contains a greater number of educated and cultivated people than any other country in the world. Their culture is not like ours, but it is based upon long study of literature, ethics and philosophy, and it has been transmitted through many generations. The Chinese have not well learned how to act together. Otherwise we should never have dared to treat them recklessly and unfairly.—Review of Reviews.

A Way Some Women Have.

I have heard that women are dishonest in the way of sending to milliners for boxes of hats on approval, keeping them for a week, and, when they return them with a note to say that none suits, the owners find that each has been worn once, if not several times, and this fact is betrayed by innumerable pin holes. I certainly myself have known women who are not above sending for clothes on approbation, carefully taking the pattern and getting them copied by a cheaper dressmaker.—Lady Henry Somerset in Black and White.

A Smuggler.

Some years ago a tame long haired goat formed part of the regular crew of a passenger steamer on service between an English port and a continental one. After a time the customs authorities discovered that it wore a false coat many sizes too large for it. The goat's own hair was clipped very close. Round its body were packed cigars, lace, etc., and then the false coat was skillfully put on and fastened by hooks and eyes.

An Artist's Mistake.

Danton, the celebrated caricaturist, had a wonderful power of modeling from memory. After one long look at his subject he could go to his studio and make a bust quite perfect in its resemblance.

One day a young man came to him, saying that his sister was ill and about to die and that, although the family wished her bust modeled, they dared not excite her by mentioning it. Would he undertake to reproduce her features after seeing her once? Danton agreed, and next day the brother informed his sister that he intended to present her with some jewels and that a young man would bring some specimens for her approval.

Danton brought in the jewels and, going home, modeled a bust of striking resemblance. Next year an old gentleman, the father of the young woman, came to order a bust of the brother, who also had died. This, too, was a marvelous success.

The result of such planning, however, was not always as satisfactory to his patrons as in these cases. A gentleman who could not persuade his wife to sit asked Danton to enter a certain omnibus one day and fix in his memory the features of the lady opposite him.

He did so, modeled a beautiful bust and sent it home. It proved, however, to be not the mistress, but the maid, who had also taken the trip in the omnibus.

For the Rainy Day.

"This awful extravagance of yours must stop. You've saved absolutely nothing for a rainy day."

"Oh, yes, I have, dear. I've saved a lovely blue rainy day skirt."

Some will always be above others. Destroy the inequality of today and it will appear again tomorrow.—Emerson.

Executing a Monster Elephant.

The Indian elephant named Fritz in the zoological gardens of Berlin was Europe's largest animal until it finally had to be killed for distemper. Dr. Schilling was appointed hangman. First he tried strangulation by means of ropes and pulleys, but the ropes broke and the elephant remained intact. Next he tried poisoning. The animal was given fodder of fresh bananas, which was devoured with a relish. Then a few bananas were dipped in carbolic acid, but no amount of coaxing could make Fritz "go" them. Finally shooting was tried. The heaviest big game rifle was procured and a shot was fired into the left armpit. The elephant merely looked around in surprise, the bullet having flattened against the shoulder blade. Then a Maxim gun was pulled up. A fusillade of projectiles was pumped into the big beast under the right armpit. The elephant went down like a house. In its death struggle, which was studied by many scientists, it broke all its chains and reduced part of the iron fence in the paddock to scrap iron.

Wolseley's Opinion of the Chinese.

It was Lord Wolseley who regarded the Chinese as the greatest race in the world. His opinion was formed about 1860, when he was in China, and he never renounced it. He said to a representative of the Strand Magazine: "The Chinese people possess all the elements of being a great people. They have courage, physical power and absolute contempt for death. Today in that country soldiering is looked down upon. Only the 'failures in life' enter the army. Let a Bismarck or a Napoleon rise up among them, and in two generations they would be the greatest nation and conquering power in the world. They only need a leader. Give them progress, and they will conquer. Three hundred years ago they were the head of the world, but their growth was stunted. China wants a modern man with modern ambitions. Let their leader come, and they must revive again."

Wooden Toothpicks.

"Stop chewing toothpicks, young man, if you value your life," said a physician to one of his patients. "You unconsciously swallow little shreds of the wood, which are not digestible and which become compact in the stomach. Finally you are annoyed by a hacking cough and the spitting of blood and you do not know what is the matter with you. You imagine you have consumption or some similar affliction when it is only the foreign substance in your stomach, that makes the strongest protest against your carelessness or ignorance in allowing it to accumulate there. Stop chewing toothpicks and swallowing quack nostrums, and by taking ordinary care of yourself you will live out the allotted threescore and ten years."

A Storm on the Pacific.

The captain of a San Francisco tug thus describes a storm on the Pacific:

"When I say that the waves ran mountain high I am not exaggerating the situation in the least. The tug would be poised on the crest of a sea and then be plunged down into a valley of water which seemed a mile below us. At times the moon would come out through the clouds, and in the uncertain light the waves seemed twice as high. The wind was blowing a perfect hurricane, and our lee rail was under water all the time. The angry sea appeared raging above, below and all around us, and nearly every wave into which we dipped would wash over the tug. It was impossible to remain aft, for the lower deck was flooded."

"Electrified."

The startling physiological effects of electricity upon the human system fully warrant the use of the word as a superlative term to express enthusiastic conditions. This expression must have come into use at an early day, soon after Franklin made the static electrical machine a matter of general knowledge, for Thomas Jefferson in his autobiography stated, "Paine's 'Common Sense' electrified us." Thomas Paine's book was issued Jan. 1, 1776, and as Jefferson's autobiography was founded on his diary it is probable that the sentence was written by Jefferson at the same time.—Electrical Review.

Antiquity of Chairs.

Chairs were in use in Egypt so long ago as 3399 B. C. The Chinese employed them from about 1300 B. C. In India they were used and are mentioned as dating from 1100 B. C. House chairs with backs were in use in India A. D. 300. They are known to have been employed in Rome so early as A. D. 70, being mentioned by Pliny at that date. Chairs with foot rests were used in Rome A. D. 150.

A Double Bull.

A double bull in a single sentence was perpetrated by the late John Hollingshead, an Englishman. He wrote, "When Lord Mohun was killed he was living in Macclesfield house, Gerrard street, Soho, at the back of Leicester house, a site now occupied by the defunct Pelican club."

Vindicated.

"I congratulate you. I understand you have been vindicated."

"Triumphantly, Johnson. At the first trial the jury disagreed; at the second trial my lawyers found a flaw in the indictment, and the case was thrown out of court."—Chicago Tribune.

Got Off Cheap.

He may well think, he has got off cheap, who, after having contracted constipation or indigestion, is still able to perfectly restore his health Nothing will do this but Dr. King's New Life Pills. A quick, pleasant, and certain cure for headache, constipation, etc. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; guaranteed.

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THE AVERAGE BOY.

How One Woman Sums Up His Attitude Toward His Mother.

In taking issue with a schoolmarm who said that when a boy thought much of a teacher it counted, while the girl pupil's professed friendship was only skin deep, a Howard mother who has both a son and daughter touches up boys in this fashion: "The average boy looks on his mother as a slave, a drudge, a person to work for him, to be growled at, to be ashamed of and pushed aside when he gets old enough to look out for himself. The average girl, though she may be spoiled, selfish and at times ungrateful, turns to mother for comfort, for advice, and when needed is kind, considerate and helpful. Some time ago I worked hard to give my boy and girl a treat. They were away from home for a few days and I fixed up each one's room with new curtains, new carpets and a lot of new things for their shelves, tables and dressers. My little girl was so delighted that she could scarcely contain herself. My son never noticed the things and never expressed a word of thanks when his attention was finally called to them. I have talked with other mothers and almost without exception their experience is the same. The daughters are the kindest and most grateful, while the boys exact the most attention, help the least and cause us the most worry and heartaches.—Kansas City Journal.

DESERT HEAT.

It Is Intense, but It Is Dry and Not Uncomfortable.

It has been my fortune to visit some of the hottest places in America at the hottest period of the year and the reader may be incredulous when I say that I have been vastly more uncomfortable in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington in summer than I have at Yuma or in the heart of the Mojave, California or Apache desert, or any of the great pseudo summer deserts that reach away in a general line from Yuma to San Antonio, Tex.

I recall entering a restaurant at Indio, on the edge of the Mojave, when the heat called to mind proximity to a furnace. I suggested to a citizen that it was hot. "No," he replied. "Yesterday was hot; it was 120 degrees in the shade; today it is only 115 degrees." Yet I have been more uncomfortable in Boston with the thermometer at 90 degrees. In Boston the heat was humid; one perspired. At Indio or on the desert the heat was absolutely dry and at night the chances were that a blanket might be required, nature giving one an opportunity to recuperate, which is not always the case in the great cities.—Country Calendar.

VEGETABLE CATERPILLAR.

A Curious Combination of Animal and Plant Life.

Vegetable caterpillar is the name given to a fungus—Cordyceps robertsii—found in New Zealand. It exhibits a curious and mysterious combination of animal and vegetable life and is invariably found associated as a parasite with the bulrush caterpillar. How the spores of the fungus enter the insect, which has never yet been met with as a grub or moth, is not certainly known. Sir Joseph Hooker suggests they get lodged in its neck as it buries itself. At any rate, the fungus springs from the head of the buried insect and gradually absorbs its inside till the whole body becomes full of purely vegetable tissue, though in outward appearance it remains unchanged, head, legs and claws being seen clearly in detail. The pulpy vegetable matter has a nutty flavor and is eaten with relish by pigs and greedily devoured by the Maori wood hen. The fungus, after growing to a height of about six inches, dies and dries up.—London Standard.

Sarcastic.

At the sidewalk of one of the ferry houses in New York recently stood a police vehicle, backed against the curb awaiting its load. Walking leisurely in the center of the pushing, racing mob from a landing ferryboat was a tramp, all rags, but placid of manner. At his side walked a bluecoat, who led him to the waiting patrol wagon. As the tramp was about to enter he bethought himself, and, standing on the wagon steps, he leaned far out to one side and to the driver he called in the drawling voice of a bored boulevardier, "Home, James!"

Accommodating.

The Landlady—Will you have coffee, tea or cocoa, Mr. Slopay? Mr. Slopay—Anything you wish to call it, ma'am!—Puck.

Sharp tongues, like sharp knives, are apt to do a great deal of damage in this world.—Austin Statesman.

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THEIR HONEYMOON

By Harriet G. Canfield

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"Jack, dear, wasn't it awful?" she whispered.

"Why, no, Beth! I rather liked it."

"'Liked it!' My hat is full of rice and your shoulders are simply covered with it. The publicity of it, Jack! If they'd only let us slip off quietly! Now every one will know that we're just married. You mustn't pay any attention to me! You must read your paper, and then"—

"'And then?'" smiling whimsically.

"Why, then you must go into the smoking car, dear."

When Jack abandoned his paper for a cigar the old lady behind Beth leaned forward. "Excuse me," she said, "but are you going far?"

"Yes, a long distance." Then the kind old face won her confidence, and she added volubly: "My husband has a farm out west. We are going there now, but we intend to stop at several places on the way."

"I was thinking," the old lady said, "of the many bridal couples that have passed over this road. How many of them, I wonder, are as happy now as they dreamt they'd be?"

"Oh, many, I hope," said the little bride wistfully. "Don't you think so?"

"It all depends. Of course the honeymoon can't last forever. A man may love his wife better every day—he probably does—but he forgets to tell her so, and a woman's heart is a curious thing. She can't live on faith and apple dumplings." Then she added, "My dear, if your husband ever forgets to show you any of the little signs of affection I want you to remember that he loves you just the same and believes in your love for him, but, being a man, he isn't continually looking for a sign."

"Thank you," Beth whispered gratefully, "and I'll remember."

The old lady left the car at the next station, and Jack returned.

In less than two months Beth was the established mistress of the farmhouse, though Jack's Aunt Mehitabel, who had ruled there so long, was loath to relinquish her scepter.

In Aunt Hitty's presence Beth's spirits were strangely subdued. Even the Swedish girl in the kitchen felt the depressing influence and hummed a dirge whenever Aunt Hitty entered her domain.

The weeks went by, and the little wife's happiness was seriously in danger. Her nature was an active one, but Jack's aunt opposed her every effort to be useful. When alone with her husband Beth was happy; their honeymoon had not waned. She longed to tell the kind old lady so. But Jack could not often be with her. The farm work demanded his attention. Once, when she supposed Aunt Hitty was taking her afternoon nap, Beth gave way to her feelings, and, burying her face in Jack's old coat, she cried as if her heart would break.

That evening, as she sat on the wide porch, waiting for Jack to join her, she overheard Aunt Hitty talking to him.

"She is so utterly incompetent," Aunt Hitty was saying, "and so childish! This afternoon I heard her crying—actually crying! I often wonder why you married her, John."

"Because I loved her—that is sufficient, I think," Jack answered. "Poor little girl—crying, was she?"

Then he came out and found Beth, standing white and still in the moonlight.

"This is a lonesome place, isn't it, dear?" he said, very gently. "I think it would do you good to return Mrs. Lennox's call tomorrow. It will cheer her up, and Tom too."

Mrs. Lennox and son seemed glad to see them and insisted upon keeping Beth until after tea. "You needn't come for her, Mr. Bradley," Tom's mother said. "My son will take her home."

This was the beginning of the great intimacy between the two families.

Jack was very busy on the farm, but young Lennox had more time at his disposal. He frequently drove over for Beth and brought her home in the moonlight. Jack rejoiced in their friendship and had no thought of jealousy until Aunt Hitty said:

"Beth is never happy unless she is with Mr. Lennox. I'm sure it doesn't look well for her to ride with him as often as she does." Jack laughed at the idea, but it came again and again until he imagined that Beth shrank from his caresses, and he resolved not to annoy her in the future. His wife felt that the honeymoon was waning at last and bravely tried to follow the old lady's advice and believe that Jack still loved her.

By and by the grain rose and fell in golden waves and the sun beat pitilessly down on the tired men toiling in the harvest fields. In the midst of it all Jack succumbed to the heat and had to be helped to the house. Aunt Hitty took immediate possession of him and prescribed rest in a darkened room. He slept heavily for some time, and when he opened his eyes Beth was bending over him.

"Jack, dear," she said, "is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing," he answered stiffly. "I shall be all right in a day or two. All that worries me is the wheat. It's sure to rain before long, and there's no one to take my place in the field. Tom Lennox can't spare one of his men, and I wouldn't ask him to."

Beth waited until his tired eyes closed again and then stole from the room. An hour later Mrs. Lennox welcomed her in astonishment.

"What brought you out in this fearful heat?" she asked.

Beth told of Jack's sudden illness and the great need of help.

"And now," she said, "I want to hire out to Jack, and I want you to help me."

"You want to 'hire out!'" Mrs. Lennox gasped. "What do you mean, child?"

"I know there's not much I can do," she said humbly, "but I found some boy's clothes hanging in the wash house, and if you will help me take them up a little I'm sure we can make them fit. Don't say you won't help me, for there's nothing I can do for Jack if I stay a home." And in spite of Mrs. Lennox's objections Beth won her consent.

After dinner, while Aunt Hitty rested, grudgingly resigning her patient to his wife's tender mercies, a messenger came with a note for Beth, urging her immediate presence at the Lennox farm.

"Come prepared to stay two days," Mrs. Lennox had written. She read it aloud to Jack.

"I suppose you want to go?" he asked.

"Oh, so much, dear!"

"Very well. But if I were in your place, Beth," he said dryly, "I'd drop the 'dear.' It doesn't sound well under the circumstances."

Beth's lips quivered, but she tried to smile.

"Perhaps it does sound silly, now that our honeymoon's over," she said bravely, and then hurried from the room.

"'Over,' she said. Yes, it is over," he murmured feebly and turned his face to the wall.

In the middle of the afternoon one of the hired men came to the house and asked to see Mr. Bradley.

"There's a kid here," he said, "that wants to hire out."

"Where does he come from?" Jack asked in surprise.

"From some place beyond Lennox's, I guess. He says he wants to sleep an' eat home, so it can't be fur off. Shall I tell him he can stay, sir?"

"I am only too glad to get him," Jack replied.

When the men left the field at supper time the new hand was very tired "He seemed likely to drop before he got home," they told Jack.

"Poor little chap," said one of them "He ain't used to workin' so hard. If the rain holds off a day longer, sir, we'll get the wheat all cut."

The rain did hold off until evening of the next day, and the wheat was cut and shocked, when one of the men came running to the house for help.

"The little chap is down there in the field, with Jim—sick," he said. "Shall I hitch up and take him home?"

"No," Jack said. "Bring him up here. It will rain before you could get started."

There was something strangely familiar in the pathetic little figure they laid so carefully on the bed.

"If we can do anything for him, jest call us," Jim said.

Jack stooped and untied the big straw hat from the boyish head; then his face grew white, for Beth's soft, brown hair, released from bondage, streamed over the pillow, and Beth's blue eyes gazed into his, without the faintest sign of recognition.

"Beth," he cried, "my little Beth!" The restless head turned on the pillow, and the pale lips murmured: "Say you'll help me, Mrs. Lennox. I want to help Jack!"

Kneeling beside her, Jack kissed the little hands and sobbed aloud. Then the voice went on, with many pauses: "Yes, the honeymoon is over, but Jack loves me just the same. Sometimes—I wish—he'd tell me so—just once more."

Aunt Hitty had entered the room unnoticed. She started now, at the sound of her own name. Beth was living it over—all the weariness and heartache. "Aunt Hitty," she wailed, "I've tried so hard to please her—so hard; she doesn't love me—she never will!"

The tears rained down Aunt Hitty's face. "I didn't know," she said, "I never realized!" All that night she watched with Jack beside Beth's bed, while the rain beat against the windows, and the wind moaned through the trees. But when day dawned, all was still; the sunlight touched Beth's face and wakened her. Her eyes sought Jack's inquiringly, then rested there, in sweet content.

"I dreamed," she said, while he held her tenderly in his strong arms, "I dreamed that our honeymoon was just beginning." And Jack said reverently, "Please God, it is."

Guiglini.

Guiglini, the great tenor, was once playing Pollio to Mme. Titien's Norma. In one scene the Druid priestess summons an assembly together by the sound of a gong to decide on the punishment to be inflicted on a guilty person unnamed. Titien struck the gong with such force that in throwing back the drumstick she caught Guiglini on the nose and made it bleed. The singer was furious. He swore that he would never play in "Norma" again and insisted that the offending drumstick should be solemnly locked up. The opera was so popular that it was necessary to give it sometimes, but the tenor would not hear of appearing in it. Consequently Signor Corsi was announced to sing in his place. The house was very full, and the opera went splendidly until the time came for Pollio's entrance. No Pollio appeared. The disturbed manager flew to Guiglini's dressing room and found him hastily putting on Corsi's dress in a great hurry to come in for the applause he heard coming from the front. The audience was so delighted when he came on at last that it willingly forgave the delay. Titien struck the gong with her hand instead of the drumstick, and the opera ended magnificently.

Safe.

"But," said the lawyer, "your case seems hopeless. I don't see what I can do for you. You admit that you beat your wife."

"Yes," replied the defendant, "but my wife's testimony will discount that. She'd never admit that she was beaten."

No Views.

Mrs. Gushington—I suppose, now that you have been abroad, you have your own views of foreign life? Mrs. Newrich—No, we ain't got no views. We didn't take no camera; it's so common.

His Nap.

"How late do you usually sleep on Sunday morning?"

"Well, it all depends."

"Depends on what?"

"The length of the sermon."

Time's Driver.

Binks—Time runs on, eh? Now, what makes time run on? Bunks—The spur of the moment, I suppose.

Wasn't Wholly Convinced.

"Waal," said the old lady, "if the airth is reound and goes reound, what holds it up?"

"Oh, these learned men say it goes around the sun and that the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction," he replied.

"Waal, if these high larnt men sez the sun holds up the airth, I should like to know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down! That's what's the matter!"

His Misfortune.

"I can argue with any one here," said the conscientious man fiercely. "I can argue"—

"Oh, yes, you can argue," said the quiet little man in the corner. "The misfortune is that you can't reason."

Sisters-in-law.

Jinks—What tender care your wife takes of you—always worrying about your health. Blinks—Yes; I have my life insured in favor of my sister.—New York Weekly.

The truly sublime is always easy and always natural.—Burke.

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

Cultivate It by Observing the Sky and the Landscape.

The oldest and readiest means of cultivating the sense of beauty is habitual observation of the heavens, for which the only things needed are the open sight of the sky and the observing eye. The heavens are always declaring "the glory of God." The noblest poetry of all nations celebrates the majesty and splendor of the sky. Psalmist, prophet and artist draw thence their loftiest teachings. Sun, moon and stars, sunset and sunrise, clouds tossed and torn by wind, floating or driving mists and fogs, snow, rain and the clear blue are all phenomena of the sky which will afford endless delights to him who watches them. The dweller on the prairie or the sea has the best chance at the sky, and the dweller in narrow streets, hemmed in by tall buildings, has the worst. This obstruction of the sight of the sky is one of the grave evils which beset a modern urban population. City people run about at the bottom of deep ditches and often can see only a narrow strip of the heavens. Fortunately the loftiest structures reared by men are not so high but that a moderate open area in the midst of a closely built city will give a prospect of large sections of the heavens. This is one of the great things gained for an urban population by accessible open spaces, such as parks, commons, marshes and reaches or ponds of water.

Next to observation of the sky as a means of developing the sense of beauty comes observation of the landscape.—Charles William Eliot in Critic.

CONGENIAL WORK.

It Is One of the Greatest Factors For Good Health.

Congenial work with mind and hands should be encouraged in all persons for its prophylactic as well as its curative influences. Rest will prove serviceable doubtless in numbers of cases, but its application should be restricted and carefully studied. There are many conditions where absolute rest will not only prove useless, but really harmful. To send a man from an active business life to one of complete inactivity will often prove disastrous, as much so as to prescribe all food for the obese.

The nervous will complain that they do not feel like work. If left to themselves and told to do absolutely nothing, not even to read, they are sure to dwell upon their infirmities and grow thereby morose and hypochondriacal, thus increasing their invalidism. The desire for work should be encouraged in all conditions and in all classes. If one's interest is aroused even to a slight degree a continuance in the work will develop a desire for occupation. One will never feel like work if one has nothing to do. Work will often accomplish what medicine, however properly applied, will not, for it is not alone that we must earn our bread by the sweat of the brow, but every man and woman should work for the pleasure of it as well as for the health giving, brain expanding results and the benefit of example.—Medical World.

The Eagle on the Dollar.

The figure of the eagle on the dollars of 1836, 1838 and 1839 are exact portraits of a famous American eagle. "Peter, the mint bird," he was called by everybody in Philadelphia, and during his life his fame was equally as great as that of "Old Abe," the Wisconsin war eagle, the latter being really a spring chicken when compared with Peter. Peter was the pet of the Philadelphia mint for many years. Finally he was caught in some coining machinery and had the life jerked out of his body in a jiffy. The figure on the coins named above is an exact reproduction of a portrait taken of Peter after he had been stuffed and placed in a glass case in the mint cabinet.

Bismarck and England.

A remarkable utterance of Bismarck is printed in the Paris Gaulois from Emile Ollivier's "L'Empire Liberal." It was made at a dinner at Benedetti's in Berlin, in 1869, at which Prince Napoleon was present, from whom Ollivier got the story. In answer to a remark made by the prince, Bismarck exclaimed: "They are always talking of England! What does England amount to, anyway? A nation exists only by the number of soldiers it can furnish. How many soldiers has England? Perhaps 70,000, or at most 100,000. And you? Half a million. And we? At least as many as you."

Wasted.

An old Scots woman, who at considerable personal inconvenience had gone a good way to visit a friend who was ill, learned on her arrival that the alarming symptoms had subsided. "An' hoo are ye the day, Mrs. Crawford?" she inquired in breathless anxiety. "Oh, I'm nearly well noo, thank ye, Mrs. Graham." Nearly well!" exclaimed the breathless visitor. "Aefter me comin' sae far to see ye too!"—Cassell's Magazine.

Her Failing.

"He makes me so angry," remarked Miss Bute, "he's forever remarking to me that 'beauty is only skin deep.'"

"And when you get angry," remarked Miss Chellus, "it just shows him how thin skinned you are."—Philadelphia Press.

Caused Loss of Sleep.

"How do you get along with your new chief of department?"

"Oh, only so so. He causes us many sleepless—office hours."

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before and lost them.—Lavater.

A Crash.

"Bragley's down and out financially, you say? Well, well! That's strange," remarked Dumley. "Why, the last time I saw him he told me he was rapidly ascending the ladder of success, and"—

"Yes?" said Wiseman. "Perhaps in his haste he stepped off the top rung."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Fatal Thirteen.

Bill the Brute—Thirteen's my unlucky number. Pete the Dip—Wot makes yer t'ink so? Bill—W'enever I sees twelve men in de box and one on de bench I know I'm goin' ter take a trip over de road.—Cleveland Leader.

On His Last Legs.

"Do you buy rags and bones?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then put me in the scales, will you?"—Papagallo.

The glory of ancestors sheds a light around posterity. It allows neither their good nor bad qualities to remain in obscurity.—Sallust.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 17.

Text of the Lesson, Dan. i, 8-20. Memory Verses, 16, 17—Golden Text, Dan. i, 8—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We should be indeed grateful for three lessons from the wonderful book of Daniel, but more would have been better. Notice our Lord's indorsement of the prophet and his book in Matt. xxiv, 15, and also Daniel's association with Noah and Job in Ezek. xiv, 14, 20. Sir Isaac Newton said, "He who denies Daniel's prophecies undermines Christianity, which is founded on Daniel's prophecies concerning Christ." The time had come, foreseen by God from all eternity, when the dearly beloved of His soul (Jer. xii, 7) should be given into the hand of her enemies, and the times of the gentiles begin, the seven times during which He would punish them for their sins as He had said (Lev. xxvi, 18, 21, 24, 28). There is every reason to believe that we are now near the fulfilling of the times of the gentiles of which our Lord spoke in Luke xxi, 24, and consequently the time of everlasting righteousness for Daniel's people (Dan. ix, 24).

Believers are somewhat like Daniel at Babylon, in the world, but not of it, and from him and his companions we may learn how we should live in these evil days of this present evil age. In whatever part of the Bible we may have our studies there are two things we must always note, and those are God working and the devil working, and they work, as a rule, through visible agencies such as people and circumstances, but also by invisible agencies (Eph. vi, 12; Heb. i, 14; Dan. x, 12, 13).

The book opens with the record of Jehoiakim, the king who cut and burned the word of God (Jer. xxxvi, 23), given into the hands of the king of Babylon by the Lord who doeth according to His will both in heaven and on earth (chapters i, ii; iv, 35). Among the captives of Judah are found Daniel and his companions, and they are chosen to be trained and taught that in due time they may stand before the king among his wise men. While being taught the wisdom of the Chaldeans they are to be nourished with food and wine from the king's table, but Daniel determined that he and his companions would not defile themselves with food which had been offered to idols, they being worshipers of the only living and true God and believing that what is not offered to Him is offered to demons (Lev. xvii, 7; Deut. xxxii, 17; I Cor. x, 20).

All true believers are commanded to do all things, even to eating and drinking, to the glory of God (I Cor. x, 31), and this one command covers the whole temperance question for the Christian. Daniel coveted to please God above all things, and he knew that the world's dainties would not help him to know the secret of the Lord, which is only with them that fear Him. There was probably a thought in Daniel's mind as to how he would be delivered from partaking of the food from the king's table, but he no doubt talked with God about it before he talked with the prince of the eunuchs, and God gave him the favor of the prince (verse 9). "When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him" (Prov. xxix, 25). See also Gen. xxxix, 21; II Chron. xvi, 9; Acts vii, 9, 10.

The fear which the prince of the eunuchs had is a very common one, but the child of God should have no fear of aught but grieving God. See I John iv, 18; II Tim. i, 7; Heb. ii, 15; Gen. xv, 1.

Daniel felt that he could ask the blessing of God upon the food on which he proposed to live, and nothing can compare with the blessing of God which maketh rich and carries no sorrow with it, or, according to the R. V., margin, to which toil addeth nothing. Those who honor God He will honor (I Sam. ii, 30; John xii, 26), and we may be sure that if we make His service our delight He'll make our wants His care. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that at the end of the ten days the countenances of Daniel and his companions were fairer and fatter in flesh than all th others who ate the portion of the king's meat. Special health of body was one of God's promises to the faithful in Israel (Ex. xv, 26; Deut. vii, 15; Jer. xxxiii, 6), and in Rom. viii, 11, it is possible that there is something for us on the same line. It is true that the great atonement covers the body as well as the soul, but we cannot have the redemption of the body till Jesus comes again (Rom. viii, 23; Phil. iii, 20, 21; I John iii, 2).

Glorious foretastes of the new body are granted to us even here, and the bodies of some who lived in sin become so changed by the grace of God as hardly to seem the same. Note in verse 17 the knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom which God gave unto them. No doubt they studied diligently, but He that is perfect in knowledge was with them (Job xxxvi, 4) and helped them and taught them many things not found in the books of the Chaldeans. He still giveth wisdom to all who sincerely ask Him (Jas. i, 5). There is no capital that can compare with a heart and a head right with God. A pure heart and a clear head sanctified and enlightened by the Holy Spirit through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ are the greatest of blessings, but these no one can have who indulges the lusts of the flesh (Eph. v, 18; I Cor. vi, 10).

Just the Way.

"This article says that a person rescued from drowning should be turned face downward and vigorously treated with hot applications."

"That's just the way Johnny's mother treats him when he has been swimming."—Houston Post.

The Meanest Man.

A hotel keeper has been found in northern Missouri who is so mean that when a baby was born in one of his rooms he immediately wrote its name on the register and began charging it for room and board.—Kansas City Journal.

It was a reporter with some humor who stated that at the end of a local party "the guests went home and the neighbors went to sleep."

The Marriage Fee.

"A marriage fee," says the cynical bachelor, "demonstrates that even the clergyman may profit by the mistakes of others."—Philadelphia Record.

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.—Longfellow.

LAMBERT'S LINEAGE

By Epes W. Sargent

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Mollie was waiting for him in the hall. "What did he say?" she whispered eagerly.

"What the governor of North Carolina said to the other fellow," began Preston Lambert. "Then I said I wanted to marry you, and he put the bottle back in the cellaret."

"Then he won't let you marry me?" she said wistfully.

"Well, he didn't exactly say me nay," admitted Lambert, "but he made one prohibitive condition. I've got to get a family."

"A family?" she echoed.

"Just that. I suggested that he was a trifle premature, but he explained that what he wanted was back numbers, not future issues."

"Oh!" wailed Mollie. "Why did he ever find out that he was a direct descendant of William the Conqueror?"

"Pure cussedness," suggested Lambert. "Bill didn't hand down any money or titles that reached this far. It was Jabez Gordon who did most of that work."

"Grandpa Gordon was awfully poor when he married grandma," she assented. "It's funny they never thought about William the Conqueror before they got married."

"When you're poor," declared Lambert, "it doesn't matter much whether Adam or Bill Smith stands at the head of your family tree."

"I hate family trees," breathed the girl vehemently. "I wish dad never had heard of his genealogy."

"Oh, well," said Lambert cheerfully, "we can't chop the infernal tree down. I'll have to study forestry and learn how to grow one."

"Did he say you could marry me if you did?" she asked joyously.

"He said that for the sake of the race he wanted his daughter to marry a man as nobly born as herself. He sort of intimated that he had an eye on an English duke, with a pedigree as long as a snake's tail."

"I won't be a duchess," Mollie protested. "I want to be Mrs. Preston Lambert."

"And so you shall," he declared. "I'll have a family tree as tall as a cocoanut backed up here on a truck inside of three months."

"It took pa three years and a half to get his together," she dissented.

"That's all right," laughed Lambert, stooping to kiss her. "I'm a wonder when I get started."

Mollie followed him to the door and watched him swing down the street. Then she went into the now deserted library and gained some consolation from making faces at the elaborate design whereby the Gordon ancestry was traced in a direct line to royal blood.

More than one small fortune had been spent upon the tree, and it was the pride of Robert Gordon's life. The millions he derived from his father had been nothing to him until this ancestral line had been discovered. He had been merely Jabez Gordon's son Gordon the elder had been a "Forty-niner" and had left vast stores of mineral wealth to his son and a faint recollection of his grandfather.

Robert Gordon's respect for ancestry amounted almost to a mania, and his first attention upon becoming the heir to the fortune was given to work on his historical records.

None of them had been successful until Gottfried Shackmeister had picked up the scent, and in due course delivered to his client letters and other documents to prove that the Gordons were a branch of an old English line.

It had not only taken him more than three years, but also involved traveling far and wide. Gordon, however, had not grudged either time or money.

It was less than three months before Lambert sought a formal interview with Gordon.

"I have that tree you wanted," he announced lightly as he was ushered into Gordon's presence.

"Tree?" was the puzzled exclamation. "I don't remember any conversation I have had with you on the matter of trees, Mr. Lambert. I leave those matters to the landscape gardener."

"Don't you remember," reminded Lambert, "that you said I could not marry Mollie until I had some man whose name has come thundering down the ages to blame my existence upon?"

"I recall saying that it was a duty we Gordons owed our race to marry only into families as ancient as our own," he corrected.

"Well," continued Lambert flippantly, "this is it!" He placed upon the table a small handbag, from which he extracted old volumes, time stained parchments, papyrus and what not.

"I find," he rattled on, "that I am directly descended from the Pharaohs."

Gordon rose angrily. "This is an insult," he stormed, "to come here with this absurd collection of forgeries which you presume to tell me are records dating back more than 2,000 years and collected by you within three months. Will you leave or shall I have to call the butler?"

"Hadn't better call Peters," urged Lambert smoothly. "I hate to do it, but I want to marry Mollie. Let me marry her and I'll ignore the fact that my family runs farther back than yours."

"Never!" shouted Gordon. "I would see her dead first!"

"On your own head be it then," said Lambert impersonally. "Here goes for a confession. I made these records myself."

"I know you did," almost screamed Gordon, "and you come here and have the effrontery to compare them to my own authenticated documents."

"I made some of those too," said Lambert quietly.

There was something in his manner that bore conviction. Gordon dropped into a chair. "How?" he gasped feebly.

"Do you remember," he asked, "that some years ago I was suspended from college for a hazing scrape?"

"Yes," whispered Gordon.

"Well, the pater shut down on the funds. I did not want to bother my sister (mother was dead, you know), and I earned some money writing for the papers.

"I could not get a regular job, but I picked up a dollar or two from the Sunday editions. One day they put me on the track of a man who was supposed to have forged a manuscript. He was not the culprit, but he was sorry for me, and gave me a good story on how it was done.

"He let me make a fake script myself, and somehow I seemed to be more than usually clever at it. It isn't a part of my history I'm proud of, but I went into partnership. Remember, I had been brought up to regard myself as the heir of my father's money and had not learned to work. For three months I had starved more often than I had eaten.

"This man—Shackmeister—was working on that selfsame tree at the time, and I wrote that letter of William's myself. I soaked the paper in acid, colored it with coffee and all that sort of thing. Here's one," producing a paper, "just like it. You can see for yourself."

Gordon examined the paper, comparing it with the one in the frame of which he had been so proud. When he turned he had aged ten years. Lambert was sorry for him.

"It's too bad," he said as he stepped over to the bowed figure. "I never would have told you, but I could not see Mollie's happiness—and mine—spoiled by your pride in a lot of manufactured history."

"It was my own fault," groaned the broken man. "I set up for myself an idol, placing it before my daughter's happiness, and upon my own shoulders my selfishness has recoiled."

He pressed a button and the well trained butler presently entered noiselessly. "Ask Miss Gordon to come to the library," said Mollie's father. Then to Lambert, "You won't tell her, will you?"

"Not unless you think I ought to."

"I must brave it out," said Gordon with a wan smile. "Let it lie a secret between ourselves."

Quietly Lambert moved to the fireplace, and when Mollie came in only a white ash over the glowing coals told of the burning of a tree.

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"Man Is Nature's Enemy."

"Man," said Professor Lankaster in his Romanes lecture at Oxford, "is nature's rebel." Natural selection having, as supposed, lifted him from so low—the monad—to his present high estate is now believed by many of its advocates to be a failure as regards raising him any higher. Having done so much in the past, it is thought to be incapable of doing "the little more" which is of such great importance. While in the case of other creatures their actions are supposed to play into the hands of natural selection, so that this beneficent force becomes the alma mater of new races, in the case of man it has been otherwise. His own actions have defeated the aims of natural selection for his welfare. Darwin held similarly pessimistic views. "In one of my latest conversations with Darwin," writes Dr. A. R. Wallace, "he expressed himself very gloomily on the future of humanity." And this was on the grounds that under present conditions the fittest did not survive.—London Globe.

A Tax Dodger.

The income tax is an old institution in England, and a story which should amuse all taxpayers is told of the way in which Kelly, former owner of the Haymarket Opera House, evaded paying his tax. The commissioners called to protest at his having given his income at £500. "Sir," said Mr. Kelly, "I confess I have erred in my return. In fact, I have not 500 pence." "Are you not stage manager at the opera house?" inquired one of the commissioners. "I am," said Kelly, "but there is no salary attached. I do it to gratify my love of music." "Well, but you teach?" said another. "I do, but I have no pupils," was the ready answer. "I think you are a concert singer?" persisted a third. "You are right, but I have no engagements." "At least you have a good salary at Drury Lane?" cried the last. "A very good one," said the imperturbable victim, "but it is never paid." He was let off.

When It Grew Tiresome.

"I never thought," said the conceited lecturer, "that my voice would fill that hall."

"No," replied the candid man, "I thought at one time it would empty it."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Love and Friendship.

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

Custom.

Be not so bigoted to any custom as to worship it at the expense of truth. All is custom that goes on in continuity. All customs are not alike beneficial to us.

ENVELOPES.

Why Some of Them Are Colored Blue on the Inside.

"Why are these envelopes made blue on the inside?" asked a man looking at a specimen which a wholesale stationer held in his hand.

"For a very simple reason," was the reply. "One of the most important results in the making of envelopes is to prevent transparency. Many white papers are so transparent that by careful scrutiny the contents of an envelope made of such material may be determined. For instance, let us put a sheet of paper with writing on it into this envelope. We will now seal it and hold it to the light thus. There, you can not only see the bank check, but you can also read many of the words on the sheet of paper. This can be prevented either by getting a thick and high priced envelope which is not transparent or by taking a cheaper grade of paper which is blue on one side. We sell thousands of packages of blue envelopes—that is, envelopes which are blue on the outside—but people do not like them on account of their color. So to get over the difficulty and still make an envelope that will hide the contents and not be high priced the manufacturer uses paper which is blue on one side and white on the other. One factory in this city turns out more than a million of such envelopes daily, and their sale in large cities is enormous."—New York Press.

DRIVING BEHIND OXEN.

Bullock Traveling In India Is Both Common and Comfortable.

"Nowhere else in the world," says Dr. Francis E. Clark in Everybody's Magazine, "is bullock traveling so comfortable and so common, probably, as in some parts of India. The bandy is often fitted up in very comfortable style, and, though the springs might be improved, the comparatively slow pace of the oxen makes them less important to one's comfort.

"The patient little white oxen trot along at a rate of three or four miles an hour, and especially if it is the evening and the refulgent Indian moon is shining down upon you, if the nightingales are singing and the fragrant jasmine is blooming in the hedgerows, you think that India is not so far removed from paradise after all.

"But, after a night of such travel, when you come out in the broad light of disillusioning day upon a collection of filthy mud cabins and see the naked children, hungry and famished, the gaunt specters of men and women munching the uncooked grain dealt out to them by generous hands—in too much of a hurry even to cook the food which they crave—you revise your opinion and make up your mind that India, in famine time, is nearer the inferno than any other country in the world."

PECULIAR FIRES.

The Manner In Which Many Disastrous Blazes Originate.

Dust is a wonderful producer of fires. There have been instances in postoffices where the dust of the mail bags suspended in the rear of a close room exploded with terrific force. Dust explosions are of frequent occurrence in flour and drug mills. The origin of many fires in tailor shops may be traced to the so called dry cleaning of clothes. A rag dipped in naphtha is frequently used in removing grease spots from garments. The rag soaked with inflammable fluid is thrown upon the floor. When the shop is closed up and the air is confined the naphtha soaked material will of itself generate fire. Bales of cotton placed in the hold of a ship are often the cause of disastrous fires. Frequently a spark from a cigar finds a resting place in a cotton bale, where it smolders for weeks. The dark hall in tenement houses is the indirect originator of fires. Greasy matting or small heaps of paper lie about. A match not extinguished or a cigarette stub is thrown down, and a blaze results.—Fire and Water.

A Pleasant Freak.

"I just peeped into the parlor as I passed," said Mr. Phamley, "and I saw quite a freak of nature."

"Why, Bertha is there with her young man."

"Yes. I saw two heads on one pair of shoulders."

Probably.

"Kind words cost nothing."

"Exactly. I think some folk distribute them freely on that account."

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Strength of Insects and Animals.

A series of experiments made to test the jaw force and pulling and lifting strength of various kinds of insects gives some curious points for study. It has been found that a cockchafer can draw fourteen times his own weight and the common honeybee thirty times. From this it may be argued that, weight for weight, each of the above named insects is twenty-one and thirty times respectively stronger than the horse, whose strength, as a rule, is taxed to its utmost in drawing its own weight as a "dead load." A scientist once experimented with a small hard shelled beetle by putting him under a common table tumbler. The little creature, not more than one-third of an inch in length, was able to move the glass in any direction. After the experiment had been satisfactorily made both the tumbler and the bug were weighed, whereupon it was found that the little Hercules had lifted 960 times its own weight! He did not carry the weight, of course, but caused it to make some lively motions.

Fly Wheel Insurance.

Fly wheel insurance is almost pure mathematics. When a wheel is revolved at a high enough speed the centrifugal force exceeds the centripetal and the wheel flies apart. Solid cast iron explodes when the speed at the rim is roughly three miles a minute. A thick rim explodes just as easily as a thin one of the same material. Wood explodes at a greater speed, jointed iron at a less. The underwriter allows a rim speed of a mile a minute, one-third the explosion rate, as a safe limit for solid iron wheels. This permits a two foot pulley wheel sixteen revolutions a second, while it keeps a sixteen foot fly wheel down to two. A jointed wheel is allowed still less. The underwriter has only to name the number of revolutions he authorizes and to proportion his premium to the size of the wheel. The larger the wheel, of course, the more destructive its explosion.—Leslie's Magazine.

A Meerschaum Mine.

"Meerschaum is mined like coal," said a pipe dealer. "It is a soft, soaplike stone, and in Asia Minor its mining is an important industry. The crude meerschaum is called hamtash. It is yellowish white in color and a red clay coat or skin envelops it. The blocks cost from $25 to $200 a cart load. They are soft enough to cut with a knife. These blocks in summer are dried by exposure to the sun. In winter a heated room is necessary. Finally the meerschaum blocks are sorted into twelve grades, wrapped in cotton and packed in cases with the greatest care. The bulk of all this meerschaum goes to Vienna. There the best pipe makers in the world live."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Lamb's Quaint Humor.

Charles Lamb once said that he hated a certain man.

"Do you know him?" Lamb was asked.

"No," he answered.

"Let me introduce you to him," said Lamb's friend.

"No," responded Lamb humorously, "for if I shall know him I am sure I shall stop hating him."—Philadelphia North American.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1905.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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Returning.

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Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham .5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Tewksbury [illegible] car that leaves North Woburn [illegible] and [illegible] Wilmington. [illegible] for Wilmington on the even hour and return leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for North Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

CONTRARIETY DEFEATED

By Margaret Richards

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Martha closed her book with an impatient little bang. "I don't see why you are forever talking about him," she exclaimed resentfully.

Aunt Clara, the long suffering, looked appealingly at her pretty niece. "But, Martha, Mrs. Barry makes such a point of your meeting him," she protested plaintively.

"And I make a point of not meeting him," interpolated her rebellious niece.

"But, Martha, he is"—

"Oh, I know them all," interrupted Martha — "unmarried, well born, good looking, rich, famous," she repeated glibly, checking off the words on the tips of her pretty fingers.

"He is all that and more," replied Aunt Clara warmly, "and why you should assume this unreasonable attitude is more than I can understand."

Her niece eyed her resentfully. "I don't see why I should be expected to put myself forward for this paragon's approval," she objected.

Aunt Clara's voice trembled with righteous indignation. "Martha Jordan, you talk like an idiot!" she said.

"Then why do you always throw me at him?" demanded Martha.

"No one is trying to throw you at him," continued her aunt with unexpected energy. "He probably wouldn't take you if they did."

"Indeed he wouldn't," murmured her niece feelingly.

"Mrs. Barry has asked us to dine—and incidentally to meet her nephew. I have had to make excuses for you twice before, Martha. You will go this time?" she pleaded anxiously.

"Not I," responded Martha. "I shall not inflict my unworthy presence upon the Hon. John Clark Chamberlin."

"I cannot understand this violent antagonism you seem to have developed," remonstrated Aunt Clara, relapsing into her usual state of plaintive protest. "And what reason can I give?"

"Say I am out of town. I will go on up to Stockbridge. It will be only two days earlier than we were going anyhow."

"You would be alone," expostulated Aunt Clara.

"Only for two days, and Mrs. Reid is there—you don't mind, dear?" coaxingly.

"But"—

"That's a darling." Two warm arms were around Aunt Clara's neck and a soft cheek pressed hers lovingly. "And now I will make you a cup of nice hot tea and see if Mary has baked any of the cakes you like, and perhaps there will be time enough for me to run down to Smith's before dinner and get that lace you wanted."

Poor Aunt Clara subsided helplessly.

It was two days later that a young man, tall, broad shouldered, suit case in hand, rushed up the steps of the subway at the Grand Central station, dashed through the waiting room, pushed past the guard at the gate, ran toward the Pittsfield express and leaped on to the steps of the last car as the train was pulling out of the station.

"Reg'lar home run, mister," commented the brakeman, who had watched his flying approach with admiring interest.

The young man laughed as he swung himself up the steps and into the crowded car. "There must be a run on Berkshires," he reflected as he walked slowly along the aisle. Every seat was filled. The next car was no better, but in the third his eyes lighted on a vacant place.

"May I sit here?" he asked perfunctorily, glancing casually at the other occupant, then looking again with growing interest as he realized that his prospective neighbor was a decidedly pretty girl. But he was allowed only the briefest glimpse of a pair of gray eyes as their owner vouchsafed him a formal nod, and he sank thankfully into the seat beside her. He glanced furtively at her as the train left the tunnel. The survey was not encouraging. Evidently the gray eyes, the dimpled chin, the fair face turned so steadfastly toward the window, were not for him.

On and on sped the train. Mamaroneck, Rye, Stamford glided swiftly by. He pulled out his paper and forgot the proximity of the gray eyes until, looking up suddenly, he surprised them looking into his own. She flushed and turned abruptly to the window, and he bowed gravely and returned to his paper, but the article had lost its interest. He found himself rebelling at the convention that proscribed his speaking to her and then wondered at his rebellion. He had never before shown any symptoms of undue susceptibility, he reflected dryly, smiling at the memory of his aunt's frantic efforts at matchmaking on his behalf.

One hour—two hours—three hours passed. On they went, through villages nestling in shallow valleys, past fields white with daisies and on through long, wooded slopes, as the train wound in and out among the hills. If something only would happen, he thought, looking absently at the panorama unfolded from the car window—and then something did!

The train went more and more slowly, halted, stood still; the passengers thrust inquiring heads out of the car windows or streamed to the platforms, and in the midst of the confusion a pair of troubled gray eyes sought his anxiously.

He assured her there could be no danger and stepped quickly into the aisle. "I will see what is wrong," he said.

"Please let me go with you," she said, rising nervously, the lovely color coming and going in the soft cheeks. Hardly daring to credit his good fortune, he made a path for her through the crowded car to the open air, where, looking ahead, he saw as pretty a wreck as the most ardent lover could desire. A freight train had come to grief. One car was derailed; the other lay flat on its side across the track, obstinately resisting all efforts of the wrecking crew to put it right side up again. The conductor announced that it would be an hour, perhaps two, before the train could go on. Martha's companion looked at her triumphantly. Truly, fate had shown a nice understanding of the situation.

Some of the passengers walked slowly back to their places; others climbed the hilly slope or wandered down through the woods to the brook below. Martha hesitated, a trifle uncertain, and then, because he seemed to take her going with him so entirely as a matter of course, she followed him through the woods, and he found a seat for her on a low, flat rock by the brook and stood, tall and straight, before her.

"Don't you think," he began—"that is, I hope you won't be offended"— He reddened, conscious that he was making a mess of it. Then he took out his card case abruptly. "May I give you my card?" he ended simply.

"Oh, no; you mustn't—please don't!" she cried.

He stood bewildered, a little hurt.

"Don't you see," she explained, "that it is just because we do not know each other that all this"—waving her hand vaguely—"is possible?"

He laughed outright. "Now, I should have thought," he said, settling himself comfortably at her feet, "that it would be more—possible—if I could say, 'Are you quite comfortable, Miss—er—Smith?'"

She shook her head.

"No; it wouldn't do at all," she objected.

"But I am going to know you," he insisted resolutely.

"How?" she asked demurely.

"I shall call and present my credentials to your family."

The vision of poor Aunt Clara confronted by this insistent young man was too much for Martha's gravity, and she laughed hysterically.

"Indeed! And where shall you call?" she gasped.

He laughed with her, and then a sudden constraint fell on them both. He broke it, and his voice was low and earnest.

"Will you not tell me where I may find you?" he asked.

"At Stockbridge inn," she whispered.

His face was radiant as he studied his time table intently.

"A train leaves Pittsfield at 3 tomorrow afternoon. I should be there by 4," he said.

• • • • • • • •

Mrs. Reid drove off, bristling with righteous indignation. It was bad enough that Martha should have arrived hours late the night before. It was inexplainable that she should refuse to drive and insist upon spending the afternoon in her room.

"Thank goodness, her aunt comes tomorrow," murmured Mrs. Reid.

In the meantime Martha threw down the book she had been trying to read and hastily opened her door.

"For me?" she questioned anxiously. The bell boy eyed her uncertainly.

"He asked for the young lady as come last night," he said doubtfully.

"That's all right," returned Martha, beaming. "Say that I will be down in a minute."

She straightened her stock at the mirror and gave her hair an approving little pat. Then she turned over the card in her hand and regarded it with amazement.

"Mr. John Clark Chamberlin!" she gasped.

In idleness there is perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

DEITIES OF THE ANCIENTS.

How the Vestal Virgins Were Honored by the Romans.

The principal wind deities were Boreas, the north wind; Zephyrus, the west; Auster, the south, and Eurus, the east wind. The first was remembered chiefly on account of a love scrape. He fell in love with a nymph, but could not speak softly and found himself unable to sigh at all. Knowing that it was impossible to make love without soft speeches and sighs, he was about to give up lovemaking as a bad job and go back to his regular business of blowing, but took advice of an expert, who recommended him to carry off the girl. He did so. She soon got used to his blowing, and they lived happily ever afterward.

Vesta was the goddess of life and of home. Her altar stood on every hearthstone; her fire burned on the floor of every public building. Emigrants when leaving their country always carried with them fire from the public hearth. The Vestal virgins spent thirty years in service—ten in learning their duties, ten in practicing them, ten in teaching novices. After this term had expired they might, if they chose, leave the service of their divine mistress or marry, but few did so. Honors were showered upon them. They rode in chariots, a privilege in Rome accorded only to royalty. The best seats in the amphitheater were reserved for them. They pardoned or condemned the gladiators. If a criminal led to execution met a Vestal he was instantly released, no matter what his crime.

CORPULENCE AND SANITY.

The Gospel of Fat as Applied to the Mentally Afflicted.

Are the majority of folk of weak intellect? Is insanity on the increase? Are we all preparing ourselves for lunatic asylums? These startling questions have occurred to me after reading an article in a medical journal on the "gospel of fat as applied to the treatment of mental disease." It seems that the more you fatten up the mentally afflicted the saner they become, but of course the difficulty lies in providing the lunatic with adipose tissue, as there is nothing like brain disease to cause too, too solid flesh to melt.

The aim of most of us nowadays is to keep down what our transatlantic friends, with their genius for using the ugliest word for everything, uncompromisingly call "flesh." We bathe, we massage, we diet, we fly to these and those waters, we try all manner of cures and put ourselves into various kinds of straps and pastes and take violent exercise with the aim of fining ourselves down and keeping stoutness at bay.

Does this decided disposition on the part of men and women to avoid corpulence and the successful "thinning down" that we notice on all sides portend increase of lunacy? If so, dieting and the taking of waters and massage ought to be forbidden by act of parliament. By the way, Hamlet was fat and scant of breath, but he was certainly far from sane.—London World.

Some Wonderful Figures.

Figures on the light and heat of the sun are the most startling that can possibly be presented. The astronomers measure the amount of heat and light emitted by the sun by estimating that the earth intercepts about the two billion three hundred millionth part of it. Thus it is found that in every second of time the sun emits as much heat as would result from the sudden combustion of 11,600,000,000,000 tons of pure coal. It may be interesting to the reader to know that each portion of the sun's surface as large as this earth emits as much heat per second as would result from the combustion of 1,000,000,000 tons of the best anthracite fuel.

The Laundryman.

There is one branch of trade which runs on in an even tenor regardless of prices and crashes. That is the laundry business. People who patronize laundries never economize on their linen. A man will average about so many shirts, collars and cuffs a week when he is cutting down on his drinks and cigars and his theater tickets. And this observation recalls the fact that the laundryman never has any innovation in his business. He will ruin about so many shirts and collars and cuffs every three months and never say a word about it or make any deduction—if you keep quiet.—Chicago Tribune.

The Festival of Minerva.

The most notable festival at Athens was in honor of Minerva. All classes of citizens on this day marched in procession. The oldest went first, then the young men, the children, the young women, the matrons and the people of the lower orders. The most prominent object in the parade was a ship propelled by hidden machinery and bearing at its masthead the sacred banner of the goddess.

A Crazy Idea.

"Haven't you ever thought of going to work?" asked the farmer's wife of Sauntering Sam.

"Yes'm," replied the veteran tramp. "I thought of it once, but I was deeleeryus at de time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Schiller's Liking For Apples.

One habit of Schiller's was a passion for the smell of an apple. He used to cut an apple into quarters and keep them in the drawer of his writing table.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Another Victim of His Curiosity.

He—At what age do you think a girl ought to marry? She—Well, I couldn't think of setting the day before next October, George, when I shall be just twenty-nine.—Somerville Journal.

The Word "Pirate."

"Pirate" is a Greek word coming directly from "peirates," which means, etymologically, "one who tries" or "attempts"—in other words, an adventurer. "Adventurer," too, is a word that has lost respectability, but not so far as "pirate," which acquired its special sense at least 2,000 years ago. "Peirates" and the Latin "pirata" are known only in this sense. Cicero defines the pirate as the common enemy of all.

DECIDED AT POKER.

La Moure's Five Card Draw Won the Name of the County.

When the extreme western border of Dakota was colonized there was a lively squabble about what the new county should be called. There were four commissioners whose duty it was to decide on the name, and at the board meetings the vote for the name of the county was always two and two, and public feeling began to run high. John Winn suggested that the four commissioners should take 500 white chips apiece and play a game of poker to decide, the chips to represent $5 each. This was agreed to, and the game commenced with the entire population on hand. For two hours little gain was made, and then a jack pot came around, for which seventy-three hands were dealt before it was opened. Finally Commissioner Edwards opened it for $100. He held three kings. Judd La Moure held a zigzag, and the others dropped out. Edwards drew one card. La Moure dealt himself five cards, and the betting commenced. Men with revolvers kept the crowd from the table. After several raises there was $5,000 in the pool private money, besides the chips. Then the hand was called. Edwards held three kings, and La Moure had drawn a full, three fives and a pair of fours. He rose to his feet and cried, "Gentlemen, this is McKenzie county," and so it was and is called. The game lasted eighteen hours, and La Moure and Winn were carried shoulder high around the town, which saw no sleep that night. The cards held by La Moure are to be found among the archives of the county, labeled "La Moure's Five Card Draw."

NAMING A VESSEL.

Why President Arthur Would Not Call It the Concord.

While General Arthur was president and during one of the summers of his administration he was on board the Dispatch at Newport, and Secretary of the Navy Chandler was pestering him to consent to naming the new dispatch boat, afterward the Dolphin, the Concord, after the first battle of the Revolution. General Arthur was disposed to quiz Chandler about his proposed name. He preferred the name Dolphin as being more suggestive of speed at sea. When Chandler argued the importance of keeping in mind the heroic resistance of the colonial militia and the brilliant opposition offered to Pitcairn's men General Arthur asked him:

"What is it that you propose to call this ship?"

"The Concord," answered Chandler, giving the approved New Hampshire pronunciation.

"There," retorted Arthur, inviting the attention of Captain Reeder. "Do you hear that? Conquered. Do you think that a good name to give a ship-of-war? Then, suppose you change the pronunciation and call it Concord, just as spelled. Does it not strike you, Chandler, that there is a degree of Concord in the presence of a vessel of war?"

The new ship was called the Dolphin, but the Concord appeared after General Arthur had ceased to have influence in naming the ships of the navy.

Sex In Ants.

The different species of ants are pretty generally distributed over the globe, and on this account the naturalists infer that there is work for them to do in the great economy of the universe. In each colony males, females, neuters and sometimes soldiers are to be recognized. The males are invariably smaller than the females and, like those of the feminine gender, have wings in their original state. The neuters, which are the workers, are without wings in any of their transformations, and the soldiers are recognized by the armor plates on their heads.

Love of Work.

The love of work, which was one of the characteristics of the historian Froude, is well illustrated in a story told of his last illness. The cancerous affection of which he afterward died was slowly destroying his healthy and vigorous frame. At one time he seemed to be much better, and when the physician came to see him he noted the improvement and told his patient of it. Froude asked whether it was likely that he would be able to go back to his work again. On hearing that this was impossible he said, "If that is the case, I do not wish to live."

Animals and Colors.

The theory has been advanced that the conspicuous colors developed in various species of snakes, insects and animals are nature's method of advertising the fact that such are poisonous, either in the bite or sting which they inflict, or that the flesh is unpalatable if used for food. The believers in this theory cite the wonderful display of colors in the eclaza wasp, the coral snake, the horridium fish and the Gila monster.

I'm Growing Old Fast

And you know why, too. It's those gray hairs! Don't you know that Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color to gray hair? Well, it does. And it never fails, either. It stops falling hair also, and keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Do not grow old too fast!

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for many years and I should indeed be sorry to be obliged to do without it. It keeps my hair from turning gray, and also keeps my scalp clean and healthy."—E. S. PENFIELD, Canyon City, Oregon.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

ROYAL
The Absolutely Pure
Baking Powder
Made of Cream of Tartar, and Free From Alum or Phosphatic Acid
Royal Baking Powder renders bread, biscuit, cake and all flour foods finer and more healthful.
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Baking powders made from alum, phosphates and other harsh, caustic acids are lower in price, but they are injurious to the stomach.
"The injurious effect of alum on the mucous coat of the stomach is positive and beyond dispute; it is both an irritant and an astringent. The use of alum in any article of food or article used in the preparation of food should be prohibited."
JOHN C. WISE, M.D., Medical Inspector, U. S. Navy.

HERCULANEUM.

Its Destruction Came From a Deluge of Lava Water.

Herculaneum, in Italy, is one of those ancient cities which have not only been buried, but actually forgotten, for ages. The town, supposed to be of Etruscan origin, lies on the Campanian plain at the foot of its destroyer, Vesuvius, almost midway between Naples and Pompeii.

What caused the catastrophe of the year 79 A. D.? Geologists have come to the help of the archaeologists, and it is now held that the destruction of Herculaneum was somewhat different from that of Pompeii, although Pompeii was also covered and buried and the general effects were the same in both instances. In the case of Pompeii the city was overwhelmed by the shower of small stones from the volcano and the subsequent rain of ashes, but Herculaneum seems to have been deluged with "water lava," and far fewer people were able to make their escape from the city than from Pompeii.

It is the theory that the steam from the crater turned into rain, and, mixing with the volcanic dust, formed a huge volume of muddy torrent. This gathered other soil as it poured over the land, raised the level of the country more than sixty-five feet and finally left a mass of compacted tufa. This torrent ran on to the sea, making its own channel and forming a kind of lagoon around the previously safe harbor which entirely prevented any ships from approaching the place thereafter.—Chicago News.

AKBAR'S EXPERIMENT.

Result of His Whimsical Search For a Natural Language.

Akbar, one of the first of the great moguls who ruled India, has been named the Asiatic Charlemagne. He was a statesman and an educator and built a palace for the reception of men who loved learning and sought after wisdom. The great mogul's passion for knowledge is said to have been shown by a whimsical experiment he once made to determine if it was true, as he had heard, that Hebrew was the natural language of all who had never been taught any other tongue.

To test this assertion Akbar caused a dozen nursing children to be shut up in a castle six leagues from Agra, his capital city. Each child was reared by a dumb nurse. The porter also was a mute, and he was forbidden, upon pain of death, to open the gates of the castle. When the children were twelve years of age Akbar ordered them to be brought before him.

Men learned in Sanskrit, in Arabic, in Persian and in Hebrew were assembled at the royal palace to tell what language the children spoke. Akbar, seated on his throne and surrounded by these linguists, ordered the children to be brought in. Each child was addressed, and, to the surprise of the assembly, every one answered by a sign. Not a child could speak a word. They had all learned from their nurses to express themselves by gestures!

First Come, First Served.

A week before commencement Jones, a senior, who was weary of boarding house fare, was happily engaged in donning his dinner clothes. A smile of delighted anticipation played upon his features when Robbins entered in a dinner coat.

"Hello, Charley!" greeted Jones cheerily. "What's up?"

"Oh, nothing up," said Robbins. "I'm just going round to the Clemenses to call—going to see if I can't get asked to dinner."

The smile faded slowly from Jones' features.

"Oh, I say, Charley," he expostulated, "can't you go somewhere else? I was going there."—Youth's Companion.

Genius Bad at Figures.

I know an eminent Greek professor who could not reckon his class fees. Faraday had, I believe, no gift for mathematics. Darwin declared that he never understood an equation. I question if Isaac Newton could have passed any examination in literary or aesthetic subjects, with his idea that poetry was ingenious nonsense and statuary only stone dolls. It is a moot question if Napoleon Bonaparte would have passed a matriculation in French. I shrewdly suspect that neither Bonaparte nor Wellington would shine in a military academy examination.—Letter in London Telegraph.

Medicine and Ceremonial.

The physicians of mediaeval England, who were for the most part monks, friars or Jews, possessed a large assortment of remedies, some of them borrowed from the Byzantine physicians, others from the traditional practice of the people. Christian physicians, however, called religion to their aid. None of their remedies was administered without ceremonial. While the medicine was being compounded the patient would say twelve times over one of the psalms, beginning "Miserere mei, Deus," then several paternosters, "then drink the dose and wrap thyself up warm," or he would sing the psalm, "Salvum Me Fac, Deus," then drink the draft out of a church bell, the priest finishing the cure with prayer.

Dr. Creighton remarks that, as the maladies of the middle ages contained an unusual element of hysteria, the ceremonial may not have come amiss as an aid to the treatment. Physicians gained considerable fees by their practice, which the people appear to have grudged them. The satirical writers constantly accuse them of greed, but these charges were probably owing to the prevalence of the idea, not yet extinct, that as "medicine is from the Lord God," the leech was not entitled to a money payment.—London Spectator.

Stables In Trees.

In the Bahama islands there flourishes a tree the roots of which attain to enormous proportions, often reaching to a height of fifteen or twenty feet above the surface of the earth, spreading in all directions, underground as well, in order to obtain sustenance and give support to the trunk and branches. On the tree grow innumerable balls of silky cotton, presenting an almost fairylike appearance as they glisten in the sunlight. They are in great demand for stuffing pillows, being soft as down. The spaces formed by the roots are often quite as large as fair sized rooms, and if roofed over one tree would form a commodious dwelling place for a family. In fact, it would be infinitely superior to the average native hut. Holes could be cut in the roots to allow of internal communication. Up to the present, however, the natives have not utilized them as houses, though they are frequently in request as stables for horses.

An Offer Declined.

Persons who are envious of those whom they are pleased to call the fortunate rarely count the cost of success. Apropos of this, an amusing story is told of General Lefevre, duke of Dantzic. One day the general had a visit from a friend of his youth, who commented, not without feelings of envy, on the dignities and riches which the duke, who was born in a peasant's cottage, had acquired in many battles and by his faithful services.

"Oh, I am prepared," was the rejoinder, "to hand them over to you at the very price I paid for them. We will proceed together into my garden. There you shall walk up and down for the space of half an hour while I command a company of infantry to fire on you. There were more in my case, but you shall have the benefit of altered circumstances. If you are not shot in thirty minutes all that is mine shall be yours."

An Arab In the Rain.

"Those who are not accustomed to rain are frightened by it," says a writer. "I once saw an Arab rained upon for the first time. He was abjectly terrified and demanded to have his passage paid from the country—Sicily—in which the dread phenomenon occurred. He had been conveyed from the Sahara, I think, by a European, whose servant he was, and he evidently thought his master was behaving abominably to him in permitting him to get wet. By the first steamer he returned to his native desert, abandoning excellent wages, and shaking the raindrops furiously from his slippered feet."

The Hope of Rascals.

Our newspapers might be much better. They could easily be made more to the taste of the people of taste. But their unlovely crying of crime, disagreeable as it is, is an exceedingly important public duty, and in their faithfulness and veracious fortitude in keeping it up lies really the biggest part of our hope of a higher standard of honesty in public and private life. There is hope for any kind of rascality as long as it can be kept out of the papers.—Harper's Weekly.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22, 1905.

DRAPER WILL WIN.

In its issue of Sept. 17, *Practical Politics*, which cannot rightfully be accused of favoritism or prejudice in the matter of candidates, said of Eben S. Draper's chances for the Republican nomination for the office of Lieutenant Governor:

"Cambridge delegates are for Draper to a man, and the same spirit prevails through both Middlesex and Essex counties.

"There will be a trifle over 1600 delegates in the Republican convention, and Mr. Draper is in this position: He can allow the four western counties to Col. Goetting; he can allow Bristol, the Cape, Norfolk and Plymouth to Judge Hall; he can allow some breaks into the other counties; and yet he can secure the nomination.

"The hold of Draper on Suffolk, Essex and Middlesex, is undoubted.

* * *

"The nomination of Eben Draper, barring accidents of an unlooked for nature, seems as certain today as that of Curtis Guild, Jr."

The Republicans of Woburn and vicinity feel absolutely sure of the nomination of Mr. Draper; or, at least, that is what the leaders of the Party tell us.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

On next Tuesday evening, Sept. 26, the Republicans of Woburn are to hold their caucuses for the choice of delegates to the State and other conventions. There are some fears that they will not be as well attended as they should be on account of the absence of contests to arouse interest in them.

So far as the JOURNAL has been able to get hold of the situation, it appears that delegates to the State convention will be solid for Draper for Lieutenant Governor, and Sanderson for Attorney General, and that no efforts will be put forth at the caucuses to secure delegates for other candidates for those offices. These two will be the only contests in the State convention.

With these bones of contention out of the way it is feared that the Woburn Republican caucuses next Tuesday evening will turn out to be rather tame affairs, although they should be well attended and enthusiastic.

FOR CONSULTATION AND WORK.

It is about time that a meeting of influential citizens of all political parties and religious sects should be held for the purpose of canvassing the situation and making plans anent the next city election. Time flies, and the municipal campaign will soon be with us in full force.

There is great need of a radical change in our local government. This is admitted by all sober minded people who have the best interests of the city at heart. A change can be effected if those who are dissatisfied with the present condition of affairs will solidly unite and work for it.

A conference of leading men ought soon to be held and the subject of reform in the city government, and how to accomplish it, thoroughly discussed from a business standpoint, and machinery started to accomplish the desired end.

☞ Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, President of the Woburn Woman's Club, who, with Mr. Hayward, spent several months of last winter in Havana, is now lecturing through the East before various Womens' Clubs on "Cuba and Her People." while in this city Mrs. Hayward took an interest in the project which has been on foot for some time, looking to the establishment of a Womans' Club in Havana. Mr. and Mrs. Hayward may pass through Havana again this season en route to Mexico. — *Havana (Cuba) Post, Sept. 10.*

Mr. and Mrs. Hayward became acquainted with the writer of the above item, who is a talented California young woman, a graduate of Leland University of that State, and now on the Editorial Staff of the *Post*, while they were pleasantly sojourning in Havana last winter, and greatly enjoyed her society. We hear that Mrs. Hayward has several engagements to lecture on "Cuba and Her People" this fall, and will more than likely receive many more.

☞ The attention of Superintendent Kirkland of the State moth-suppression work has been called to the breaking up of gypsy moth egg-clusters on tree trunks and branches while farmers and others are picking the fall crop of apples. Mr. Kirkland suggests that it would be wise for all property owners in the infested district to send to him for a Bulletin on the gypsy moth, by which they may learn the appearance of the gypsy moth egg-clusters. These clusters are easily destroyed by soaking them with creosote and Mr. Kirkland says that, if the pest is to be suppressed, it is highly important that every owner of fruit trees should take the necessary precautions to prevent scattering of the moth eggs. A few ounces of creosote will destroy millions of eggs, and the important thing now is to have the right work done in the right way.

☞ It may well be doubted if Mayor Reade could have made better selections for members of the Board of Health than he did even if he had taken pains to rake the city all over. Three prominent M. Ds are the chosen ones—Drs. Lane, O'Brien and Hutchings—each a sterling good man, competent, honest, and no politics worth mentioning. It may be depended upon that these gentlemen who constitute the new Board of Health will look right after and labor to promote, to the best of their ability, the public good, and the Mayor is to be congratulated on the admirable choice he had the wisdom to make.

☞ Ex-Mayor Davis has joined the Middlesex Club, the nobbiest Republican organization in Massachusetts. Is the world coming to an end?

☞ The Democracy of this city are scheduled to hold caucuses for the choice of convention delegates next Wednesday evening, Sept. 27.

☞ No report reaches the JOURNAL office of the sayings and doings, if any, of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Commitee. The rest of us can't tell how we are going to vote until the Committee give the word. And the caucuses are coming on pretty soon, too.—WOBURN JOURNAL.

There was a newspaper in Quincy, not the *Advertiser*, that has stated that the duties of political committees consisted in doing all the work after the nominations were made; previous to that time they ought to keep quiet. Now, Bro. Hobbs, since you have stated the dilemma of the Woburn Republicans, lest some are anxiously waiting word from our Committees we will ask in the language of a southern Congressman, gentleman of the Republican City committee "Where are you at any way."—*Quincy Advertiser*

Sure enough! Why have a "machine" unless, it works?

☞ It was rather an unpleasant surprise to many of Candidate Sanderson's supporters to learn that he had become a party to a bargain by which he should surrender to candidate Champlin 18 of the 40 Lowell Republican delegates to the State convention and retain only 22 for himself. It was supposed that he was practically solid in Lowell, and people wonder why he yielded nearly half of the delegates to Champlin.

☞ Mayor Reade says he isn't hunting for votes, but trying to do his duty as Chief Executive of this city. He's the Boss this year—no doubt about that.

☞ Some folks pretend to believe that Ald. James H. Connolly will not enter the Democratic caucuses to secure the Mayoralty nomination; but it won't do to bet much on that idea.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Mrs. Lewis—Readers.
C. E. Smith—Auction.
C. W. Fowle—To Let.
F. C. Sav. Bank.—Notice.
Mertena Bancroft—Piano.
Rep. W. & C. Com.—Caucuses.
Hammond & Son Co.—Clothing.

— Captain McMahon leads the footballers this fall.

— C. E. Smith advertises an auction in this paper.

— W. R. C. 84 are to hold a food sale on Oct. 7.

— Aberjona Colony, P. F., will hold an election of officers.

— Is, or is not, Sam Mendum's Civic League still on the face of the earth?

— The free candy at the Robbins Drug Co's store draws custom like a 6-ox team.

— It is noticed that a few lawdefying persons continue to appear out in straw hats.

— The Firemen's Relief Association are to give their annual ball at the Auditorium on Oct. 4.

— The engagement of Miss Jennie Florence Ditmars to the Rev. John Rufus Chaffee is announced.

— Rev. Alfred A. Newhall of New Orleans is visiting his sister, Mrs. W. P. Fox on 637 Main street.

— This is about the season of the year when poets weave into their verses Macbeth's "sear and yellow leaf."

— More rain this week for a variety. There have been piles of it this and last month, and the ground is thoroughly soaked.

— In view of his action towards the Board of Health Mayor Reade cannot consistently be classed with the inverterarates.

— Henry L. Andrews has been entertaining Henry A. Maddox of Philadelphia and Horace W. Fairlamb of Chester, Pa.

— The City Council adopted resolutions on the death of Mayor Collins of Boston and adjourned out of respect to his memory.

— Dr. V. C. Stewart of Summer street is attending a meeting of the Electro Therapeutic Association at New York this week.

— Republicans of Woburn, read carefully the notice of the Ward and City Committee of the time and places for holding caucuses.

— The W. C. T. U. will meet in the parlor of the Congregational church Monday afternoon, Sept. 25, at 3 o'clock.—PRESS SUPT.

— The Boston & Maine Railroad excursion to New York, via the Hudson River, leaves Boston on Oct. 5. Tickets for round trip only $5.

— The JOURNAL'S real estate reporter says that residence tenements are scarce in this city. Which is a sure sign of general prosperity.

— The members of the School Board whose terms expire on Dec. 31, 1905, are Dr. Josiah P. Bixby, Mrs. Lizzie B. Blake, Herbert S. Riley, Esq.

— Miss Mertena Bancroft, the well known and successful piano teacher, and her friend, Miss Thompson of Medford are visiting at Hartford, Conn.

— Two Woburn men, Joseph H. Parker, Jr., and Sumner Pierce are employees in the Siegel Co. mammouth department store in Boston.

— Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilbur Brown are at home from their summer outing at Alton, N. H. They were there several weeks, and highly enjoyed their vacation.

— It is feared that Burlington is disposed to trig the wheels of the Lowell & Woburn Street Railway Co., in the Co.'s endeavor to put the road into operation.

— Another leather factory is talked of in North Woburn, which pleases the people. But do not leather factories injure a place for firstclass residential purposes?

— John Marrinan, an attache of the *News* for some time past, left here last Tuesday to enter Dartmouth College. He is a smart young fellow, and here's success to him.

— On Tuesday evening Sept. 26, at 6.30 Relief Corps 161 serve a first class supper consisting of baked beans, salads, etc., at their Hall on Pleasant street. Supper 15c.

— The next Mayor of Woburn should not be selected for his oratorical gifts, but for an ability to do things.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The Democratic City Committee held a meeting at the Central House last Monday evening, and laid out campaign work. Patrick McCauly was elected Secretary.

— The Holly Club gave an old fashioned party with an old fashioned supper at the home of Miss Annie McGovern on Hudson street last Tuesday evening. It was a fine one, and eminently successful.

— At the late public exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in Boston Mr. Edgar W. Ela of Fryeburg Road, this city, was awarded 9 prizes on his display of dahlias, of which he has 2 acres and 500 varieties.

— In Miss Bryant School Superintendent Clapp has as faithful and capable an assistant at his office in Savings Bank block as any Super could wish to have. And certainly no clerk could possibly be more accommodating to the public.

— As may be learned from reading her card in another column of this paper, Miss Mertena Bancroft will resume her professional work in this city on Oct. 3. She is too well and favorably known as a teacher to require journalistic endorsement.

— Nothing, of late, has made so much talk among politicians as the removal of the Board of Health by Mayor Reade last week. One side is wrathy, and the other glad of it. The question now is, what are the dismissed members going to do about it?

— John Cummings of the West Side says he would like to see something the browntails refuse to eat. They destroyed this summer the finest field of roses ever seen in Woburn, and it goes without saying that John has no love for the g. and b. t. moths.

— The following were the winners at the Corps 84 whist party the other evening: Madams Eunice Humphrey, Elmer Davis, Eunice Mathews; and Mons. Dr. Harry Cowan, Elmer Davis, George Tripp. There was a large attendance of people who had a fine time.

— Mr. E. P. Marion, one of the big market gardeners of this section of country, says that farm produce business in Boston is good. Demand and prices are fairly satisfactory to the producers. The market gardeners and farmers haven't much to complain of this year.

— Lawyer Lang, a likely young Democratic aspirant for Legislative honors, is said to entertain the absurd belief that he can (1) get the Democratic nomination for the House; (2) that he can be elected! The Demo. wheelhorses will cook his goose for him on Sept. 27.

— Hon. John P. Feeney would have it understood that there is no office in the gift of Woburn voters that he is hankering after. At the same time, he is proud to say, with hand on heart, or thereabouts, in the language of that eminent N. Y. statesman, Dave Hill, "I am a Democrat?"

— Letter carrier John H. O'Brien after a restful vacation of two weeks, returned to his post of duty last Saturday. While not making a specific claim to the honor, he rather plumes himself on being the best looking man on the carrier force. And nobody has been found to dispute it.

— The football season has opened, but just what Woburn votaries of the sport are up to has not yet transpired, or at least has not been made public. Doubtless local teams will put in an appearance in due season and do something, for we have heard that there are some good players in this vicinage.

— Edward H. Richards, who has been dangerously ill at the home of Mr. Daniel H. Richards, is slowly getting better. He took a violent cold while in camp during the heavy storm three weeks ago and the sickness that followed nearly ended his earthly existence. But he is coming out all right.

— Fred Lowell, salesman at the Hammond & Son Co.'s clothing emporium and gentlemen's furnishings bazaar, returned from the Massachusetts General Hospital last Saturday pretty nearly a well man. He was there under treatment 22 days. With a little extra care of himself in a brief period of time he will be ready for hard work again.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 46 at 1.55 Monday afternoon was false. The alarm from box 61 at 6.45 Wednesday evening was for what might have been a serious fire in the basement of McGrath's Department Store. The prompt arrival of the fire department prevented it. The fire started in a case containing Mason fruit jars packed with straw.

— The public are somewhat curious to be informed what connection can possibly exist between employing 25 men by the Board of Health to clean Horn Pond and Burlington milk. See communication in *Times* Sept. 18. And what has Burlington milk to do with an alleged public hearing on a petition to the Board of Health to purify Horn Pond?

— For a great many years Capt. E. F. Wyer has made a charming Vermont village his summer, or vacation, resting place, and his friends are hereby informed that letters addressed to him there at the present time will reach their destination. The Captain is a faithful, diligent and popular public officer, and a brief tarry and rest among the famous Green Mountains won't do him a bit of hurt.

— If the JOURNAL could have had any say in the matter, it would have reappointed Mr. George Buchanan to his vacant seat in the Board of Health out of regard for his good work on it in the past, and for what he could be depended on to do in the future. He is a safe counsellor in matters of the public health. But the JOURNAL has reason to believe that the present city administration feel that they can get on quite comfortably without its help.

— In the weather department this week rain, humidity and heat have been prominent.

— Patrick Sherry, a well known young man of this city, was married at Providence, R. I. recently.

— Bert Clancy, formerly of this city, is getting on fine in the West. He says that the climate there is splendid.

— F. E. Cottle and family returned last Saturday from Vineyard Haven where Mr. Cottle has a magnificent summer home.

— Mr. William F. Kenney's residence with its coat of red paint with white trimmings, is an ornament to Pleasant street.

— Mr. Harry Leathe of Frances street is for a second time this season the holder of the lucky soda check at Robbins soda fountain.

— Annie Cook, an expert type writer and stenographer, lately with the Savings Bank, has accepted a fine professional situation in Boston.

— At Unitarian church, Sunday, Sept. 24, the soloist will be Mrs. Florence Ives Atwood. Organ music by Liszt, Reger, and Walter H. Lewis. A chorus is being formed to lead the congregational singing.

— The remains of Archie Ralston, who died suddenly in San Francisco, California, about one weeks ago, are to be brought here, his home and that of his family, for burial. He was well known and had many friends in this city.

— At the first meeting of the new Board of Health held last Tuesday evening, Dr. Albert C. Lane was elected Chairman. John Lynch, it is supposed, will be retained as Secretary of the Board, for a better man for the office could not be found.

— E. H. Richardson, Benjamin L. Trull, Herbert L. LeBaron, Alonzo L. Perham, John J. Hern and C. Bertrand Strout constitute the committee who will have in charge the ceremonies of annual rollcall of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F. next Monday evening. An entertainment is on the programme.

— The mangled body of a man supposed to be Alfred Filion of Manchester, N. H., was found near the Montvale station of the B. & M. Railroad early last Saturday morning by Fred Peterson, third trick man on the Montvale tower, who immediately notified the police and others. Officers McKenna and O'Neil took charge of the remains, and Dr. Harry G. Blake, Medical Examiner, was soon on the spot. It was supposed the man fell from an early freight train and was run over. The body was taken to Manchester.

— Mr. George E. Brown returned from the National G. A. R. Encampment at Denver, Colorado, last week highly pleased with his visit and the reception and entertainment of the Veterans by the Centennial State. He is greatly in love with Denver, and has been ever since he first visited it some years ago, and never tires of views of and tramps in the Rockies. Mr. Brown met Mr. George A. Blaisdell there who, he says, is prospering finely and tallowing, but retains his home in Woburn. The trip was a pleasant one for Mr. Brown, and he enjoyed every part and minute of it.

— The katydid was a little off color in the matter of the first frost of the season. According to an ancient and generally observed custom, frost should make it's appearance 6 weeks after the first vibrant notes of the katydid are heard on the trees, but the rule has been broken this season, for there was a frost on the night of Sept. 14, whereas it should have been delayed, at least, 3 weeks longer. It did but little harm to vegetation, but was sufficiently pronounced to throw its little musical harbinger out of gear as a prophet. According to the records that Wednesday was the coldest in 21 years.

— Capt. Edward E Parker, whose card appears in this paper, is as familiar with the various modes of heating buildings as any man in the State, himself a thoroughly scientific workman at establishing plants, therefore, what he says respecting the hot water system in his present card, and, indeed, concerning steam and hot air, may be depended on as correct. He furnishes all of these outfits, and enjoys a reputation for skill and thoroughness of work second to no other dealer. He excels because he understands the theory, as well as the practice, of furnishing heat. Please read his advertisement.

HAMMOND & SON CO.

No garment is so necessary as a

Fall Top Coat

You need one these cool mornings and evenings, you'll need one during the whole season, in fact, a good top coat is an indispensible part of every man's wardrobe—time was when a Fall coat was a luxury, but times have changed and we can show you a full line of Coverts, Black Undressed Worsteds, Oxford Grey Worsteds, and silk lined Black Vicunas.

$8.00, $10.00, $12.00, $15.00, $20.00, $22.00.

Hammond & Son Co.,
LEADING CLOTHIERS,
WOBURN, MASS.

— Mr. John Lyons has returned from Vineyard Haven.

— Miss Carrie Sullivan of this city returned home from Magnolia last Monday, and Tuesday noon left for Concord, N. H., where she will be at Lower St. Paul school until June.

— Mr. John Haggerty, father of James D. Haggerty, Editor and proprietor of the *Times*, died at his home, 80 Harrison avenue, last Wednesday evening. The deceased came to this country in 1858 from Donnegal, Ireland. He is survived by a wife, three sons, James D., John H., and Lewis F., and one daughter, Mary E.

— Mrs. Lewis, pianoforte instructor, may be consulted in the Unitarian vestry on Saturday, (10–12 A. M., 2–4 P. M.) and arrangements made for private or class lessons. Mr. Lewis, organist, offers instruction also in harmony and will give a popular course of lectures on the theory and history of music, designed to meet the needs of pupils and amateurs desiring some knowledge of the science of music. Early consultation is desirable. Call at Unitarian vestry Saturday, or address Winchester, Mass.

— Mrs Annie S. Lewis, the well known pianoforte instructor, and Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, organist of the Unitarian church, having returned to this vicinity after spending two years abroad, offer instruction in music, both instrumental and theoretical. They reside at 1 Maxwell Road, corner of Mystic ave., near electric and steam cars and will give lessons also in Woburn Centre. For further details, write to Winchester, Mass., or call at Woburn Unitarian vestry Saturday, 10–12 A. M. or 2–4 P. M.

— Ex. Mayor W. F. Davis firmly believes that, if the friends of sobriety, clean morals, and good municipal government, will come together and work and vote for their success as a unit, a great and much needed change can be wrought in the public affairs of this city. There is strength enough, he believes, to accomplish this, and all that is wanted is harmony among the opposition to the present regime to secure the desired reform. Mr. Davis is unquestionably right in his opinion, but will the opposition harmonize and work?

— C. E. Smith, the real estate dealer, still maintains the position he has persistently held to for some years past, that if a large number of good dwellinghouses were at once erected in this city they would find good tenants at remunerative rents. He is in a position to judge understandingly in the matter. Every day experience teaches him that the drawback to an increase of population in this city is a dearth of good tenements. They are in demand by outside people who want to come here to live. At the present time Smith has only 3 or 4 rentable houses on hand, while on his books are many applications for residences renting from $18 to $25. We must have more dwellings if Woburn would grow.

— U. S. Crop Director Smith says of crops in his report ending Sept. 18: "Crop conditions at the present writing are fully as favorable as those obtaining at the last report. Corn has advanced with the season, and unless abnormal conditions arise within the next ten days, an abundant crop is assured. In the extreme northern portion of the section the droughty conditions still obtain, and rain is badly needed. On the whole, however, the present crop indications are fully up to the average for this season of the year."

— Nearly 40 carriages followed the remains of Lawrence Jones, who died at his home, 15 Auburn Street, on Thursday of last week of typhoid fever, to Calvery cemetery last Sunday afternoon after brief funeral services at St. Charles church. He was born in Ireland 44 years ago, and came to this country in childhood. He left to mourn his early death a wife and five small children, two of which are also sick of typhoid fever. Mr. Jones was a man well respected by all who knew him.

— Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney of Academy Hill has reached and become nicely settled in her elegant home. She has passed a delightful vacation season among the Granite Hills of New Hampshire; has rested and taken on fresh life and spirits, and proposes to resume musical instruction at her residence on Sept. 25. As a teacher of voice culture, as well as in the line of instrumental teaching, Mrs. Phinney has been very successful, and at no period of her professional career has she been better fitted for it than at the present time. Favorable arrangements may be made with her for pupils by personal application, or other means of communication. Please bear in mind her date for beginning work.

— The Boston *Herald* last Wednesday contained elegant portraits of Doctors Lane, Hutchings and O'Brien who Mayor Reade chose for his new Board of Health, which were accompanied by brief, but interesting, biographical sketches by Hudson, the "Ready Writer," that commanded widespread attention. From these sketches it was made to appear that the appointees are comparatively young men, or in the prime of life, to say the least—Lane, 54; Hutchings, 42; O'Brien, 31, years of age; and the fact that not one of them is an active politician stands out boldly to the Mayor's credit and demonstrates his wisdom in making choice of a new Board, praise of which is in everybody's mouth.

— A statement made recently in the *Times* that the source of typhoid fever cases in this city had been traced by the late Board of Health to a milk supply in Burlington produced intense excitement not only among Burlington milkmen but in the homes of Woburn purchasers of Burlington milk, and it has not yet passed off. The statement caused alarm among the people, and the wisdom of making it is questioned. Silence as to the particular source of fever involves the integrity of all Burlington milk dealers, so they claimed, and they resent it. One dealer is especially wrought up over the matter and has taken steps to have the other side of the case presented to the public. How are consumers to determine which, if any, of the Burlington milkmen to purchase their supply of? But, after all, it is probably a case of "great cry and little wool," so far as the milk is concerned.

— Charles W. Fowle of the Five Cents Savings Bank is the new President of the First church Y. P. S. C. E., and will make a good one.

— Mrs. Mary E. (Shea) Walsh, wife of Police Officer John A. Walsh, died at her home, 25 Scott street, about noon yesterday, Sept. 21. She was a native of Maine, a sister of Edward L. and John A. Shea of this city. Besides a devoted husband she left to mourn her decease four children, John E., Mathew, Joseph and Kathleen.

Attacked By a Mob

and beaten, in a labor riot, until covered with sores, a Chicago street car conductor applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was soon sound and well. "I use it in my family," writes G. J. Welch, of Tekonsha, Mich., "and find it perfect." Simply great for cuts and burns. Only 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Tree of Life."
12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor.
7 P. M., Evening Service. Second in series of character studies—"Lot the Man of Compromise."
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Rev. Wm. Rice Newhall D. D. Subject: "Education."
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., preaching by the pastor.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Unreality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

GEORGE EDWARD PIERCE,
Funeral Director and Embalmer.
Night and Day Calls will receive, Prompt Attention.
635 Main Street, WOBURN
71 Haven Street, READING
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 11, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Roger Doherty and Bridget Kelley, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 20, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Charles D. Waterbury of Chicago, Ill., and Mary Louise Dickerman of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 16, Hannah Devine, aged 69 years, 9 months.

In this city, Sept. 15, Lawrence Jones, aged 40 years, 6 months.

In this city, Sept. 20, John Haggerty, aged 70 years.

Why Pay $35 or $40 FOR A Cooking Range When you can buy

THE DIGHTON

A First Class, Highest Grade, Heavy (425 lbs.), COOKING RANGE, delivered at your Station,

FOR **$24.50**

Save $12

Freight Paid

It has all the latest attachments, for wood or coal, with and without hot water attachment. Hot Water Tank (attached), etc.

Investigate Send for our Booklet Before Buying explaining this wonderful offer.

You don't buy from an unknown firm—we've been making stoves for 37 years.

DIGHTON FURNACE CO.
NO. DIGHTON, MASS.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES!

The Republican voters of Woburn, are requested to meet in the polling places in their respective Wards, on

TUESDAY, September 26, 1905
AT 8 O'CLOCK, P. M.

To elect delegates to the Republican State, County, Councillor, Senatorial and Representative Conventions, to choose five voters from each Ward, to serve as a Ward and City Committee for the year beginning January 1, 1906, and to transact any other business which may properly come before the meetings. Polling places are as follows:—

Ward 1. Co-operative Bank Room, Dow's Block.
Ward 2. Armory, Prospect Street.
Ward 3. Mechanics Hall, Mechanics Building, 415 Main street.
Ward 4. Republican Headquarters, 381 Main St.
Ward 5. Hose House, Montvale.
Ward 6. Hose House, North Woburn.
Ward 7. Hose House, Cummingsville.

Representation to the several Conventions is as follows:—

To the State, County, Councillor, and Senatorial Conventions, Ward 1, One Delegate; Ward 2, Two Delegates; Ward 3, Two Delegates; Ward 4, Two Delegates; Ward 5, One Delegate; Ward 6, Two Delegates; Ward 7, One Delegate.

To the Representative Convention, Ward 1, Three Delegates; Ward 2, Three Delegates; Ward 3, Three Delegates; Ward 4, Four Delegates; Ward 5, One Delegate; Ward 6, Four Delegates; Ward 7, One Delegate.

The Caucuses in each Ward will be called to order by the Chairman of the Ward Committee, and will be conducted in accordance with provisions of Chapter 11, of Revised Laws.

Republican City Committee
HERBERT S. RILEY, Chairman.
CHAS. H. HARRINGTON, Secretary.

NOTICE

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held in their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Massachusetts,

Friday, October 6th, 1905,

at seven thirty (7.30) o'clock, P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., September 22d, 1905.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, October 7th, 1905, will draw interest from that date.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

[Original.]

"Sparks."

COMMUNICATED.

There are 40,600,276 hogs in this country, not counting the human variety.

Dentists should have signs out reading like this: "Teeth extracted with great pains."

Would-be burglars! take notice! Woburn is not the place you are looking for. Move on! See!

I recently read of a man so adverse to hospitality that he will not even "entertain a thought."

The first thing a man does after making a fool of himself is to try and explain how it happened.

They are naming babies after President Roosevelt all over the country; that is, when they happen to be that kind of babies.

Old timers are sitting close up to the ice cream freezers in Woburn telling each other what summer this summer reminds them of.

Most all of our heroes and the best of our Presidents were born in log cabins, and most of them worked on farms for nothing a day and found.

It is reported that Woburn young ladies are insuring their lives, evidently thinking that may serve as an inducement for their young men to say something.

Every pleasant day our streets are dotted with "horseless carriages" driven by mother power, and each one has a chubby sample of Woburn's incomparable baby crop on the inside.

Gladstone said, "The traffic in strong drink is more destructive than war, pestilence and famine combined." If this be true (and it is), it has no right to exist in Woburn or anywhere else.

A young lady from Button End wants to know what the result would be if two trains on the Elevated road running at the rate of 138 miles an hour should collide. That's dead easy: a wreck of course.

A young Winchester lady was recently kicked in the jaw by a vicious colt, and so badly injured that her physician fears it may be several weeks before she can again chew gum in her usual vigorous and charming manner.

Our hearts make our world for us. An ungrateful heart would be miserable in paradise, while a grateful heart would turn a prison into a palace. The secret of a joyous life is a contented spirit, and one that always trusts God, keeps sweet and sings.

Thousands of people who, admitting that the drink traffic is an unmitigated evil and a wrong, tell us we "can't stop men from drinking;" they say "they will have it, so let's license persons to sell it openly, legally and respectably." Shame on such logic. Do these people think that licensing an evil can make it good? or does our sanctioning a wrong make it right?

If men would read and heed the Word of God, there would be a tremendous increase in the "No" vote throughout the Commonwealth. In it we read: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken." And again: "The drunkard shall come to poverty." Also: "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

A good story was recently told at the expense of the late "Bob Ingersoll." The Colonel was talking with an old colored woman in Washington concerning religious matters. "Do you really believe, aunty," said the Colonel, "that people are made out of dust?" "Yes, sah! The Bible says dey is, and I believes it." "But what is done in wet weather, when there is nothing but mud?" "Den I specs dey make infidels an sich truck."

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The Boston Stage Society is rapidly becoming a power in local dramatic affairs. Organized and managed by a group of public-spirited men who realize the good that may come from a popular theatre conducted upon a high moral and artistic plane, the Society now finds itself with all its projects well on the way to realization. The Castle Square Theatre, now under its control, is certain to become a permanent home of the high-class drama in Boston, worthy to take the place left vacant by the disbanding of the famous Museum Stock Company some years ago. The attraction at the Castle Square next week, following the highly successful appearances of Miss Mary Lawton in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" during the present week, will be the popular romantic drama, "Under the Red Robe." It will be cast with the full strength of the Castle Square Company.

THE PARK.

One of the most sparkling and delightful romantic comedies that it has been the fortune of New England playgoers to witness in many a season is "His Grace de Grammont" in which Otis Skinner has scored such a pronounced triumph at the Park Theatre, Boston. The production itself is a magnificent series of pictures, its scenes reflecting all the graceful elegance, colorful charm and rich splendor of the Court of Charles the Second. Seldom, indeed, have the arts of the scene painter, costumer and stage director so brilliantly blended to produce a masterpiece of pictorial loveliness. It is the age of gay cavaliers and amorous court beauties that is here reproduced before the footlights. The main interest of the play, after all, is Mr. Skinner's footlight impersonation of the famous French Chevalier, De Grammont, who was the beau-ideal gallant of his time. New England playgoers could not find a more enjoyable entertainment during a Boston visit than this new season's offering of Mr. Skinner's, which has been such a decided popular, as well as artistic success, at the Park Theatre, and which has proved so signal a triumph that at the close of its engagement at the Park, it will go direct into New York for a long run. Its Boston engagement will continue only until October 9 on this account, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, and it should not be missed during its limited engagement. The admirable cast includes, among others, such well-known artists as Arthur Forrest, Robert Peyton Carter, Charles Welles, Laura Hope Crews, Marion Abbott, Helen Ware and Jennie Eustace.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
WOBURN

MISS DORA A. WINN
WILL RESUME
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
October 1, 1905.
6 Highland Street Woburn

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
October 3d, 1905.
12 Franklin St., Woburn

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.
MRS. ANNIE S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCYVAL LEWIS
PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN,
1 Maxwell Road, cor. Mystic Ave.
WINCHESTER, MASS.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR
CLOTHES
FOR MEN AND BOYS
Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises
Newest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter
Suits, $16 to $50
Overcoats, $20 to $50
MEN'S AND BOYS'
HABERDASHERY
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CUPS AND PRIZES

FOR ALL SPORTS AND GAMES
$1. to $250.
POPULAR PRICES. One of the Largest Assortments in the Country.
SMITH PATTERSON COMPANY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
52 SUMMER ST. BOSTON

CHOICE CUTS FOR SUMMER
can't be had everywhere. The meat must be properly cured, well cooled, and cut by one who knows how.

OUR MARKET
does such a large business is why you can rely on choice cuts from us. We keep the best meats that market affords. A choice steak, chop or roast from us will make you feel like a lord. Prices reasonable. Try us.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6

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Notary Public
Justice of the Peace
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General Steamship Agent.
White Star Line, Cunard Line, American Line, Atlantic Transportation Line, Dominion Line, Holland American Line, Leyland Line, Red Star Line, Anchor Line, Allan Line.
Drafts at the lowest rates.
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OFFICE: 480 Main Street.
RESIDENCE: 106 Pleasant Street.
WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Bridget Hooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Samuel T. Hooper of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of October, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

STANDARD DISINFECTANT
CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK
LIQUID CLEANLINESS.
Best Home Purifier of Foul Places Destroys Decomposition, maintains conditons essential to health.
Beware of inferior imitations.
Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages and labels. Only the genuine bears it.

Mortgages.
MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.
J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

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—of—
Woburn—2 Views
Highest Grade Linen

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We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

CUT GLASS!

You can hardly go wrong in choosing something in Cut Glass for a wedding or anniversary present. And you certainly can't go wrong in coming here to purchase it. We have a beautiful assortment of the latest designs, including Water Bottles, Bowls, Bon Bon, Olive and Oil, from among which anyone can surely select a gift for the amount they wish to spend.

SIMMONS watch or lognette chains for graduation.

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Extract of Malt.

Our Grabou Malt contains the drastic properties of freshly malted selected Barley and fine Hops, and is of exceeding value as a nutriment in wasting diseases. Recommended for convalescents, general debility, loss of appetite, malnutrition indigestion and dyspepsia. Particularyl recommended for nursing mothers and aged persons. Very pleasing to the taste.

18c. Bottle. $2.00 Dozen.

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417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

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We save you money on all Drugstore Goods.

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That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is this (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

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EVENING OFFICE AT
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To Let.
Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

STOPACHE
IS
CURING
Headache
EVERY HOUR
IN
THE DAY
25c. AT
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.

HEATING BY
HOT WATER
Has this advantage over other methods of circulating artificial heat. It can be run ANYWHERE and it is NOT NECESSARY to put the heater down into a cellar to induce the water to circulate. With heater and radiators on the same level it will work satisfactorily if properly installed. HOT WATER HEATING has other advantages too. ECONOMY of FUEL, EASE of MANAGEMENT and DURABILITY.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

Sale of Unredeemed Real Estate by the City of Woburn.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, September 14, 1905.

In conformity with the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the public and all persons interested as former owners, or occupants of each of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, are hereby notified that said parcels have been conveyed according to law to said City of Woburn, for non-payment of taxes and assessments, and the time in which each of the estates might be redeemed by the owners thereof having expired, each of said parcels will be offered for sale in accordance with section 67 of Chapter 13 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room No. 3 Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, October 21st, 1905,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to the highest bidder for each of the several parcels a quit claim deed will be delivered. For further particulars reference is made to the Registry of Deeds, for the Southern District of the County of Middlesex, the volume and page numbers following the description of each parcel, indicating the record of the deed under which the said City of Woburn now holds title to the estate described.

The sums set against the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the taxes and assessments for the non-payment of which said estate was sold to the City of Woburn, together with the subsequent taxes and assessments, interest on the same, and all lawful costs and charges, but not including costs and charges incident to this sale. And none of the said estates will be sold for less than the amount set against the said estates, respectively.

ESTATE HENRY J. COBB.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 8, 9, 10, Block 27, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 60 Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. $12 44

ESTATE LEWIS COHEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 13, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 72. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for whichsaid estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE FLORENCE J. FOWLE.—About 5200 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 7 and 8, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 83. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE HENRY A. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 9, Block 10, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 93. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 05

ESTATE HENRY A. GREEN.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 7 and 8, Block 35, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 90. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold 15 60

ESTATE HENRY A. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 6, 7, 8, Block 40, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 88. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 22 and 23, Block 28, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 97. Amount due thereon for the taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold. 15 60

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12, 13, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2911, Page 104. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 35, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2911, Page 99. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13 and 14, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 102. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 2, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 106. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 17

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 5,040 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10 and 11, Block 10, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 95. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 71

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 1, Block 3, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 109. Amount due thereon. for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 6, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 111. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 17

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8 and 9, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 113. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1093 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 42

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13 and 14, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 116. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 14 27

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 10,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, 9, 10, Block 14, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 11§. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 19 84

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, and 10, Block 15, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn, City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 120. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 17

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7200 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 13, 14 and 15, Block 15, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911 Page 122. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 8, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 124. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE ELLA T. MORAN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 7, 8, and 9, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2911, Page 136. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 05

ESTATE MORGAN C. TYLER.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 195. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE LODESA M. BABBITT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 6, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 62. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE JOHN J. COOPER.—About 2.450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36 Block 5, Section B, shown Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 76. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years, 1999, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 96

ESTATE CHARLES H. COLLINS.—About 4060 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 2 and 18, Block 13, Plan B, on Plan Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 9, Plan 35, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 74. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE PETER J. GRIFFIN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Block 36, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 372. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 86

ESTATE EDWARD O. HOWARD.—About 7,300 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12 and 13, Block 3, Section G, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 374. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1900, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 17 49

ESTATE FRANK KELLEY.—About 4700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 an 7, Block 27, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 376. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 00

ESTATE JEREMIAH MARA.—About 2,459 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 17, Block 4, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 381. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will sold. 12 57

ESTATE WILLIAM W. WHITTAKER.—About 5500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 26 and 27, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 401. Amount due thereon, for taxesof the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 00

ESTATE HOWARD B. FLINT.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 35 and 66, Block 28, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Campany, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 369. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 00

ESTATE JOHN W. SMITH.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 5, Block 11, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 394. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE SARAH S. TRACY.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 21 and 22, Block 32, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 399. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE GEORGE RAYMOND.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 2 and 21, Block 23, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2954, Page 390. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold. 9 90

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

AUCTION!
SALE OF FURNITURE
at the residence of W. E. Smith, 29 Eaton Ave., Wednesday, Sept. 27 at 2 P. M. Particulars call on C. E. SMITH, 439 Main street.

To Let.
Desirable 7 room tenement at 26 Franklin street. Enquire of C. W. Fowle, Savings Bank.

Got Off Cheap.
He may well think, he has got off cheap, who, after having contracted constipation or indigestion, is still able to perfectly restore his health. Nothing will do this but Dr. King's New Life Pills. A quick, pleasant, and certain cure for headache, constipation, etc. 25c at Robbins Drug Co's drug store; guaranteed.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE Registrars of Voters

Will be in session at their office

Municipal Building, Common St.

—ON—

Saturday Evening, Sept. 23, 1905

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK,

to receive applications for registration from those who desire to act in the respective party caucuses, as required by Sec. 36, Chap. 11, of the Revised Laws.

Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHAS. H. HARRINGTON,
FRED F. LOVELL,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 12, 1905.

Knife Fork and Spoon Experience

Over half a century of it is one of the reasons why goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

the product of this long experience are best. They are sold by leading dealers. For catalogue No. 6, explaining points of interest to buyers, address the makers

International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute
Remember 1847

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

Announcement

We rent every summer a large number of Pianos to wealthy cottagers at Newport, Beverly and Bar Harbor for a few months' use. These pianos are now being returned to Boston and will be sold at a liberal discount from last season's prices. Some of them were new when rented last June and the careful use they have had has not impaired their artistic musical values. Any scratches or signs of wear on the cases have been thoroughly removed so that they look like new. You will find these pianos on our floors for examination, or a printed list fully describing and pricing them will be mailed free to distant purchasers. Most attractive terms of payment for time buyers. Call or write.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
114 Boylston Street, Boston

In a Nutshell.

The Board of Health advertised to grant a hearing one evening last week on the petition of sundry persons praying for improvement in the condition of Horn Pond.

At the time fixed for it numerous citizens assembled at the office of the Board, some of them to be heard, others to witness the proceedings. Among them was Mayor Reade, who had received a special invitation to attend, and was represented at the hearing by City Solicitor Norris. He was present solely for information.

In the course of proceedings Mayor Reade, by his Attorney Norris, attempted to ask the witnesses some questions pertinent to the business in hand, which the Chairman, in an unfair and dictatorial manner, as Mr. Norris claimed, refused to allow him to do. Lawyer N. argued the points raised, but it failed to make any impression on Chairman, and the Mayor and his spokesman were barred out.

A hot controversy ensued, but the Mayor was unable to obtain a hearing, or any satisfaction, from the Chairman

On Friday, Sept. 15, 1905, Mayor Reade, at one fell swoop, removed from office the entire Board of Health. The following was his order, which was duly served by Mr. Joseph H. Buck, Deputy Sheriff:

It is Ordered by the Mayor:

That William H. Keleher, George Buchanan and Dennis S. Doherty, members of the Board of Health of the City of Woburn, severally be and are removed from office for the following causes in his official discretion deemed sufficient:

First: Because of a wanton disregard of public and private rights and contempt of constituted authority.

Second: Because of their curt and contemptuous treatment of the Mayor, and obstructing him in the discharge of the duties of his office at a public hearing attended by him upon notice and request of the Board of Health.

Third: For the good of the public service.

On Monday, Sept. 18, 1905, Mayor Reade appointed A. C. Lane, J. Henry Hutchings, and Charles T. O'Brien, three of the principal physicians of this city, to compose the Woburn Board of Health.

And thus the matter stands for the present, and is likely to so continue.

Are You Engaged?

Engaged people should remember, that, after marriage, many quarrels can be avoided, by keeping their digestions in good condition with Electric Bitters. S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "For years, my wife suffered intensely from dyspepsia, complicated with a torpid liver, until she lost her strength and vigor, and became a mere wreck of her former self. Then she tried Electric Bitters, which helped her at once, and finally made her entirely well. She is now strong and healthy." Robbins Drug Co., druggist, sells and guarantees them, at 50c a bottle.

BOSTON LETTER.

Democrats Still Looking For Candidate.

STATE CONVENTION DATES.

Guild Will Make Great Run In the State.

The political situation to date on the Democratic side is about as near chaos as can be imagined. It is quite possible that the party leaders have an idea who is to be the Democratic nominee for governor, but the rank and file are as innocent of such knowledge as the man in the moon. There are two men spoken of as candidates for the nomination. One of these is General Nelson A. Miles and the other is former Mayor McNamee of Cambridge. General Miles is understood to be in a receptive mood. He would accept it with thanks if it were offered him. The party leaders, however, do not favor him very fervidly, as they do not feel sure that his party convictions are sufficiently strong to lead him along straight party paths in the event of his election. Some of the Democrats say he is a Prohibitionist; others intimate he is more of a Republican than a Democrat, and there is a general feeling that a straight party man should be named.

They conceive it to be wholly a guess as to how he would run if nominated. Some profess to believe that he would arouse a great wave of enthusiasm, and give the Republicans a hard tussle, while others think he would not begin to take the party strength along with him.

Former Mayor McNamee is an out and out candidate for the nomination. He is not waiting for it to seek him out, but he has gone hunting for it with a very frank avowal that he would like it, and intends to get it if he can do so. It is said that he has quite an organization in various parts of the commonwealth, and that he is hustling as hard as he knows how in pursuit of delegates. He is not the man whom the leaders desire. They do not think he would make a popular or a strong candidate. As a matter of fact, they do not care to have his administration as mayor of Cambridge made the platform upon which they must wage the fall campaign.

John R. Thayer of Worcester has declined the nomination, and so has Colonel Albert A. Pope of Boston. Henry M. Whitney of Brookline, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, has also refused to allow the use of his name. If he would consent to run, he would certainly be the most vulnerable target the Democrats could nominate. The citizens of Boston who fought his scheme for putting back the street railroad tracks on Tremont street would like nothing better than an opportunity to show that they remember that episode. Mr. Whitney knows better than to run for governor of Massachusetts.

In the last few days it has been suggested that possibly, after all, Charles S. Hamlin of Boston might be selected as the Democratic standard-bearer. Mr. Hamlin is personally disliked by Colonel William A. Gaston of Boston, who seems to be the Democratic leader in the state at the present moment. It must be recognized, however, that Mr. Hamlin is quite a good speaker, that he has long been identified with the Democratic party, and at one time was one of the leading men in the state Democratic machine. But even Mr. Hamlin has not a wholly consistent record as a politician. He was a gold Democrat against Bryan in 1896, and he was a Bryan supporter on a free silver basis in 1900. In the Democratic national convention in 1904 he did not stand for gold in the platform to the bitter end, as many of his friends thought he should have done.

Nevertheless, there are some Democrats in Massachusetts who think Mr. Hamlin is the best there is left of their gubernatorial timber, and who advocate his nomination. He at least could go on the stump and make a talk, but with a luke-warm feeling among the Boston Democrats he could not expect to make a very strong showing at the polls. If a man like Mr. Hamlin is nominated for governor instead of a man with a barrel as had been hoped by the party leaders there will not be as much money in the campaign chest as there has been in the last three years. Mr. Hamlin is not himself a millionaire, although he has for a young man a snug fortune, but he would not be a heavy contributor to the campaign funds. The party, if he is named, will have to seek elsewhere for its treasure with which to carry on the canvass. As a general rule the Democrats have had campaign funds very heavily in excess of those raised by the Republicans.

The Republican state convention will be held in Boston, Oct. 7. It will be entitled to 1612 delegates, or seven less than last year. There is no opposition whatever to the nomination of Lieutenant Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., of Boston for the governorship. He will have every vote at the convention, and he is undoubtedly very much stronger today than he has ever been before. Everything he has done seems to have met with popular approval. As lieutenant governor he has made a great many friends. Everybody recognizes him as a genial, warm-hearted, whole-souled man.

Those who know him best know that he is a very able, as well as very courageous man and official. He numbers his friends everywhere. The fact that he is to be the unanimous choice of the Republican party indicates something of his standing. For years in the state and national contests his services on the stump have been freely at the disposal of the party. He has campaigned in nearly every state in the Union, and with the leading Republican orators of the nation. His reputation outside of the commonwealth is as secure and as much appreciated as it is at home.

His popularity is not limited by party lines. A prominent Democrat a few days ago predicted that in Boston Mr. Guild would come nearer to carrying the city than anybody has done since 1896.

There are plenty of reasons for this popularity. Mr. Guild has been an active man along many lines for several years. He has been identified with a number of movements for the building up of the commonwealth. He has never hesitated to take a stand for good government, and for the proper administration of the laws during his career. It was Mr. Guild who exposed through his newspaper the undervaluation of raw sugar at the port of New York, secured an investigation of the facts from President Harrison, and in spite of the sugar trust proved his claim that imports were being diverted from Boston by a too low reading of the polariscope at New York, this undervaluation giving an advantage to New York refineries of lower duties than at Boston on the raw material. It was Mr. Guild was originated the agitation for the new drydock at Charlestown navy yard, and wrote the resolutions passed by the legislature demanding it. He has steadily advocated the uniform prohibition of child labor in all the states, and by so doing has been brought into bitter controversy with certain southern newspapers who favor the continuance of child labor.

These are only a few of the things which indicate why Mr. Guild is strong with the people of the commonwealth. He possesses in a marked degree many of the characteristics of President Roosevelt, and his absolute honesty of purpose has won for him the confidence of all who have come in contact with him.

The Republican state convention will also nominate candidates for lieutenant governor, attorney general, state auditor, secretary of the commonwealth and state treasurer. For the last three offices there are no candidates except those officials now holding them. For the nomination to the offices of lieutenant governor and attorney general there are several candidates, and a very animated canvass is on.

The death of Mayor Patrick A. Collins of Boston has completely upset all the Democratic plans in municipal politics. The elevation of Chairman Whelton of the board of aldermen to the position of mayor puts an entirely new aspect upon local conditions. Mr. Whelton is the creature of former Alderman Martin M. Lomasney, and Mr. Lomasney is today the central figure in the municipal show. In the past he has attended very persistently to the upbuilding of a Lomasney machine in the city of Boston. The Boston Democratic leaders have not smiled upon his efforts to wax great and strong as a political leader, but he has always been able to hold his own ward 8, and gradually his followers have overflowed into some of the adjoining wards. With his man in the office of mayor, he becomes a factor whom most of the political leaders fear, and whom few of them claim to trust in political deals. With his added prestige he will come pretty near to naming the next Democratic candidate for mayor and, if he does so, he will loom into a commanding position in the Democratic politics of the city of Boston.

Like Finding Money.

Finding health is like finding money—so think those who are sick. When you have a cough, cold, sore throat, or chest irritation, better act promptly like W. C. Barber, of Sandy Level, Va. He says: "I had a terrible chest trouble, caused by smoke and coal dust on my lungs; but, after finding no relief in other remedies, I was cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds." Greatest sale of any cough or lung medicine in the world. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; 50c and $1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

WINCHESTER.

Our boatmen are in for fine sport this fall.

John Barnard has been chosen Manager of the High School football team.

Every schoolroom is full of pupils, but there is space enough for all comers

Take Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets if you would ward off billiousness, attacks of malaria, and typhoid fever.

The new Episcopal church will be opened for services on Oct. 1, for which elaborate preparations are in progress

The Republican caucus is to be held in Town Hall on Tuesday evening, Sept. 26, and the Democratic caucus at the same place on Wednesday evening Sept. 27.

Our highly prized local paper is a strong advocate of the Eugene Foss Reciprocity scheme; so is Congressman McCall. Put that and that together.

Politics are not hot here as yet, and it will take considerable work to stir things up to a boiling point. We have many political cranks in town, "reformers" they call themselves; but they are harmless. How true it is that the flock always follow the bellweather!

PEACH ICE CREAM

Our Peach Ice Cream is made from NEW FRUIT every day as required.

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TELEPHONE 48-3.

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G. R. GAGE & CO.
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AUCTION ROOMS
AT THE OLD DEPOT.
WANTED, Furniture and Merchandise
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HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN **Hair Renewer**
Perhaps you like your gray hair; then keep it. Perhaps not; then remember—Hall's Hair Renewer always restores color to gray hair. Stops falling hair, also.
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

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Work Neatly Executed and Promptly Delivered.

Fine Work a specialty.

Bottom Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Hay For Sale.
Good English Hay. Free delivery in large or small lots. Apply at 71 Wyman street.
E. C. COLMAN.

Desk Room To Let
at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR, AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

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ACCORDING TO ORDERS

By JOANNA SINGLE

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He kissed her again. Then he held her off and looked at the sweet face with the pride of new possession. Her eyes fell beneath his glance.

"Alida, when did you begin to love me?" She twisted saucily from him.

"I think I won't tell. That I do should satisfy you."

"Yes; it should—and it doesn't. I want to know all about it. Why in the world should you love me? What made you?"

"Well, for one thing, you are very nice—in your way." Her tone was demure. "And father as good as said I mustn't. When you first came here he and I were downtown and met you."

"And on sight my heart got down for you to walk on! I remember that first time." He drew her to a seat beside him on a log in the wood adjoining the links where they were supposed to be playing golf. "What did your father say?"

"I asked who you were and was informed that you were the new lawyer, good, but hopelessly young—and—and"—

"Impecunious," Philip Hardy supplied. "Guilty, your honor. What could he expect of a new lawyer? And I can't help being young."

"And he remarked on your good looks."

"Naturally," said Philip modestly. "He has good taste. I'm glad he likes his future son-in-law. But why else did you like me?"

"Well, father was saving me for my third cousin, Will Robertson, who is coming soon to practice with him. Of course father thinks I don't know his little scheme. And then—I saw you and objected more than ever to being saved up for a mere cousin, who probably wants me as little as I want him."

"Your father needn't worry. I knew Robertson at college. He is engaged to Eleanor Payne and wants to get into the good graces of her father." Alida gasped.

"Well! And I almost hated Eleanor because I thought you were in love with her! Father thinks so."

"It was you. I kept with her to avoid the temptation to tell you that I loved you, for I had no right to offer you—nothing. And here I am! I can give you a little home—nothing like your father's—and I think I can make you happy. Will you come?" She leaned her cheek to his.

"Yes," she answered simply, "I will come." He expressed his satisfaction with silent effectiveness. Then he asked:

"When shall I tell your father?"

"Oh, Phil! He will never consent. Don't ask him yet!"

"I said 'tell him,' not 'ask him,' dear. Does he approve my supposed passion for Eleanor Payne? Yes? Then if he loved his neighbor as himself he'd be quite as willing to have me for his own son-in-law as to sacrifice Judge Payne. So I'm not to tell him?"

"Get better acquainted with him first. You know he's president of the Twenty-fivers!"

"Yes, and of the bank and the golf club and the improvement league, and, for all I know, the kindergarten!"

"Don't try to be funny. It's the most exclusive club in Westerville. You ought to be honored by being elected to membership."

"I am. Initiation comes in a week or two. I must try to win the doctor's favor."

"Well, follow Eleanor conspicuously—not me. We must go. It's too dark even to pretend to play golf."

Philip left his betrothed at the gate of her home. As he swung happily down the street he overtook Eleanor, and as he bent to tell her the joy that had befallen him they met Alida's father, Dr. Marston, and old Dr. Hayes.

"Fine chap, young Hardy; glad to have him in the club, but I'm thankful to Miss Payne for keeping him at her heels. He is dangerously attractive and I was afraid Alida would take a fancy to him. Her mother and I have always wanted her to marry Robertson. When he comes he can look after his own interests."

A week passed. Alida and Philip met often at social functions and at the home of Eleanor, to whom Hardy was apparently devoted. Robertson came, was voted into the club and followed in Alida's wake, to the joyful expectancy of her father.

Initiation night brought great festivities to the club. The two new candidates were subjected to the customary torture, but they bore it with admirable stoicism and were at length released.

At the banquet table the gayety ran high. Wit and satire ruled, but with the toasts came solemnity, whether real or mock the new men could not discover. Pledges and responses became more and more funereal. Finally Dr. Marston, Alida's father, rose from his place and as president of the club pledged the health, happiness and prosperity of the initiated and made a lugubrious speech as to their duties and responsibilities.

"Gentlemen," he finished, addressing Hardy and Robertson, "you alone of this august body are single men—the rest are dignified men of family. It is your solemn—only the married know how solemn—duty to marry and have homes for your own solace and the entertainment of this organization. You should choose from Westerville, for her fair ones must not fall into alien hands. This is all. Gentlemen, your health and happiness; and we expect you to act according to orders." After the applause ceased Hardy rose. His speech, pithy and brilliant, was again and again interrupted by clapping, and he waited for silence. At the last he turned directly to Alida's father and took up the last clause in his recommendations.

"We shall," he said—"for I speak also for Robertson—obey you, doctor, as far as in us lies. But, supposing that your daughters will none of us and our homes, what then? You have counseled us. It is therefore your duty to uphold us in the way 'that never did run smooth.' Will you aid and abet us? In any such scheme have we your co-operation and support—your consent?" The words, lightly spoken, had still an undercurrent of serious meaning. "Do you pledge us your fatherly sanction?" He paused for a reply, and at a signal from Judge Payne they rose as one man and uttered a solemn "We do."

A few days later Dr. Marston brought Judge Payne home from the chess club for a midnight lunch. The light burned low in the library, but passing through the dim hall they heard sounds of mirth emanating from the dining room. The doctor pushed aside the portieres.

In the soft candle light Alida presided at a dainty lunch. Philip Hardy sat opposite, and at her right William Robertson faced Eleanor Payne. The young folks rose gleefully.

"Join us!" they cried, but the doctor shook his head.

"The judge and I have outlived midnight lobster salads and Welsh rabbits. We'll have Dutch lunch in the library. You seem to be having a good time!" He beamed on them. "May I ask if these festivities mean anything in particular?"

"Only an informal attempt to satisfy hunger, daddy," Alida answered. "We have been at cards all evening."

Hardy leaned over and said to Robertson in a low tone, "As well now as ever; they are both in high good humor." Both men arose, and the girls, hardly knowing why, arose too.

"Sir," spoke Hardy, "this is something rather especial. We are celebrating the consent of two fathers to the engagement of their daughters." Judge Payne looked approvingly at his daughter and Hardy, while the doctor regarded Alida and Robertson with scarce concealed satisfaction that his plan had carried so perfectly. But all at once before the astonished parental eyes an inexplicable shifting of partners seemed to be taking place. Hardy took—Alida by the hand. Robertson put an arm about—Eleanor. The parental tribunal stood gasping, not trusting themselves to speak till some one should explain. Then William Robertson, M. D., came to the rescue.

"Judge," he began, "and doctor, we, as faithful Twenty-fivers, are following instructions. The other evening you, doctor, bade us establish homes of our own with a Westerville girl in each. You, judge, with the others, pledged us your support and consent. I have also the consent of your daughter, whom I have wanted since we were in college together. May I have her soon?" Then, before the judge could reply, Hardy addressed the doctor:

"Doctor, redeem your word to sanction with your fatherly consent any attempt of mine to marry a Westerville girl. I have been among you six months—six minutes was enough to make me want Alida—and you knew my father." The two young couples faced the old gentlemen, who finally found their tongues.

"But I thought"—

"I wanted Philip," Alida interrupted.

"And I wanted Will," added Eleanor. The judge laughed.

"And they wanted you—and you don't want us just at present, I take it! Doctor, where's the library and that Dutch lunch? I think we had better adjourn and adjust ourselves to the new order of things. They would have it their own way anyhow, you know! What do you say?" For answer the old doctor suddenly kissed his daughter. Then he pushed her toward her lover.

The two old men left the room together.

Not Out of the Woods Yet.

Many are the changes rung on the old joke which suggests that the physician is more or less a dangerous person, but sometimes the stories are so naive as to have a sort of novelty.

"How's your husband getting along?" somebody asked Mrs. Cutting, whose lifelong companion had been seriously ill with pneumonia.

"Well, I don't know what to say," Mrs. Cutting answered, with the slowness and indecision which characterized all her speech and actions. "You know we've had young Dr. Morse here to him from the first, and at the worst we had old Dr. Green from the Center too. Well, the last time Dr. Green came he said to me, 'Mrs. Cutting, we may now call him out of danger.' So I suppose I might say he is, and yet it doesn't seem much like it with Dr. Morse coming every other day."—Youth's Companion.

Beauty.

"Beauty is a question for the blind to decide," remarked Aristotle when pressed for a definition. Later on he wrote a treatise on the subject, but the manuscript is not extant, and even if it were would we ever be made to agree on the subject of beauty? Men like Hegel, Schelling, Fichte, Emerson, Burke and Gautier wrote philosophical volumes and essays on this topic, none of them agreeing, however. All the poets, the artists and the musicians of the world have tried to tell what beauty is, and only on one single point has a general agreement been made evident—the essence of beauty is the power to attract. As to the secret of this power all the world again disagrees.

A Professor Talks Against Surgery.

Professor Ernst Schwenninger, leading physician of the great district hospital of Gross Lichtenfelde, near Berlin, says that in his opinion recourse is had to operations far too frequently nowadays. It is a surgical craze which has seized on the profession, to be remembered hereafter in its record with amazement. Cutting out the spleen and the vermiform appendix because nothing is known of their functions—an expedient so frequent in modern practice—he looks on as the top notch of professional frenzy. The professor deplores the existing system of specialization in medical studies and does not think that the practitioner who studies the pathology of only a single organ can have a proper knowledge of the others which go to make up the human constitution. "The man," he says, "who devotes all his power of work, all his knowledge and capabilities, to the treatment of only the eyes, nose, ears, skin, nerves or other organs runs a risk of losing feeling, and hence the power to treat human beings. He ceases to be a physician and becomes a virtuoso."

Not a Day's Work For A. V. C.

Major General Willie McBean, V. C., was in his day perhaps the best known "ranker" that ever rose from being a private soldier to the command of a division. Willie got his "cross" for killing no fewer than eleven mutineers one after the other at the storming of Lucknow, and in connection with its bestowal a curious anecdote is still current in the regiment, says the Glasgow Evening News. Of course there was a general parade of "every man who wore a button," and Sir R. Garrett, who pinned the decoration on the hero's breast, made the customary little speech, in the course of which he alluded to the episode as "a good day's work." "Toots, toots, mon," replied Willie, quite forgetting he was on parade and perhaps a little piqued at his performance being spoken of as a day's work—"toots, mon, it did not tak' me twunty meenutes."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Cleverness.

"What's a clever joke?"

"One that makes you laugh when you know absolutely there is nothing to it. —Judge.

RULES FOR CYCLISTS.

Quaint Regulations That Are Enforced In Foreign Lands.

In some foreign countries and cities there are rules and regulations for women cyclists which are decidedly quaint, according to the American way of thinking.

Russian women are not allowed to own cycles except by royal permission, and it is sparingly given. In fact, until comparatively lately, there have been but few Russian wheelwomen, and the majority of these belonged to the royal family.

In France women cyclists are plentiful, but a curious law exists which prevents a married woman joining a touring club unless she can present a signed declaration from her husband that he is willing that she should do so.

In Germany women cyclists are obliged to pass an examination before the city police showing that they have perfect control of their bicycles before they can obtain permission to ride in the streets, and they must carry with them their license on their cycles.

In Vienna no wheelwoman is allowed to take her hands from the handle bars while riding in the streets, and in Florence the fair cyclist is compelled to carry two bells on her machine to warn pedestrians of her vicinity.

These rules are all for the special benefit of women and do not apply to men, who doubtless are considered more capable of controlling the vagaries of the giddy wheel.—New York American.

AN OLD WELSH HOME.

Description of an Interior, With Its Sanded Slate Flags.

Robert Fowler in his book, "Beautiful Wales," makes this pretty description of an old Welsh home: "The floor was of sanded slate flags and on them a long, many legged table, an oak settle, a table piano and some Chippendale chairs. There were also two tall clocks, and they were the most human clocks I ever met, for they ticked with effort and uneasiness. They found the hours troublesome and did not twitter mechanically over them, and at midnight the twelve strokes always nearly ruined them, so great was the effort.

"On the wall were a large portrait of Spurgeon, several sets of verses, printed and framed, in memory of dead members of the family, an allegorical tree watered by the devil and photographs of a bard. There were about fifty well used books near the fire and two or three men smoking and one man reading some serious book aloud by the only lamp, and a girl was carrying out the week's baking of large loaves, flat fruit tarts of blackberry, apple and whinberry, plain golden cakes, large, soft currant biscuits and curled oat cakes.

"And, outside, the noises of a west wind and a flooded stream, the whimper of an otter and the long, slow laugh of an owl, and always silent, but never forgotten, the restless, towering outline of a mountain."

PARCHMENT.

It Was Invented by the Greeks When Papyrus Was Scarce.

There is no evidence that papyrus was grown for commercial purposes outside of Egypt during the whole Roman period, and the industry of its growth and manufacture must have been a large and profitable one. In the time of Tiberius a sedition was nearly caused by a scarcity of paper, and a rebellious paper maker, in the days of Aurelian, boasted that he could equip an army from the profits of his business—and did it too.

Parchment was invented by the Greeks when papyrus was scarce, and the middle ages reinvented it. There is evidence that linen rags were used in paper making as early as the eighth and ninth centuries. In paper of that period the fiber was chiefly linen, with traces of cotton, hemp and other fibers. The known specimens are of oriental origin and appear to have been clayed, like modern papers, the material used being a starch paste manufactured from wheat.

The oldest manuscript written on cotton paper in England is in the British museum and dates from 1049 A. D., and the oldest on the same material in the Paris National library is dated 1050. In 1085 the Christian successors of the Spanish Saracens made paper of rags instead of raw cotton, which had been formerly employed.

A Little Mixed.

After a meeting of the parish council in a New England town the chairman rose to sum up.

"You keep us here," he said, "till 10 o'clock at night, and then you cast the town drains in our teeth. You keep us here plowing the sands, and then when all decent people are asleep you go into the public drains, causing unnecessary friction. It won't do—it's too barefaced to hold water."—Harper's Weekly.

A Sharp Seat.

Tommy's Pop (explaining the mysteries of country life)—Yes, a hen will sit on an egg and hatch it. Tommy—Gracious! I should think it would hurt to sit on a hatchet.—Philadelphia Record.

Improving Times.

"Darling, it seems to me that you are more beautiful every time I see you."

"You must come and see me oftener, Jack."—Brooklyn Life.

Are You Hungary?

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well, come along, I'll Fiji."—National Geographic Magazine.

A tree with a lofty head has less shade at its foot.

Boy's Breakfast Logic.

Father (to sleepy headed son coming to breakfast on time)—So you got up before breakfast, did you? Son—No, sir, after it. Father (surprised)—After? Son—Yes, sir. If I hadn't got up after it I wouldn't have got any.

His Was Permanent.

"I say, Jenkins, I'm in a temporary embarrassment. Can you lend me $10?"

"Only a temporary embarrassment? You're much luckier than I am."—Translated For Tales From Fliegende Blatter.

Ten Long Words.

A correspondent wants to know if the telegraph companies would send the following ten words, which, he says, are the ten largest words in the language, at the regular rates for ten words: Valetudinarianism, subconstitutionalist, incomprehensibility, philoprogenitiveness, honorificibilitudinity, anthropophagenenarian, disproportionableness, velocipedestrianistical, transubstantiationableness, proantitransubstantiationist. He can easily find out by sending them.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 24.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Ps. cxxi, 5—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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LESSON I.—Sennacherib's invasion (II Chron. xxxii, 9-23). Golden Text, II Chron. xxxii, 8, "With us is the Lord our God to help us and to fight our battles." One of the most beautiful things in this lesson, which is so full of the manifestation of the carnal mind, is to see the king and the prophet taking hold of God in prayer (verse 20) and to note their aim in asking deliverance, "That all the kingdoms of the earth may know that Thou art the Lord God, even Thou only" (II Kings xix, 19).

LESSON II.—Hezekiah's prayer (Isa. xxxviii, 1-8). Golden Text, Ps. xlvi, 1, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." In last lesson the trouble was national; now it is personal, but the king seems more cast down than in the last. Sometimes a great calamity is borne better than a small trial. Hezekiah had not the bright future before him which we have (Phil. i, 21, 23); there was no risen Christ, and yet he had as much light as Moses and Aaron, from whom we hear no complaint when told their time had come.

LESSON III.—The suffering Saviour (Isa. lii, 13; liii, 12). Golden Text, Isa. liii, 6, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." From Gen. iii, 21, on through Gen. xxii, Ex. xii, Ps. xxii, and notably in this lesson we have set before us a Messiah of Israel who must suffer—"The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. xiii, 8), the sinners' substitute, suffering in our stead, bearing our sins in His own body on the tree, dying the just for the unjust.

LESSON IV.—The gracious invitation (Isa. lv, 1-13). Golden Text, Isa. lv, 6, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." If we would understand and walk with God we must let His ways and His thoughts displace ours. In reference to blessing upon all nations, after Israel has been blessed with the sure mercies of David (verse 3), then all nations shall run to Israel (verse 5).

LESSON V.—Manasseh's sin and repentance (II Chron. xxxiii, 1-13). Golden Text, Prov. xiv, 34, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." The invitation of last lesson is even for such as Manasseh or Barabbas or Saul of Tarsus. The wonderful grace of God is for the chief of sinners. The Scriptures fully set forth the love of God and the sin of man that all may know that the Lord is God (verse 13).

LESSON VI.—Josiah's good reign (II Chron. xxxiv, 1-13). Golden Text, Eccl. xii, 1, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." "Right in the sight of the Lord" is a statement that should become part of the very being of every believer, as it implies the fellowship which brings heaven to earth. It means doing always those things that please Him.

LESSON VII.—Josiah and the Book of the Law (II Chron. xxxiv, 14-28). Golden Text, Ps. cxix, 16, "I will not forget thy word." Josiah's reverence for the word of God indicated God's special favor to him, according to Isa. lxvi, 2. Blessed are all such. And yet how reasonable that we should reverence, receive meekly and believe fully and obey promptly all that God has said.

LESSON VIII.—Jehoiakim burns the word of God (Jer. xxxvi, 21-32). Golden Text, Jer. xxvi, 13, "Amend your ways and your doings and obey the voice of the Lord your God." In great contrast to Josiah and his submission to the word of God see this wicked son of his hating and deliberately destroying the message from the Lord, but it only led, as always, to a new and enlarged edition (verse 32).

LESSON IX.—Jeremiah in the dungeon (Jer. xxxviii, 1-13). Golden Text, Matt. v, 10, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The father of lies told a big one when he said that Jeremiah was seeking the hurt and not the welfare of the people, but nothing is too bad for him who dares to make God a liar (Gen. ii, 17; iii, 4; I John v, 10). If we are the Lord's witnesses we must expect such treatment as He received.

LESSON X.—The captivity of Judah (II Chron. xxxvi, 11-21). Golden Text, Num. xxxii, 23, "Be sure your sin will find you out." The iniquity of Judah came to a head, as that of Israel had done over 100 years before, and the Lord did just what He had said by the mouth of Jeremiah that He would do (verse 21).

LESSON XI.—The life giving stream (Ezek. xlvii, 1-12). Golden Text, Rev. xxii, 17, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." While we are taught to expect that from the Holy City there shall flow real water to the Dead sea and also eastward, the practical truth for our hearts is that Jehovah Himself is the fountain of living water (Jer. ii, 13), which is ever flowing from the throne of God for us, and naught else can ever satisfy the thirst of our souls.

LESSON XII.—Daniel in Babylon (Dan. i, 8-20). Golden Text, Dan. i, 8, "Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself." People like Daniel are greatly needed, who will stand before God rather than the great ones of this world and keep themselves wholly for Him at all costs. "The Lord liveth before whom I stand" was as truly Daniel's motto as it was that of Elijah and Elisha. Notice the Lord working in verses 2, 9, 17, and lay it to heart that He is a God who worketh for him who waiteth for Him (Isa. lxiv, 4, Rev. Ver.).

Cicero's Wives.

Cicero had a shrew named Terentia, who made him do as she pleased. He was under great obligations to Clodius, but when the divorce suit of Caesar against Pompilia came up for trial Terentia compelled Cicero to appear against Clodius. Tired of Terentia, Cicero got a divorce and married a rich girl named Publilia, left her and lived alone until his death.

Pity the Widower.

From the Cork Constitution: "The friends of a respectable young widow want to get her housekeeping in a respectable widower's family. Understands her business." There seems a certain want of finesse in this latter statement.—London Punch.

She Told Him.

De Bore—Is Miss Lilliwhite in? Truthful Domestic—She's out. De Bore—Hum! Whom is she out with? Truthful Domestic—Out with you.

If thou art a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf.—Fuller.

BELINDA'S INTERVENTION

By A. M. Davies Ogden

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Miss Belinda Tremayne, aetat, seven and one-half years, regarded her new treasure with a slow, contemplative gaze. A brief past, checkered by the speedy demise of various cherished chickens, goldfish and birds, had rendered her somewhat skeptical as to the value of birds, but this puppy looked encouragingly healthy.

"I expect you might live as long as ten years," she speculated, "and by then I shall probably be married and not miss you if anything did happen." At which satisfactory conclusion she yielded to her surging affection and hugged the puppy close, an attention which he returned by a series of damp kisses from a small red tongue.

But there was still Aunt Lillian to be reckoned with. Aunt Lillian did not like dogs. In fact, Belinda was not sure that she had discovered what Aunt Lillian did like, and Miss Ferrars herself was beginning to have doubts on the subject. When her sister's health had necessitated a sudden trip to Europe Miss Ferrars had eagerly offered to take charge of Belinda. The results had been startling. Miss Ferrars, filled with conscientious enthusiasm, set herself to the task of inculcating the precepts of wisdom into the youthful mind, but Belinda, placid, unmoved, pursued an unimpressed course. Miss Ferrars sighed. She had imagined children as clean faced, curly haired infants with gentle, obedient ways. Belinda was rarely clean; no amount of twisting could persuade a curl into those unruly locks. Miss Ferrars began to wonder whether she had been wise to assume this responsibility. She admitted to herself that she did not in the least understand the child, but she loved her, which helped a lot, even if Miss Ferrars did not know it.

Now, daintily fresh and sweet in the crispest of white muslins, Miss Ferrars sat on the wide, cool veranda, embroidering some pretty trifle. The sudden apparition of a shaggy, panting puppy in her lap caused her to emit a little shriek. Then her eyes met Belinda's earnest face.

"It's my new puppy," exclaimed Belinda. "I love him a lot, and he loves me. He will love you, too," she added generously. Miss Ferrars hesitated.

"But, Belinda"— Belinda's lip began to tremble; a misty film crept over her eyes. Miss Ferrars' heart softened.

"Well," she relented, "if he is kept in the stable, perhaps— Why, Belinda"—struck by a new thought—"where did you get him?"

Belinda waved a vague arm. "Over there," she observed importantly. "A man gave him to me. He said his name was Frank, so that's the puppy's name. I named him for him."

"What!" cried Miss Ferrars. She had flushed a deep, lovely pink; then the color had faded. Frank! He was back, then. With a quick movement she pushed the puppy from her lap. How had he dared speak to the child? Of course she must not allow Belinda to keep his dog. Yet, to break her word—a thing against all her theories of upbringing! A troubled frown puckered her white forehead.

"You may keep the puppy," she declared reluctantly, "but he must not come near the house. Do you understand, Belinda?"

And Belinda nodded a blissful "Yes."

From that day the two were inseparable. If Miss Ferrars had hoped that Belinda might grow tired of her acquisition, the hope faded. Wherever the chubby little legs wandered, close behind stumbled the faithful puppy. It soon became impossible to enforce the stable order; Belinda insisted upon the constant companionship of her treasure.

Miss Ferrars grew restless. The pretty soft pink of her cheeks began to pale. Why had Frank Halstead come home? Did he mean to stay? This possibility of running across him made her nervous. She fell into the habit of taking long walks in the country, lingering along the shady woodland paths. She wished to be out if he called, she told herself.

But he did not call, and Miss Ferrars' eyes began to have a tired, unhappy look. If only he would go away. And this constant hearing of his name, "Fwank, Fwank, Fwank," all day long! Miss Ferrars felt sometimes as if she hated the dog.

Belinda, vaguely conscious of something wrong, watched her aunt with childish, wistful anxiety. Did auntie really not like Frank? She said she did not, but once Belinda had come upon her patting the rough little back and Belinda had seen that there were tears, really tears, in auntie's eyes. Belinda was sorely puzzled. She longed for some one with whom she could consult. But mamma was away off across the ocean, and Frank, though striving his best to console, was no use as adviser. And then suddenly Belinda gasped under the force of a daring inspiration.

If she could find that nice young man who had given her Frank—if she could talk things over with him! The memory of the merry blue eyes, the kindly smile, still dwelt in the child's grateful little heart, though since that day she had been forbidden to go near the gate, and consequently had seen him no more. He could not live very far away. And he would help, she felt sure. To think, with Belinda, was to act. A moment later she was tramping down the long avenue to the gate. She would find him.

Up at the house Miss Ferrars waited. Where could Belinda be? The child's supper hour came and went; the slow shadows began to darken. Miss Ferrars grew alarmed; it was not like Belinda to be late for meals.

Hastily catching up a lace scarf the girl hurried toward the gate, some instinct warning her whither the little truant had fled. On the path just across the road lay a crumpled, much soiled handkerchief. With quickening heart beats Miss Ferrars ran down the path. Had Belinda gone all alone into the woods? A little sob forced its way out. Belinda, oh, Belinda!

Round the turn in the path came the sound of a clear, mellow whistle, followed by a tall, straight limbed young fellow, at the sight of whom Miss Ferrars felt for an instant as if all the blood in her body had rushed to her heart. Then all at once a strange feeling of security, of content, seemed to envelop her. He was there; he would make everything all right. The young man came hastily forward.

"Lillian!" he exclaimed, then more formally, "Miss Ferrars."

Miss Ferrars held out two appealing little hands.

"Belinda," she gasped. "Belinda. She is lost."

"Lost?" echoed Halstead, puzzled. "Oh, the little girl, you mean. She can't be very far away," consolingly. "Come along; we'll find her."

But as they hastened down the path Halstead was not thinking of the child. A sudden glad tide of exultation was racing through his veins. She had spoken to him. She had turned to him for help. He was not utterly beyond forgiveness then. How white Lillian looked! Was it all distress over the loss of Belinda? Or could it be that she, too, regretted that quarrel—that useless, senseless quarrel? He stopped.

"Lilian," he began eagerly, but the girl held up a warning finger.

"Hush! Don't; I hear a noise," she breathed.

There was a faint yap in the bushes, a subdued bark. Halstead plunged into the green to return with Belinda, a warm, sleepy Belinda, high on his shoulder, while Frank trotted close behind. Miss Ferrars sprang forward.

"Oh, Belinda, dear, how could you run off and frighten poor auntie so?" she asked tenderly. Belinda opened a drowsy eye.

"I—I wanted to find him," she explained, "but—but it was a long way, and I got so tired. I wanted to ask him why you cried when you patted Fwank," she went on earnestly. "Don't you really like Fwank? I—I didn't like to fink that you didn't weally like him just a little bit"—wistfully. "Don't you, auntie?"

"Don't you?" repeated the man, and his tone sounded queer and unsteady. "Can't you? For—for he cares so much for you."

Miss Ferrars, a great shy happiness dawning in her eyes, bent over Belinda.

"Indeed, I—I do like Frank," she confessed. "I—I always have, though I—I didn't know it. I—I care very much, too, Belinda, dear."

Belinda, with a satisfied sigh, snuggled down on the broad shoulder.

"I knew if I could only find my man it would be all right," she murmured contentedly. "Ask him to take us home, auntie."

And Miss Ferrars obediently complied.

Real Mean of Bill.

"I wouldn't have thought it of him, sir," said the old sailor—"him that had sailed shipmates with me for years. His name it were Bill Withers, and we got away from a wreck in the Indian ocean together in one of the quarter boats. There came a day when the water and food gave out, and I says to Bill, says I:

"'Bill, we can go about three days on nothing, and then I shall have to eat you.'

"'All right, old ship,' says he, and there was nothing more to be said about it. Four days passed, and then I says to Bill:

"'Stand up and see if there's a sail in sight.'

"'Nary a sail,' says he, after looking around.

"'Then I've got to eat you.'

"'All right, old ship, but let me tell you that I have just taken a big dose of poison, and if you eat me you won't be long arter me.'"

"And was it so?" was asked of Bill's friend.

"It was so, sir, and what does Bill do but swell up and die and fall overboard and leave me to go on suffering for four days more before a bark sighted and picked me up. Would you have believed there was as mean a man in all this world?"—Detroit Tribune.

"Shooting the Moon."

It is curious to remark how differently men of different races comport themselves in the presence of identical emergencies. When an Irishman, for example, finds that he cannot pay his rent, he insists on remaining in his homestead all the same and when an organized effort is made to turn him out he climbs up on to the roof of his domicile and throws hives of bees at the invaders. When an Englishman finds himself in a similar predicament he breaks the law by stealth—that is to say, he moves his furniture secretly, by midnight, to another lodging and leaves no address behind him. And, as all the world knows, "shooting the moon" is the technical term for this nefarious performance. If one were asked by a stranger how the poor live in outcast London one would have to answer that it is largely "by shooting the moon" that a great many of them are enabled to eke out a precarious subsistence.—London Graphic.

Economy is in itself a source of great revenue.—Seneca.

Shakespeare a Bad Sleeper.

Personally I should say, writes F. F. Montague in the London Saturday Review, that Shakespeare was a bad sleeper. The well known lines in 'Henry IV." suggest the passionate longing for sleep which only those who have experienced the long drawn misery of a "white night" can feel. Again, what is more suggestive of a lie awake night in London in August than

O comfort killing night, image of hell!

or

O hateful, vaporous and foggy night!

in "The Rape of Lucrece."

Or, again, take the twenty-seventh sonnet:

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired,
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind when body's work's expired.

This seems to me the true wail of the insomnolent, and the sonnets are supposed to be autobiographical, I believe.

Compromising a Tenor.

Czar Nicholas I. used to walk the streets of St. Petersburg alone wrapped in a large gray cloak. It was forbidden to speak to him, but the czar sometimes forgot that a subject could not obey the prohibition if the emperor addressed him.

Once the czar met in a park the tenor singer of the Italian opera and exchanged a few words with him. The moment the czar was out of sight the police arrested the tenor. That evening the czar attended the opera, where, after a long delay, the manager announced that the tenor could not be found. Nicholas guessed what had happened and sent an aid-de-camp to release the singer.

A few days after the czar again met the tenor and began with an apology:

"I was very sorry"—

"May I implore your majesty," the Italian exclaimed, "not to speak to me? Your majesty will compromise me with the police."

Measures.

A gallon is exactly ten pounds of distilled water, so when housewives say "a pint's a pound the world around" they are mistaken.

The imperial standard yard, which is the same as our own, is the distance between two fine lines on a bar of bronze, measured at 62 degrees F. The bar is kept mounted on eight rollers in a special steel safe in London.

The standard pound is kept in a silver gilt box contained in a bronze box, the top of which is securely screwed down and the whole placed in a special compartment of the same safe.

The German metric system took the place of more than twenty local measures. The Hesse-Darmstadt foot was less than ten inches, the Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt foot more than fifteen.

London Sunday Closing Riots.

London had its troubles with Sunday closing laws when in 1855 there were riots caused by Lord Robert Grosvenor's bill to put down Sunday trading. A crowd hostile to the measure went to Hyde park "to see how the aristocrats kept the Sabbath," as a newspaper of that time put it. Carriages taking the afternoon drive were greeted with yells of "Go to church!" and with hooting that scared many horses into running away. A week later the police prohibited a meeting that was announced, but tens of thousands of people appeared, and there were vigorous struggles with the police. On the third Sunday pure rowdyism supervened, footmen were assaulted, and windows were smashed wholesale through the aristocratic districts. Then the trouble died out, and so did the bill.

The St. Bernard Pass.

The examinations made at the Great St. Bernard show that the pass was not only used by foot passengers, but by horsemen in Roman times. It seems that it was a safer route in the time of Vitellius than until the last few years. Excavations demonstrate that there were two buildings, much farther apart than is the present road. There was a temple there, and some fifty votive tablets have been found. It must always have been a place of refuge, though often subjected to attack. Signs of violence are demonstrated by the fact that votive tablets have been discovered broken and thrown into the swamp below. It was in the eleventh century that St. Bernard of Menthon founded the modern hospice.

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Insect That Sits on Eggs.

A remarkable case of an insect sitting on its eggs is recorded by F. P. Dodd in the "Transactions of the Entomological Society of London." This strange departure from the normal habits of the insect race is exhibited by a species of bug. The female sits in a brooding attitude over her eggs for a period of three weeks. When the young begin to break through she retires an inch or so from the eggs and remains there for some hours until the last egg is hatched. She then departs, leaving the young ones to take care of themselves. During the whole time of brooding and till all the young are hatched the mother eats nothing. It is thought that this brooding habit may be a means of protection against the attacks of ichneumon flies.—London Globe.

Moroccan Slave Markets.

The sale of slaves in Morocco is a very remarkable ceremony. When the buyers have taken their seats in the market place the auctioneers advance in line to the center of the market and offer up a prayer. They appeal for divine favor on behalf of buyers and sellers and anathematize Satan and all his works. The buyers interpolate "amen" at the proper moments. When the last word of prayer has been said the slaves are brought forward, parcelled out among the auctioneers and led around the circle of buyers, who raise the prices of the men, women and children they desire to purchase.

Rossini's Criticism.

Very cruel, says an author, was Rossini's silent criticism of a score sent to him by a young musician. Rossini was fond of macaroni. The musician, knowing this, sent him along with his score a packet of macaroni of unusual excellence. In a humble little note he asked the composer to point out the merits of his work if he found any there. Rossini's reply ran like this: "Thanks for your score and the macaroni. The latter was excellent."

A Vegetarian Danger.

In some respects vegetarians suffer more than meat eaters from uric acid poisoning, seeing that beans, peas, lentils and peanuts contain twice as much of the poison as meat. The natives of India suffer greatly from uric acid diseases owing to the quantity of dahl (lentils) they eat. Other natives who avoid dahl are almost entirely free.—Dr. Haig in London Mail.

His Ambition.

Uncle Horace (who is something of a sage and philosopher)—My boy, it is time for you to begin to think seriously of the kind of future you intend to map out for yourself. To sum it up in a word, what epitaph are you ambitious to have engraved upon your tombstone? Nephew (just beginning his career)—He got his share.—Chicago Tribune.

No Prevaricator.

"Jack Ardupp tried to borrow a dollar from me just now, but he didn't get it. I told him I hadn't a sou."

"Wasn't that stretching the truth considerably?"

"Not at all. I never saw one, in fact. It's a French coin, isn't it?"—Pittsburg Post.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement. In effect June 4, 1905. Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.49, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY**—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.02, A. M., 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 2.25, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.04, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.55, 2.41, 3.23, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.24, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22, 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.02 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.23, 4.16, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05 and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M, and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

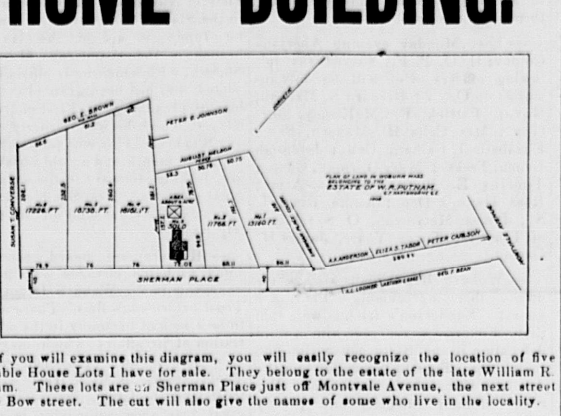
Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

--SUNDAYS.--

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

HOME BUILDING.



If you will examine this diagram, you will easily recognize the location of five desirable House Lots I have for sale. They belong to the estate of the late William R. Putnam. These lots are on Sherman Place just off Montvale Avenue, the next street above Bow street. The cut will also give the names of some who live in the locality.

LOCATION.

The location is high, healthy and sightly, and the neighborhood is good. It is the intention of the trustees to carry out the purpose of the late Mr. Putnam in the sale of these lots, and to dispose of them only to parties who will make desirable citizens and pleasant neighbors.

INCREASED VALUES.

These lots are within four minutes' walk of the splendid new High School building now in process of construction, in the High School Park. When the building is completed, and this park of thirty acres is laid out and beautified, real estate in this part of the city is sure to increase in value. These lots are also within a block of the Woburn and Stoneham Electric Line.

HOME BUILDING.

I believe these lots offer a rare opportunity for an enterprising young man to own a home of his own, as they will be sold at a low price and on easy terms If not ready to build at once, the right man ought easily to pay interest an taxes on the land by market gardening, as the land is strong and good and will respond to intelligent working. The only exception to this, is Lot No. 6. This is higher than the others, is ledgy, and covered with a beautiful oak grove. It is a fine lot, however, where a garden is not especially cared for.

I have within a few days sold Lot No. 3, with buildings thereon. This house is now being repaired and put in firstclass condition by the present owner.

For prices and terms, call on or write to

JAMES A. WEST, No. 8 Brown Place, Woburn, Mass.
AGENT FOR THE TRUSTEES.

THE BLOOD OF HIS SIRES

By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure

There was hunger in the house of the wolf.

When night had come down there had come with it from the crest of the mountains, from the black mouths of the passes, from the depths of the dismal canyons, a wind that cut like a knife and shriveled like fire, and now and then a gust had brought hail to sting like bird shot. The wolf had gone back to his lair and given up the hunt for the night. There would be no game afoot for him in such weather.

When morning came the weather had softened a bit, and there were snowflakes flying about in wild confusion. The wolf sat up at the mouth of his lair and whined and complained. As he felt the pangs of hunger he howled dismally. No beast of prey can find his game blindfolded. Back in the cave was a mother wolf, with her two young, softly growling to herself as she heard the howls of the father.

By and by the wind ceased for a moment, as if smothered by the falling flakes, and then it came with noisy complaint up the narrow valley and around the rocky cliffs and big bowlders. The wolf ceased howling. The wind brought him a taint—a scent. He stood on his hind legs and pawed the air and sniffed and showed his fangs. A moment later he signaled for the mother wolf to join him. She also reared up and sniffed at the air.

It surely was the scent of game. It was feeble and came from afar, but it was worth investigation. With a half angry growl at each other, born of hunger and greed, the wolves bounded away down the wind. The falling curtain of snow limited their vision to yards, but a wolf's nose guides him after he becomes blind of old age.

"We will go out this morning," said the leader of the park patrol to his men. "We will go north, east, south and west. The buffaloes will be lying up in the thickets in such a storm as this, and the wolves will be hungry to find them."

They went in pairs, the strong and hardy men who brave the seasons to protect life in the great park set aside for the nation away up where the waters of the muddy Missouri are as cold as the Arctic ocean and as clear as glass.

The buffaloes would have only one enemy on such a day—the big timber wolf. The bear would wait for better weather to search for his food. The men turned their backs on each other, leaned forward on their snowshoes and in thirty seconds were hidden from each other's sight. They knew the groves, the thickets, the spots which the buffalo would seek for shelter, and they skirted or passed through such places with the stealthy tread of ghosts.

"Hark! It is the snarl of a wolf!"

The two men who had gone to the north halted in their tracks with hand to ear and listened. As the wind had brought the scent to the wolf at the door of his lair so it also brought the menacing snarls of a beast of prey to the expectant patrollers.

"Wolves, for sure!"

"And after buffalo! Straight ahead!"

The wolves had followed the scent to its source. A buffalo bull and three or four cows, scattered some distance from the main herd, were sheltered up in a small grove on the bank of a creek. The bull had come to his prime in the wild and rugged park. He was not a stranger to the grunt of the bear and the snarl of the wolf. They had menaced him many times, and many times he had defied them, though it had never come to open attack. Both wolf and bear appeared to have an intuition that the buffalo was under man's protection and that it would not do to go too far.

With the scent coming stronger at every jump, the wolves at length broke through the dead vines and stunted cedars to find themselves upon their prey. In front of the thicket was an open glade. They paused here for a moment to plan the attack, and as they planned they whined and snarled and growled. They did not want to have anything to do with the bull. The cows were not fighters, and their flesh was more tender. If they became frightened at the growling they would make a bolt for it and separate.

The bull had caught sight of his enemies as they broke cover. He never had seen a timber wolf at such close quarters. Something told him that they were hungry and desperate and that they would attack. He gave a shiver of apprehension and almost started to flee. Then the blood of his sires came surging through him. They had fought the wolves of the prairie, the wolves of the timber, the lions of the foothills. Many had been pulled down after a long, hard battle, but not one had ever turned tail and run away. With a call to stand their ground and with head and tail up and eyes beginning to burn, he dashed out of his covert to begin the battle. He had bulk, and he must have freedom of movement. The wolves, surprised by his sudden attack, gave way, but they did not go far.

"Now we shall see a fight worth talking of," said one of the patrollers as both took positions of vantage. "The wolves are big and hungry and cunning, but if the bull is not the son of his father we will kill him for a coward. Now the battle begins!"

The wolves separated to make the attack. They were done with snarls and growls. They needed all their breath for sterner work. While one dashed at the muzzle of the bull the other sought to gain his rear and hamstring him. A long leap and a savage bite would do the trick. The bull bore no scars of former conflicts, but instinct told him what to do. His wheelings were so swift that every spring of the wolf was disappointed, and twice within ten minutes a pair of cloven hoofs caught the shaggy beast in the ribs and rolled him over and over in the snow. Then the pair gathered in front to make an attack on the throat. It was only a feint intended to force the bull back into the thicket, where his movements would be hampered. He had scarcely given ground when he saw through the game and blocked it.

"Did you see? Did you see?" gleefully exclaimed the elder patroller as he softly clapped his mittened hands together. "I was not mistaken in the bull. He is the son of his father."

"But the timber wolf is cunning and tireless," replied the other, with doubt in his tones.

"Wait and you will see."

The wolves sought to attack on both flanks at once. The bull needed agility here and he put it forth. There was a foot of snow on the open, but that was in his favor. For a quarter of an hour the wolves pursued their plan and two or three times the teeth of one or the other inflicted scratches on the clean loins, but they were not serious, and they circled and leaped in vain. Then they lay panting in the snow, their red tongues seeming half the length of their bodies. It was another feint. It was to lead the bull to believe that he had gained the victory and send him moving off. He would not have taken ten steps before they would have been upon him. He stood his ground and uttered a low bellow. It was a command to the cows to stand their ground also.

"But the bull has not made an attack up to this time. Will he stand on the defensive and let them wear him out?"

"You wait. You see how his tail is beginning to twitch? See the new fire in his eyes? Watch his neck stiffen! I tell you there's a thunderbolt in that bull. He bad sires that were game."

Of a sudden there was a bellow of anger and defiance, a rush on the part of the bull, and through the whirling, blowing snow the patrollers saw the body of one of the wolves tossed high in air. They moved nearer, but the rushes of the bull scattered the snow as a whirlwind would and only at intervals could they catch sight of assailed and assailants moving about.

"Have they downed him?" was asked as the noises finally died away.

"Let the snow settle. There—do you see? That wolf lying there has a broken back; the other is limping away on three legs. See the bull draw himself up and shake his head and lash his tail. Why, man, if there had been six of them instead of two he'd have fought and won. He has the blood of his sires, and blood will always tell."

HUMANITY'S HUNGERS.

What They Are and the Ages at Which They First Appear.

Professor Earl Barnes is authority for the following list of "human hungers" and the ages at which they can first be noticed:

Hunger for food and drink—infancy.
Hunger for action—infancy.
Hunger for knowledge—infancy.
Hunger for companionship — six weeks.
Hunger for property—two years.
Hunger for self aggrandizement—five years.
Hunger for beauty—two years.
Hunger for reasoning—seven years.
Hunger for worship—thirteen years.
Hunger for righteousness — fifteen years.

The natural desire for food and drink is strongest, said the professor, at birth. After twenty the appetite should, if not misused, become less and less till at seventy a man or woman ought to require only one small meal a day.

The "hunger" for property is very strong at about fifteen—the "collecting" age, when boys will amass anything, from stamps to beetles. When all other "hungers" fail the "property hunger" still exists, and a man is most likely to be a miser when he is nearest his grave.

The "hunger" for beauty—that is, the real "beauty hunger," which means the admiration of art for art's sake—is the most uncommon of all.—London Express.

The Defects of Memory.

With the mass of men it is unquestionable that one fact drives out another, and it is doubtful if the most learned person carries in his mind more details of knowledge when fifty years old than he carried at twenty. It is only that he carries different things. The great lawyer, for instance, obliged to retain in his memory all the minutiae of the most complex case, with the liability of hopeless defeat should one fact drop out of place in the chart of his mental voyage, may very likely have to enter on another case by wholly forgetting the first one. He can no more carry it all with him than he can carry the knowledge by which he perhaps graduated summa cum laude from college ten years before—as, for instance, chemistry or the differential calculus.—Atlantic.

The Umbrella.

An umbrella is a "little shade." Cotgrave in 1611 defined an "umbrello" as "a (fashion of) round and broad fanne, wherwith the Indians (and from them our great ones) preserve themselves from the heat of a scorching sunne." To Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher likewise the "umbrella" was a sunshade. According to Florio (1598) an umbrella was "a little round thing that women bare in their hands to shadow them; also, a broadbrimd hat to keep off heat and rayne; also, a kind of round thing like a round skreene that gentlemen use in Italy in time of sommer."

Whistler and the Amateur.

When James MacNeill Whistler went to Venice to make those fourteen famous etchings of his he became so intoxicated with its beauty that he made seventy pastels first, leaving his etchings till the last few days. These pastels made a tremendous sensation. All the art world of Venice was carried away with enthusiasm, excepting a Russian painter, who declared them tricks, betting a basket of champagne he could paint six not to be distinguished from them. Mr. Whistler amiably gave some of his paper and six pastels, which were finally mixed up with those by the Russian and submitted to a jury who had seen none of them. Mr. Whistler's pastels were unmistakable, and the Russian lost the wine. A few days later the two met on the Rialto, and Mr. Whistler laughed a little about the wine and the bet. The Russian was furious. "You forget, sir," he said, "that I'm a Russian, and if you scratch one you find a Tartar underneath." "Oh, no, you have it wrong," said Mr. Whistler, "you have it wrong. I scratched an artist and found an amateur."

The Last English Duel.

The last duel—the last fatal one, at least—was fought in a field in Maiden lane in a solitary part of Holloway in 1843. The district acquired considerable notoriety from the event. It was the duel fought between Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Munro. The former was killed. The duelists were not only brother officers; they were also brothers-in-law, having married two sisters.

The coroner's jury on the inquest returned a verdict of willful murder not only against Lieutenant Munro, but against the seconds also. The latter, however, were acquitted. Munro evaded the hands of justice by seeking refuge abroad. Four years later he surrendered to take his trial at the Old Bailey. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. He was, however, strongly recommended to mercy, and the sentence was eventually commuted to twelve months' imprisonment.

The neighborhood in which this duel was fought is no longer solitary. A wide thoroughfare, known as the Brecknock road, runs through it, and a rifle ground beside the Brecknock Arms appropriately indicates the place where the final shot was fired.—Chambers' Journal.

Wanted—A Servant.

Good servants are much in demand in Washington as well as in other cities. Mrs. R. had searched long and vainly for a fairly good general servant, a colored one, and at last in despair she stopped an elderly colored woman who looked as if she might have been one of the antebellum house servants, and therefore a reliable one, and made known her wants.

"I want a girl who is trusty and a good cook. I am willing to put out most of our laundry work and to give fair wages, but so far I haven't been able to engage one," said Mrs. R. "Don't you know of some one whom I can get?"

"'Deed, no, lady, I don't," was the answer.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. R., "what shall I do?"

"I dunno, fuh shaw, lady, less'n you does as I has to—hire a white woman." —Lippincott's.

How to Detect Arsenic.

One of the familiar tests by which a chemist recognizes the presence of arsenic is the odor of garlic given off when one of its compounds is heated in the blowpipe flame. The same smell of garlic is produced when certain fungi grow on substances containing arsenic. And it is interesting to note that one species of fungus is found to accomplish this feat of chemical analysis more effectively when it is grown in connection with yellow algal cells—in other words, when it forms the plant association known as lichen. The above method of detecting arsenic seems specially applicable to cases of poisoning where the substance is mixed with organic matter which would form a suitable medium for the culture of the fungus.

Tongs.

Tongs were said to have been invented in China B. C. 1122, but representations of them have been found on the Egyptian monuments B. C. 2200. In India they are claimed as in use since B. C. 900, and their principal employment in that country, where fires during the most of the year are superfluous, was to facilitate the handling of dead bodies in the funeral pyres. Seventy pairs of tongs, some bronze, some iron, have been taken from the ruins of Pompeii.

An Awful Dig.

"Oh, dear, I'm going on the stage next month. Aren't you surprised?"

"Why, no. I'm sure you will have no trouble in getting a position."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because there are very few women who are willing to take the grandmother parts."—Dallas News.

For Thin, Poor Blood

You can trust a medicine tested 60 years! Sixty years of experience, think of that! Experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; the original Sarsaparilla; the strongest Sarsaparilla; the Sarsaparilla the doctors endorse for thin blood, weak nerves, general debility.

But even this grand old medicine cannot do its best work if the liver is inactive and the bowels constipated. For the best possible results, you should take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills while taking the Sarsaparilla. The liver will quickly respond, and so will the bowels.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

For Breakfast Luncheon or Tea

A few small biscuits easily made with Royal Baking Powder. Make them small—as small round as a napkin ring. Mix and bake just before the meal. Serve hot.

Nothing better for a light dessert than these little hot biscuits with butter and honey, marmalade or jam.

You must use Royal Baking Powder to get them right.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

Death's Euphemisms.

I cannot tell when the custom arose, but I know that it was customary in New England less than a century ago to announce a suicide in the list of deaths by euphemism—as, "In this city, 1st inst., A. B. suddenly." It was so common that on seeing such a notice any one would understand at once that the deceased had taken his own life. Those were the days when newspapers understood and respected a certain degree of reserve in regard to personal feeling, whether of joy or sorrow. Individuals had some privacy.

Another euphemism in regard to death is the phrase, "If anything should happen." Persons speak of making their will or making any definite arrangement concerning their possessions, "In case anything should happen to them." The phrase is almost invariably used where death is hourl expected, certain things are to be don or certain persons called, "If anything should happen," meaning that one thing is sure to happen.—Journal of American Folk Lore.

The Scornful Caddie.

A very pompous, self sufficient and very bad golfer was once playing over an Irish course. He had as his caddie a battered old Irish peasant, with a very knowing twinkle in the corner of his eye. After each stroke—and each stroke was cruel hard on the green turf of Ould Oireland—the vainglorious one said to his caddie in the most lordly fashion, "Replace the turf, caddie!" Quietly and patiently the caddie went through the performance, thinking volumes and saying nothing at all until the eighteenth was reached. Then, as the last duffed shot stumbled its way to the putting green and "Replace the turf, caddie!" rang in his ears for the last time, he turned with a look of ineffable scorn upon his august employer and said: "Arrah, is it replacing the turf you'll be bidding me to do? By the holy fly, it'll be returfing the place we'll be all doing when you're gone!"—London King.

Bees as Acrobats.

When wax is needed a certain number of self elected citizens gorge with honey and hang up in chains or curtains, each bee clinging by her front feet to the hind feet of the one above her, like Japanese acrobats, and there they remain, sometimes for two days, until the wax scales appear pushed out from every pocket. It is not hard to understand that, since much honey is needed for the manufacture of wax, a bee after filling with the raw material would produce much more wax by keeping quiet than by using any of the gorged honey for energy in moving about and working. But the necessity of "holding hands" while this work goes on must ever remain to us another occult evidence of the close relations in the bee commune.—Country Life In America.

Sober England.

In nothing have the habits of English gentlemen more changed than in the use of wine. Time was when each plate and table was enfiladed, almost surrounded, by an escort of wineglasses, ranging from sherry to champagne and tapering thence to madeira and brandy—port, claret, burgundy, the red alternating with the white—and he was no good man and true who did not go through the list and survive it. Today at the great houses you may have what you want, but rarely more than three glasses are visible, for white wine, for red wine and for champagne. Apollinaris is largely in evidence. The fine old English gentleman who made it a merit to get drunk on port and to sober up on claret has disappeared.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nothing Is a Trifle!

The half inch United States standard screw thread has thirteen turns per inch. Mr. Welsh, the original superintendent of the Westinghouse Air Brake works, used for the half inch bolt twelve threads instead of thirteen. This decision has proved to be a mistake, and the company would be glad to change it, but the immense number of brake equipments which are out all over the world, the constant call for repairs and extensions make it impossible.

Doubled Initials For Plurals.

Under the rule that the initial letter of a word is sometimes doubled to signify the plural, bb would be a proper abbreviation for barrels. Probably some one, unfamiliar with the rule and thinking the abbreviation too concise, as it might be mistaken for an abbreviation for boxes, bundles, bags or butts, made it bbl. for one barrel, and then, still ignorant of the rule, added an s for the plural, making it bbls. for more than one.—Boston Transcript.

AN OLD TIME OUTING.

One With Which Samuel Pepys Was Very Much Pleased.

Samuel Pepys describes a seventeenth century Sunday outing, and the tale has a very modern ring to it. "Lord's day," he writes, "up, and my wife, a little before 4, to make us ready." And here he records his annoyance that "she was so long about it." Pepys then goes on: "She ready and taking some bottles of wine and beer and cold fowle with us." Coach and four horses from London to Epsom, where they arrived at 8 o'clock, drank the waters, ordered dinner, ate it. "A good dinner and were merry." After dinner, "the day being wonderful hot, to sleep."

Then followed a coach to "take the ayre," a shepherd with a little boy reading the Bible "with the forced tone that children do usually read that was mighty pretty." The shepherd "did bless God" for that boy. In Epsom town a "poor woman with her milk pail" and "did drink our bellyfulls of milk." Then to the coach, it being about 7 at night.

So pleased was Pepys with his day's results that he records his resolution, "Never to keep a country house, but to keep a coach and with my wife on a Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place and then quit to another place, and there is more variety and as little charge and no trouble as there is in a country house."

FLAG ETIQUETTE.

Rules That Govern the Display of the National Emblem.

The government regulations provide that on the death of a president in office its flag shall be displayed at half mast only one day.

In memory of the soldiers who lost their lives during the civil war, on May 30, Memorial day, each year the United States displays its flag at half staff at all army posts, stations and national cemeteries from sunrise until midday. Immediately before noon a dirge is played by the band or field music, and the national salute of twenty-one guns is fired. At the conclusion of this memorial tribute at noon the flag is hoisted to the top of the staff and remains there until sunset. The idea is that the national ensign is too sacred an object to be long in mourning for any man or number of men, no matter how exalted their rank.

The flag reversed, with the union down, indicates distress. The flag on anything but a fort actually besieged should never be displayed between sunset and sunrise.

When the flag is to be displayed at half mast it is lowered to that position from the top of the staff. It is hoisted to the top before it is finally lowered.—Washington Post.

THE FIRST CIGARS.

Havanas Were Smoked In Paris as Long Ago as 1813.

When were cigars first smoked? According to a French authority, the weed in this shape was not introduced into France till the return of the French army from Spain in 1823. This fact is on the authority of Hippolyte Auger, the dramatic author, who writes thus in his memoirs:

"Our return from Paris was by way of Orleans. On the route we met quite frequently officers returning from Spain. They had generally cigars in their mouths—a new habit, since become general. From this point of view the campaign of 1823 had the good financial result of establishing a new branch of import trade."

Another document, however, carries back the use of the cigar to a slightly earlier period. The "Hermit of the Chassee d'Antin," 1813, going to see his nephew, a young officer at Paris, finds him at his hotel in morning costume and smoking a Havana cigar. The taste for cigars seems at this time to have been sufficiently extended to make them a common article in the stock of every grocer who was careful to cater to the wants of his customers.

A Compromise.

"Haven't Henpeck and his wife settled their differences about their visiting cards?"

"Oh, yes; they've compromised on 'Mr. and Mrs. Marie Henpeck.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Syllogistic.

Teacher (of class of zoology)—What is the proof that a sponge is a living animal? Young Man With the Bad Eye—A man is a living animal. Many men are sponges. Therefore a sponge is a living animal.—Chicago Tribune.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1905.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

One week from today, Oct. 6, the Republicans of Massachusetts are to meet in convention at Tremont Temple, Boston, to place in nomination candidates for Governor and other State officers, and to transact such additional business as may properly come before the meeting, including the adoption of a platform, from which, it is earnestly to be hoped, any reference to Foss's reciprocity scheme will be excluded.

So far as anybody knows anything about it, the order of exercises will present only two contests for nominations, to wit: that for Lieutenant Governor, and that for Attorney General; everything else will run as smooth as oil, except, possibly, the string of resolutions.

From the present outlook it is safe to say that Curtis Guild, Jr., will receive a unanimous nomination for Governor. No voice will be raised against him.

Over the choice of a candidate for Lieutenant Governor there promises to be something of a contest, not, however, a severe one, for, according to all accounts, Mr. Eben S. Draper will win the honor hands down. That, really, is as good as settled.

The fight for the Attorney General nomination will be sharper, and may the best man win.

IT'S RILEY AGAIN.

The Republican caucuses last Tuesday evening booked, with strong emphasis, Representative Herbert S. Riley for a third term in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and it was a proper thing to do, too. He has proved himself an excellent man for the place, and will be elected in November without any serious opposition.

Representative Riley's opponent in the caucuses was William F. Davis, Jr., Esquire, a rising young Lawyer, of irreproachable character, a social favorite, and trueblue Republican. The only objection urged against Lawyer Davis at the caucuses, and which was solely accountable for his failure to win out, was his youth. The "Old Guard" thought he hadn't been in harness long enough to entitle him to a Legislative nomination this year, and the "Old Guard" are invincible. The young element of the Party were with him, but as usual, they failed to muster strength enough to beat the "O. G.'s" man Riley. The flight of time will remove the present obstacle to Mr Davis's political success.

Representative Riley made no contest for the delegates, but they seem to have gone to him by general and nearly unanimous consent.

RECIPROCITY DEAD.

Commenting on the result of the Republican State caucuses held last Tuesday evening the Boston *Journal* says:

"There is a double significance to this poor showing made by Mr. Hall, which should not be lost sight of. He was the reciprocity candidate for the nomination, and back of him were supposed to be the men who have most certainly given time and money to their particular brand of Republicanism.

"They are the same men, who, because of the strength they claim to posses, are demanding the Republican State convention to adopt a platform which conserves their ideas.

"After this showing and this test by the whole people of the State, it was said last night it was hard to see what right they had to special or particular attention. By these men the defeat of Judge Hall was construed also as a defeat for the reciprocity propaganda."

The result of the caucuses shows that the heads and hearts of the Republican party of Massachusetts are sound as nuts on the tariff question. Reciprocity received its death blow last Tuesday night.

Now let us see if the State convention will heed the warning, and give Foss, Hall, and the rest of them, the cold shoulder.

GUILD AND DRAPER.

The Republican caucuses last Tuesday settled the Governor question in favor of Guild and Draper beyond peradventure.

Guild and Draper are the ticket.

The Whitney-Foss Reciprocity craze was buried beyond the hope of resurrection.

☞ Lawyer Winfield R. Lang swept the Democratic caucuses last Wednesday night for the Representative nomination like the besom of destruction. There was no opposition. Furbush wasn't in it.

☞ Superintendent Kirkland of the State Moth Commission, with a fine office at 6 Beacon street, Boston, and a salary of $5,000 per annum, seeks co operation and "aid of the press in the infected district of the State," which he says is "indispensable," in efforts to exterminate the browntail and gypsy moths. That is all right; but has it never occurred to him and the Commission that the "indispensable" aid asked for is worth something? that there is just as much reason for paying for it as for other services rendered the State? that, in short, it is valuable advertising, pure and simple, that the Superintendent requests poor, poverty-stricken country Editors to furnish for nothing? In the last dozen years the State has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in endeavors, avowedly, to exterminate the moth; but has any of it reached the pockets of country publishers, whose papers are the most potent agency of all for the suppression of the pest? Were it an individual, instead of the State, who asked for such favors, wouldn't it be considered particularly "brassy" in him? Paul, in his epistle to Timothy said, "the laborer is worthy of his reward;" why not acknowledge it, Mr. Moth Superintendent, and pay country Editors fair prices for the advertising you beg of them?

☞ In the matter of local municipal politics our esteemed neighbor, the *News*, knows its latitude and longitude, to the fraction of a point and does not hesitate to proclaim its sentiments to the world. It is ferninst Reade and with the City Council all the way up and down and 7 days in the week, and will, no doubt, wield a tremendous influence in the work of unhorsing Reade and electing Ald. Connolly to the Executive chair, next December. This the *News* considers to be its bounden duty. It believes that the public good demands a change in the head of the present city administration, and as strong as its personal admiration is for Mayor Reade, it feels compelled, out of regard for the interests of the people, especially the taxpayers, and for a more vigorous enforcement of the liquor laws, to oppose, in all the ways known to astute politicians, and down him at the polls at the next city election.

☞ The 72d Annual Report of the Directors of the Boston and Maine Railroad to the Stockholders for the year ending June 30, 1905, is at hand. It is highly favorable to the owners of the Road, more so, if possible, than any that have preceeded it. It will be submitted to the stockholders at the annual meeting to be held in City Hall, Lawrence, at 10 a. m., Wednesday, Oct. 11, 1905.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. H. Cadwell—Water.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
J. A. West—Real Estate.
B. T. H. Porter—Removal.
A. F. Converse—Mort. Sale.

— New moon Sept. 28.

— Hanson & Co.'s jewelry store is a mighty busy place these days.

— William Sawyer is having a good time rusticating at Hancock, N. H.

— Read what is said about Home Building in ad. on first page of this paper.

— Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Nichols enjoyed a fine auto trip to New Hampshire last week.

— Supt. Spencer of the Water Dept. is again at his post of duty after a week's illness.

— Edward Flaherty, Moore & Parker's business right bower, is off on a vacation outing.

— Yesterday was glorious for weather. Only chronic kickers could find a particle of fault with it.

— Master Owen reports that everything is running as smooth as oil at the High School, and he is happy.

— Capt. John P. Crane has been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Dodge, the lady being his daughter.

— Attention is asked for the advertisement, "Mortgages," by J. E. Herrick in this paper. He means business.

— The job of cleaning Horn Pond of vegetable growth is finished, and, likewise, probably, the appropriation.

— Chief Engineer Littlefield of the Fire Department is taking his vacation. Ass't Frank E. Tracy is in command.

— Mr. John J. Grothe is having added a good deal more room to his shop. His business is steadily increasing.

— The address of Mrs. Elizabeth V. Bridgham, formerly of this city, and late of Westbrook, Maine, is Aurora, Illinois.

— Margaret Read, a highly educated girl, daughter of Mayor Reade, has been duly installed as teacher in the Cummings school.

— Mr. David Aiken, formerly in the fish business with Dunton, and family are about to permanently locate at Pasadena, California.

— Just 97 members responded to the Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., rollcall last Monday evening; 12 sent letters; and 112 were missing.

— Rev. Norman E. Richardson, the beloved pastor of the M. E. church in this city, preached at the German M. E. church in Boston last Sunday.

— Trinity choir is to be reinforced by some prime female voices this year, instead of all male ones. Trinity church is in a prosperous condition.

— Levi Furbush, Esq., of the North Village wants the Democrats to send him to the Legislature this winter. They might go further and fare worse.

— Judge John G. Maguire has been dispensing law and evenhanded justice in the District Court during the absence of Judge Edward F. Johnson this week.

— Mayor Reade having put his sign manual to the highway loans, it is expected that full gangs of laborers will now be seen working on the streets again.

— Flower gardens and lawns are beginning to wear a sorry appearance, and the trees are rapidly shedding their foliage. Indeed, it begins to look like winter.

— The newspaper craft in this city is joined by the JOURNAL in extending sympathy to Editor Haggerty of the *Times* in the loss of his father by death last week.

— Please read the "Removal" notice of Mr. B. T. H. Porter. The arrangement is a good one for himself, the Goddards, and especially for Mr. Porter's clients.

— We are pleased to be able to announce that Company G, 5th Mass. Reg't are to give their annual banquet on Wednesday evening, Oct. 11. It will be a fine one.

— Miss Lizzie J. Calnan of City Clerk Finn's office is substituting for Miss Alice Williams in the Treasury Department of City Hall during her absence on vacation.

— Esquire Arthur E. Gage, Clerk of the District Court, and member of the Board of Assessors, chaperoned a lively auto party, including Mrs. Gage, to Plymouth the other day.

— The patrons of the boarding-house on Bennett street, formerly known as the Woburn Hotel, were left in the lurch last Monday by the absence of the new proprietors. They were taken all aback.

— Judge Charles D. Adams and family will return from their summer home at Nahant to their residence at North Woburn next week. He is having his dwelling put into applepie order for the home coming.

— Mr. Henry Taylor, a popular tenor singer, well known in this city, has been engaged to sing at the Unitarian church during the month of October next.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The 86th anniversary of Mrs. Nancy T. Stowers's birthday was properly observed last Sunday, at the home of Frank S. Stowers 26 Plympton street. She is healthy and smart, and highly enjoyed the pleasant occasion.

— The Boston & Maine Railroad excursion to New York via Hoosac Mountains, Albany, Hudson River, and home via Fall River Line, leaves Boston next Friday morning, Oct. 6. The tickets for round trip are only $5 each.

— Mrs. Jennings's Intelligence Office is patronized liberally by our own and people of other towns and cities. It is the oldest establishment of the kind in this vicinity, and one that does much the largest business. It is the "Old Reliable".

— W. R. C. 161 gave their first supper of this season last Tuesday evening, of which there were many partakers. They are famous for fine suppers, and the simple announcement that one is to come off on a certain date never fails to attract a big crowd.

— Mrs. James Skinner entertained the Monday Reading Club at her home on Montvale avenue on Oct. 25, and had for a guest of honor Mrs. Ella W. Putney of Putney, Georgia, who left that day for her Southern home. It was an exceedingly pleasant meeting.

— An appropriation having been granted by the City Council men are now employed in freeing the city trees of the moth pest under the direction of Commissioner McHugh. They began work near the Winchester line on Main street, and have a hard task before them.

— A good sensible communication from the Press Superintendent of the local W. C. T. U. concerning the sale of intoxicating liquors at the great Boston store of Henry Siegel, will appear in the JOURNAL next week. The W. C. T. U. have caused Siegel to stop selling rum.

— The Annual State Meeting of the Massachusetts Interdenominational Sunday School Association will be held at Salem Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3, 4 and 5, in the Tabernacle Cong., First Baptist and Wesley M. E. Churches, and the Y. M. C. A. Buildlug.

— We should think that Mr. Charles H. Taylor and his people would begin to fear, bye and bye, that the buildings on his premises might possibly be in danger from fire. Another one broke out there last Wednesday morning. They must seem to come a little too thick for comfort.

— The Trolley Candlepin League is composed of teams as follows: Woburn, Malden, Hawthornes of Chelsea, Elite of Malden, Medford, Everett Square, Everett, Winthrop. The Woburn team are to play their first game at Medford on Oct. 12.

— In a place of this size there is always more or less typhoid fever, and the talk about it now has its origin in, more than anything else, the unnecessary action and warnings of city officials. So far as we are able to learn the cases are no more numerous now than in former years.

— Mrs. Lydia Wyer Gage, a sister of Postmaster Capt. Edwin F. Wyer and Mr. Charles Wyer, died suddenly at her home on Arlington Road last Tuesday evening, Sept. 26. She was a native of Woburn, born May 18, 1824, and the widow of Dr. Richard M. Gage of Mobile, Ala.

— The funeral of Archie Ralston was held at the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Ralston 21 Green street last Monday. The religious services were conducted by Rev. Henry C. Parker and Rev. Frederick A. Beekman, and the Tripps, undertakers, had charge of the funeral ceremonies.

— The South End Dramatic Club will present "Kathleen Mavourneen," a pretty Irish play of three acts, for the benefit of the St. Charles parish, in the near future, tickets being already in demand. Rev. Henry Walsh and Mr. Frank M. Doherty will have full charge. Rehearsals will start next Sunday afternoon.

— The *Times* bitterly laments the absence of football from the High School this fall. It adduces many cogent reasons in favor of organizing a strong team and prosecuting the manly sport with vigor and enthusiasm. This feeling of regret is, doubtless, mainly attributable to the youngness of the City Editor of that lively little sheet.

— The Republican caucuses were fairly well attended last Tuesday evening, and characterized by a remarkable degree of harmony. There developed during the proceedings some little friction in Ward 7 over knotty law points; but no gore was shed. Chairman Andrews of the Ward Committee swung the gavel, and Foster was the principal speaker.

— If there has ever been a period in the history of this country when human comfort demanded furnace fires, or their equivolent, this has been the week for them. Frost by night, 50 degrees at breakfast time, lower than that at the supper hour, and high N. W. winds—well, the bare thought of it sets one to shivering. And no hot air, water, or steam!

— Col. J. W. Smith, Boston Section Director of the U. S. Crop Service, in his report ending Sept. 25, says of N. E. crops: "Crop conditions, taken as a whole, present a decidedly favorable outlook." Small grains, corn and garden truck, he declares, are grand, especially buck wheat, which gives "every promise of a fine yield," thank the Lord!

— Last Saturday morning, a young woman by the name of Alma Johnson, 20 years old, daughter of Mr. Haken Johnson of 40 Chestnut street, dropped dead at her home, the cause being heart disease. She was employed by the Jaynes Drug Co. of Boston, and on her vacation. She was an organist at one of the Scandinavian churches in this city, and an estimable young lady.

— Next Sunday is Rally Day at the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Presiding Elder, the Rev. Charles F Rice, D. D., will preach. On Monday evening there will be a Rally Social for all the members and friends of the church. Entertainment and refreshments free.

— Ald. Lang is ready and willing to serve the State in the House of Representatives next winter for a fair remuneration and the glory that goes with the position. Why any Democrat should crave a nomination for the Legislature in this District is more than we can figure out. An election of a Democrat is utterly out of the question, and we fail to discover the fun there is in running with no show for pulling through at the polls.

— Last Monday evening Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., elected the following officers who will be duly installed on Oct. 2: Bernard S. Meehan, Gov.; Patrick F. McEleney, Lt. Gov.; Mrs. Celia R. Mahern, Sec.; Elizabeth J. Calnan, Coll.; Jeremiah Lynch, Treas.; Mary Gorman, Chap; Timothy E. Began, Sergt-at-Arms; Rose Haney, Dep.; Annie Ring, I. S.; James McGowan, O. S.; Board of Trustees, Three Years, James H Carton.

— Woburn Republicans always live up to their agreement. They are honest. Sanderson's friends were told that Woburn would give him a solid delegation in the State convention and their best efforts to secure for him the Attorney Generalship nomination. For proof of their integrity and loyalty scan the list of delegates chosen last Tuesday evening. They hold to the doctrine that a political promise is as binding as any other, a rare virtue, particularly among professional politicians.

— Mrs. F. F. Putney left here early this week for her home at Putney, Georgia. Her headquarters this summer has been at the residence of Mr Fred J. Brown on Arlington Road, where her mother, Mrs. Abbie W. Dimick makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Brown, from whence she has branched out and visited numerous friends, as inclination moved her, here and about here. Mr. Putney, who is a prominent Georgia business man, spent some weeks in this city earlier in the season.

— People who have an eye to the purchase of real estate for profit, but more particularly for homes, will be interested in an advertisement on the first page of this paper in which Mr. James A. West, Agent, offers for sale the Putnam property on Sherman Place at low figures and easy terms The location is among the best in the city for residences; the lots ample in size; handy to steam and electric transportation; and everything about them is desirable. Doubtless Mr. West will find a ready sale for the property.

— Mr. Frank P. Shumway, head of the Frank P. Shumway Advertising Agency in Boston, and wife celebrated their Silver Wedding at the Shumway home in Melrose last Friday evening Among the guests were our respected fellow citizen, Mr. William W. Hill, and lady of N. W. Mr. Shumway, besides being a prominent and one of the most reliable business men of the Hub, is actively interested in religious, moral and benevolent work, which, no doubt, accounts, in part, at least, for the warm friendship existing between him and the Hills.

— Attention is hereby directed to the advertisement of Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water, which is a pleasant, nice, health giving drink. It is Nature's beverage, warranted pure and palatable, and sufficiently impregnated with medicinal qualities to make it a perfect health preserver. That many Woburn, Winchester and other people like and have faith in this water is proved by the fact that Mr. Cadwell's sales of it were much larger in the month of August last than in any other month since he has been in the business. That tells the story.

— Capt. John Gilcreast is authority for the report that the reunion of the 39th Massachusetts Regiment at Squantum last week was a most enjoyable affair. The dinner was fine and the social features and yarn spinning were up to highwater mark. About 100 of the remnants of the old Regiment were present. The Woburn members were: William P. Brown, Micah B. Baldwin, Albert P. Barrett, George E. Fowle, John Gilcreast, Charles H. Johnson, George W. Linscott, J. Fred Leslie, John H. Sheehan, Abijah Thompson, William P. Warren, Ferdinand Spokesfield and Alonzo D. Carpenter.

HAMMOND & SON CO.

No garment is so necessary as a

Fall Top Coat

You need one these cool mornings and evenings, you'll need one during the whole season, in fact, a good top coat is an indispensible part of every man's wardrobe—time was when a Fall coat was a luxury, but times have changed and we can show you a full line of Coverts, Black Undressed Worsteds, Oxford Grey Worsteds, and silk lined Black Vicunas.

$8.00, $10.00, $12.00, $15.00, $20.00, $22.00.

Hammond & Son Co.,
LEADING CLOTHIERS,
WOBURN, MASS.

— Supt. Kirkland of the State Moth Suppressing Bureau has caused to be posted in conspicuous places in the towns and cities where the moths do their devastating work large and plainly worded and printed bulletins containing information respecting fall and winter work for their extermination, which bulletins, or circulars, to be found in the postoffice, stores, railroad stations and other public places, should be carefully read, and the instructions therein set forth followed, by everyone interested in the work.

— Rev. Doremus Scudder, D. D., of Honolulu, Hawaii, U. S., sailed from that post a few days ago for San Francisco and will be in New England early in November. He was summoned to the States for a canvass of 3 months for funds in aid of the Hawaiian branch of the American Missionary Society, with which he is officially connected, and has been granted the privilege of preaching in First church this city, of which he was formerly pastor, one Sunday. This will probably occur early that month, and his old parishioners are looking forward to the event with great pleasure. Mrs. Scudder does not accompany her husband on his present trip East.

— Rumors are heard concerning some probable changes and possible upheavals in the Woburn Depot Hack Trust before snow flies. There appears to be a lack of harmony in the administration of its affairs which may result in a serious and permanent rupture. There seems to be a trust within a trust, and the latter, like some of the great insurance companies, is getting all the cream from the business, and leaving only skim milk for the others. This creates friction, of course, which has reached a critical point, and demands the adoption of vigorous reformatory measures to remedy some of the existing evils of the present conditions of things.

— The funeral at St. Charles church last Sunday afternoon of Charles A. McManus, member of the Clinton Hose company, who died a few days before at the age of 36 years, was largely attended. Following Chief Clarence Littlefield and Assistant Chief Frank E. Macy were the whole Fire Department, and many carriages made up the funeral procession to Calvery cemetery where the remains of the faithful fireman were deposited. The bearers were Capt. George H. Newcomb, Lieut. G. Arthur Boutwell, Hosemen E. L Ames, Granville Boutwell, Bernard S. Mulligan, Jr, J. A. McInerny, Joseph P. McKay, Thomas Callahan, all of Hose 6.

— Mr. George H. Gilbert of Winchester, a gentleman who knows a good thing and a choice place as quick as he puts his eye on them, is at present sojourning at the charming and highly popular pleasure resort of Manchester-on the-Mountain in the good old State of Vermont, the Equinox House being his headquarters, which, judging from the bill of fare for last Sunday's dinner, is a bangup good hostelry. Last Monday Mr. Gilbert sent to the JOURNAL an elegantly illustrated historical and descriptive book about Manchester, and we must say the pictures delighted, and the text interested, us. Surface indications make it reasonably certain that friend Gilbert is enjoying life up there.

— Last week Mr. Charles E. Tripp conducted one of Nason's White Mountain excursion parties, and early this week left Boston with another to Montreal. Nason's excursion business has been good this fall, and, since the death of his partner, requires outside aid. Mr. Tripp is an experienced and popular conductor. But his employment by Mr. Nason increases the labors of Mr. B. A. Tripp, senior partner of the undertaking firm of B. A. & C. E. Tripp of this city, the affairs of which are large and mainly conducted by the elder member of the firm when the junior is away. The Tripps have a principal share of the Protestant patronage in this city and neighboring towns.

— It looks now as though President Aylward of the City Council would not be in the race for Mayor this hitch. Ald. Connolly seems likely to rake in the persimmons at the caucuses, if Mayor Reade leaves any on the trees for him to pick. Connolly's claims are based wholly on his oratorical gifts and expertness in English composition as he employs it in manufacturing orders for appropriations, and as the Literary Bureau is a pet institution of the Council, he will probably get the entire support of that body, being himself the head of the Bureau, which will leave Aylward out in the cold. Aylward has made a fine presiding officer of the Council; but that won't count; Connolly has the inside track, and Republics, according to the adage, are notoriously ungrateful.

— Peach raising in this part of the State is returning to its old time conditions when the largest and finest orchards in the country were as common and sure of yield as those of apples. In time they disappeared, and for a long period none of the luscious fruit was produced here. It is different now, and growing more so yearly. Good sized orchards bearing as fine peaches as are raised anywhere, even in Michigan, are frequently met with in ones travels in Eastern Massachusetts, and attention is more and more being given to the industry. The importation of peaches for home consumption is expected to cease, in a great measure, in the near future. Good orchards may be secured from the seeds, and speedily. Four years ago just about now a smart and enterprising young woman in this city planted in the backyard of her home a peachstone of good variety, and today the tree that grew from it contains nearly a peck of as fine looking fruit as one would wish to see. The peaches are rapidly ripening, and are pleasant and inviting to look upon. To say that the tree has been anxiously watched and carefully nursed from its infancy, and the result an unspeakable joy to the young woman, would be drawing it mild; but great, handsome peaches are there to speak for themselves.

— During his late stay there, with his estimable spouse, Mr. J. Foster Deland, Manager of the Hammond & Son Co, became greatly enamored of the good State of Maine, and praises those sections of it which they visited in no stinted measure. The beautiful rural village of Paris Hill, Oxford county, possessed especial delights for them, and they stored their minds with a good deal of its interesting and famous history. Paris Hill has been the birthplace and cradle of a larger number of distinguished statesmen of National repute than any other New England town, and some of their homes are still standing within its delightful confines, carefully preserved as historic landmarks Mr. and Mrs Deland ask for no more beautiful or pleasanter place to spend a quiet, restful vacation at than Paris Hill. They also visited northern Penobscot county and tarried at the only dwelling in a township 6 miles square, with wild, unbroken forests of primeval pines stretching away as far as the eye could reach in all directions; and did they, or did they not, enjoy it? Those silent solitary woods and immense sweeps of densely pine covered lands possessed charms for the pair of temporary Massachusetts sojourners which will not be easily or hastily erased from the tablets of their memory. Mrs. Deland is yet at Paris Hill.

Local News.

— Woburn High School will not be represented in the football world this year, as there will be no team.

— The Winn A. A. baseball team have had their pictures taken with Dr. P. A. Caulfield, their manager.

— Roland B. Dow, Paul Gillette, Arthur V. Jones and William H. Scott, Jr., entered Harvard University this week.

—The next assembly by Messrs. Buckman, Chute and Kean will be Thursday, Oct. 5, at the Auditorium. J. J. Hern's orchestra will furnish the music for these popular dances.

— The rails on a B. & M. side track in the rear of Mayor Reade's house, spread under the heavy weight of the freight engine last Saturday causing quite a little trouble.

— At the memorial to Hezekiah Butterworth on Monday evening at the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, Boston, the Woburn Woman's Club was represented in the audience.

— Mr. Walter Widgery celebrated his 81st birthday yesterday at his home on Church street. He was born in Devonshire, England, on Sept. 28, 1824, and has lived here many years. He is one of our best citizens.

— Mr. B. G. Fowler's failure to pick up the reins as he was getting on his baker wagon last Saturday, caused his horse to run away and before he could get them, smashed into an ice wagon which was standing in front of the M. E. church, causing considerable damage to his wagon, and cutting the horse about the feet.

— The Ladies' Charitable Society and Alliance Branch of the Unitarian church will hold its first meeting of the season in the church parlor on Thursday, October 5. Business meeting at four o'clock, to be followed by a talk by Mrs. Annie M. S. Lewis on her recent travels. Tea will be served at five o'clock. All are invited.

— One wonders how the Departments at City Hall could manage to get on without Miss Lizzie J. Calnan. Her permanent workroom is City Clerk Finn's office, but she is liable to be found, at any time, writing in some other room as a substitute for the regular incumbent, and writing well, for, in the language of the Burdetts, she is "Business from the Start."

— We are informed per P. C. that the 9th anniversary of the settlement of Rev. John Andrew Jayne over Observatory Hill Christian Church at Allegheny, Pa., is to be celebrated during the week of Oct. 1-8. Pastor Jayne is a native of Woburn, the son of Capt. C. P. Jayne, who is Superintendent of the Sailors Snug Harbor at Quincy. He is said to be an able minister.

FIRES—The alarm from box 54 at 2.45 last Sunday afternoon was false. The alarm from box 62 at 10.20 a. m. Wednesday morning, was for a fire which threatened to destroy the boarding and livery stable, occupied by Michael Doherty, the quick work of the firemen alone saving it. The cause of the fire is thought to be from sparks from a passing locomotive and started between the fence and the building used as an office. It is not the first time locomotives have caused fire on that building, and will not be the last, if something is not done.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

A unique feature of "The Royal Box," to be played next week at the Castle Square Theatre, is a scene wherein both the stage and one of the proscenium boxes are occupied by the actors. The audience is thereby made to feel itself a part of the action of the play, and its presentation is certain to arouse a great deal of curiosity and interest solely on this account. Why the actors are in the box as well as on the stage need not be disclosed. The reason will be apparent at the Castle Square Theatre next week. "The Royal Box" has been given just frequently enough to arouse a public desire for another presentation in Boston. Its picturesque environment of Court life, its characters costumed in the handsome English array of a century and more ago, and its portrayal of human emotions promise to make it one of the most notable of Castle Square productions.

J. Leo Stephens.

Mr. J. Leo Stephens, husband of Martha (Fosdick) Stephens, died at Southern Pines, N. C., on Monday evening of this week. Mr. Stephens was a resident of Virginia and was but recently married to Miss Martha, daughter of Mr. Geo. F. Fosdick of this town. He is survived by his wife and three brothers. He was 31 years of age.

Funeral services were held Thursday at 3 p. m. from the residence of Mr. Fosdick. Dr. Henry B Williams of Woburn and Dr. C. B. Crane of Cambridge officiated. The interment was at Woburn.—*Winchester Star, Sept. 22.*

Are You Engaged?

Engaged people should remember, that, after marriage, many quarrels can be avoided, by keeping their digestions in good condition with Electric Bitters. S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "For years, my wife suffered intensely from dyspepsia, complicated with a torpid liver, until she lost her strength and vigor, and became a mere wreck of her former self. Then she tried Electric Bitters, which helped her at once, and finally made her entirely well. She is now strong and healthy." Robbins Drug Co., druggist, sells and guarantees them, at 50c a bottle.

WEDDING GIFTS

Beautiful and original designs in

SILVER, CUT GLASS, CHINA, BRONZES, AND BRIC-A-BRAC

and an extensive line, make the selection of the wedding gift a pleasing and easy task. Superior quality, reasonable prices, and exclusive designs all combine to make our collection of appropriate wedding gifts worthy of your inspection.

SMITH PATTERSON COMPANY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Diamond Merchants, Jewelers, and Silversmiths

52 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

Why Pay $35 or $40 FOR A Cooking Range When you can buy

THE DIGHTON

A First Class, Highest Grade, Heavy (425 lbs.), COOKING RANGE, delivered at your Station, FOR **$24.50**

Save $12

Freight Paid

It has all the latest attachments, for wood or coal, with and without hot water attachment. Hot Water Tank (attached), etc.

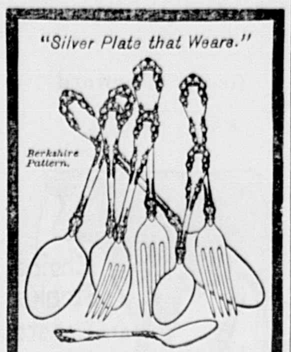
Investigate Send for our Booklet Before Buying

explaining this wonderful offer.
You don't buy from an unknown firm—we've been making stoves for 37 years.

DIGHTON FURNACE CO.
NO. DIGHTON, MASS.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Berkshire Pattern.



When You Buy Spoons

knives, forks, etc., buy reliable brands, even if they do cost a little more. They are worth the difference. If "1847" is a part of the stamp it insures genuine Rogers quality, famous for wear. Full trade-mark—

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Sold by leading dealers. For Catalogue No. 6, address the makers,
International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn

REMOVAL!

The Insurance Agency heretofore conducted by

B. T. H. PORTER

at 371 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., has been transferred and will be conducted in future under the same name at office of

S. B. Goddard & Son
Savings Bank Block,
WOBURN.

Where the undersigned will be in better position than ever to care for the interests of his clients.

Respectfully,
B. T. H. PORTER

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.

Orders left at F. P. Brook's drugstore will be promptly attended to.

C. H. CADWELL, Woburn.

NOTICE

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held in their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Massachusetts,

Friday, October 6th, 1905,

at seven thirty (7.30) o'clock, P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., September 22d, 1905.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, October 7th, 1905, will draw interest from that date.
A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

STANDARD DISINFECTANT

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

Best Home Purifier of Foul Places Destroys Decomposition, maintains conditons essential to health.
Beware of inferior imitations.
Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages and labels. Only the genuine bears it.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR

CLOTHES

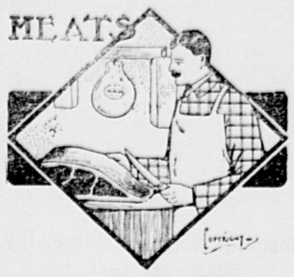
FOR MEN AND BOYS

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises
Newest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter

Suits, $16 to $50
Overcoats, $20 to $50

MEN'S AND BOYS'
HABERDASHERY

400 WASHINGTON STREET
BOSTON



CHOICE CUTS FOR SUMMER

can't be had everywhere. The meat must be properly cured, well cooled, and cut by one who knows how.

OUR MARKET

does such a large business is why you can rely on choice cuts from us. We keep the best meats that money affords. A choice steak, chop or roast from us will make you feel like a lord. Prices reasonable. Try us.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6

Buy a PIANO By Renting It.

We rent pianos, and by agreement apply all paid toward the purchase. This allows ample trial in your home before a decision is made to buy. If you are pleased with the instrument it can be rented till rent accumulates enough for its purchase, 36 or 48 months' time being given to complete the rental purchase. At your request we will mail catalogue with price-list and full information about our rental purchase plan. Send for our bargain list of used pianos.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
114 BOYLSTON ST. Boston.

M. J. MULKEEN,
Notary Public
Justice of the Peace
— AND —
General Steamship Agent.

White Star Line, Cunard Line, American Line, Atlantic Transportation Line, Dominion Line, Holland American Line, Leyland Line, Red Star Line, Anchor Line, Allan Line.
Drafts at the lowest rates.
Pension Vouchers promptly and carefully executed
OFFICE: 480 Main Street.
RESIDENCE: 106 Pleasant Street.
WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Bridget Hooper, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Samuel T. Hooper of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of October, A. D. 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of George H. Porter of Woburn in said County, minor.

WHEREAS, Catherine A. Meehan, the guardian of said minor has presented her petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, certain real estate therein specified, of her said ward for her maintenance.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventeenth day of October, A. D., 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said guardian is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary E. Porter now Mary E. Hargrove wife of John Hargrove of Woburn in said County, minor.

WHEREAS, Catherine A. Meehan, the guardian of said minor, has presented her petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, certain real estate therein specified, of her said ward, for her maintenance and the payment of debts contracted for her support before marriage.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventeenth day of October, A. D., 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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Our Grabou Malt contains the drastic properties of freshly malted selected Barley and fine Hops, and is of exceeding value as a nutriment in wasting diseases. Recommended for convalescents, general debility, loss of appetite, malnutrition indigestion and dyspepsia. Particularly recommended for nursing mothers and aged persons. Very pleasing to the taste.

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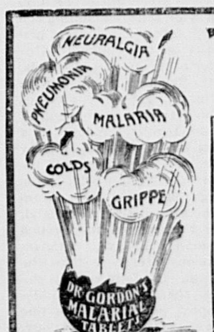

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CITY OF WOBURN.

Sale of Unredeemed Real Estate by the City of Woburn.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, September 14, 1905.

In conformity with the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the public and all persons interested as former owners, or occupants of each of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid, are hereby notified that said parcels have been conveyed according to law to said City of Woburn, for non-payment of taxes and assessments, and the time in which each of the estates might be redeemed by the owners thereof having expired, each of said parcels will be offered for sale in accordance with section 67 of Chapter 13 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room No. 3 Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, October 21st, 1905**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to the highest bidder for each of the several parcels a quit claim deed will be delivered. For further particulars reference is made to the Registry of Deeds, for the Southern District of the County of Middlesex, the volume and page numbers following the description of each parcel, indicating the record of the deed under which the said City of Woburn now holds title to the estate described.

The sums set against the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the taxes and assessments for the non-payment of which said estate was sold to the City of Woburn, together with the subsequent taxes and assessments, interest on the same, and all lawful costs and charges, but not including costs and charges incident to this sale. And none of the said estates will be sold for less than the amount set against the said estates, respectively.

ESTATE HENRY J. COBB.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 8, 9, 10, Block 27, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 60. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. $12 44

ESTATE LEWIS COHEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 13, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 72. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE FLORENCE J. FOWLE.—About 5200 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 7 and 8, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 83. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE HENRY A. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 9, Block 10, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 93. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 05

ESTATE HENRY A. GREEN.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 7 and 8, Block 35, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 90. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold 15 60

ESTATE HENRY A. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 6, 7, 8, Block 40, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 88. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 22 and 23, Block 28, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 97. Amount due thereon for the taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold. 15 60

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12, 13, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2911, Page 104. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 35, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2911, Page 99. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13 and 14, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 102. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 2, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 106. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 17

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 5,040 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10 and 11, Block 10, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 95. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 24 71

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 1, Block 3, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 109. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 6, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 111. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 17

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8 and 9, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 113. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 42

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13 and 14, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being the same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 116. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 14 27

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 10,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, 9, 10, Block 14, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 118. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 19 84

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, and 10, Block 15, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn, City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 120. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 13 17

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7200 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 13, 14 and 15, Block 15, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911 Page 122. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 8, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 124. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE ELLA T. MORAN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 7, 8, and 9, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2911, Page 136. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 05

ESTATE MORGAN C. TYLER.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 195. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE LODESA M. BABBITT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 6, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 62. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 20 23

ESTATE JOHN J. COOPER.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36 Block 5, Section B, shown Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 76. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years, 1999, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 96

ESTATE CHARLES H. COLLINS.—About 4060 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 2 and 18, Block 13, Plan B, on Plan Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 9, Plan 35, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated July 25, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2911, Page 74. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE PETER J. GRIFFIN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Block 36, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 372. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 11 86

ESTATE EDWARD O. HOWARD.—About 7,300 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 11, 12 and 13, Block 3, Section G, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 374. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1900, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 17 49

ESTATE FRANK KELLEY.—About 4700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 an 7, Block 27, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 376. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 00

ESTATE JEREMIAH MARA.—About 2,459 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 17, Block 4, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 381. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will sold. 12 57

ESTATE WILLIAM W. WHITTAKER.—About 5500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 26 and 27, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 401. Amount due thereon, for taxesof the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 00

ESTATE HOWARD B. FLINT.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 35 and 66, Block 28, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Campany, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 369. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 15 00

ESTATE JOHN W. SMITH.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 5, Block 11, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 394. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 9 90

ESTATE SARAH S. TRACY.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 21 and 22, Block 32, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, being same premises described in Deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2954, Page 399. Amount due thereon for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which said estate will be sold. 16 44

ESTATE GEORGE RAYMOND.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 2 and 21, Block 23, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, being same premises described in deed of the Collector of Taxes to the City of Woburn, dated May 22, 1902, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2954, Page 390. Amount due thereon, for taxes of the years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, with interest and legal charges, being the least amount for which the estate will be sold. 9 90

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John Burke and Elizabeth Burke his wife, in her own right, both of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Parker L. Converse of said Woburn, dated March 15th, 1882, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex (So. Dist.), Libro 1593, Folio 308, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on **Monday, the twenty-third day of October, 1905**, at four o'clock in the afternoon, for a breach of the conditions of said mortgage, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Vernon street (formerly Vernon Place), in the easterly part of said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the westerly side of said Vernon street, at a point one hundred and fifty feet from Montvale avenue (late called Railroad street); thence the line runs southerly on and by said Vernon street eighty feet; thence westerly on land now or late of Charles S. White, one hundred and thirty-six feet; thence northerly eighty feet; and thence easterly one hundred and thirty-six feet by land of person unknown to the point of beginning.

$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be stated at sale.

ALBERT F. CONVERSE, Trustee,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., Sept. 29, 1905.

Curtis Guild, Jr.

Curtis Guild, Jr., in his busy life has been a man of achievement. As a youth in college he was easily among the foremost in his classes and graduated from Harvard with the highest honors. As a business man he has published a commercial paper of wide influence for the best interests of the community. As a military man he has served the State in time of peace and the Nation in time of war, and as a public man his best efforts have always been directed along the highest plane of citizenship.

Mr. Guild, after graduating from college, went to work for his father's paper, the *Commercial Bulletin*. He learned every department of a newspaper and later was taken into partnership by his father and uncle. Since 1902 he has been the sole proprietor and publisher. Through his newspaper he exposed and stopped the undervaluation of raw sugar at the port of New York, this undervaluation giving an advantage to New York refineries of lower duty than at Boston on the raw material. He secured relief from the wool embargo in Boston and was successful last year in overcoming the attempt to place pickled sheep skins on the dutiable list. Among other things which he has advocated successfully have been the preservation of Boston Common from surface tracks, the agitation for the new dry dock at the Navy Yard, the Boston Subway, the National Bankruptcy Law, a law of uniform prohibition of child labor in all the States and the fight against discrimination against Boston in differential freight rates.

At the breaking out of the Spanish war he offered his services to the State and enlisted as First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 6th Massachusetts Regiment. Later he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel and Inspector-General upon the Staff of General Fitzhugh Lee, commanding the 7th Corps, U. S. Volunteers. He fought the railroad lobby successfully and broke up the fever camp at Miami, faced and subdued the mutiny of the Second Illinois and framed military port regulations for Savannah. In Cuba, in addition to his regular duties as Inspector-General of the Province of Havana, he was Chief of Secret Service when the Cuban guerillas were being dispersed. He also had entire charge of all claims for land damages, together with the inauguration of various sanitary reforms. Mr. Guild had served as a private in Troop A, 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, becoming later a non-commissioned officer. At the outbreaking of the Spanish war he was serving as Brigadier-General upon the Staff of Governor Wolcott.

Mr. Guild's political career covers twenty-three years. For a dozen years he worked for the Republican Party as a member of his Ward Committee. In 1888 Mr. Guild made his first speech on the stump at a meeting of the Harvard Republican Club in Tremont Temple. Since that time he has spoken in every campaign except that of 1898, when he was with the Army. In 1895 he presided at the Republican State Convention in Massachusetts. In 1896 he was delegate-at-large to the National Republican Convention at St. Louis, and aided materially in securing an unequivocal endorsement of the gold standard. In the campaign of that year he stumped in Maryland, West Virginia, Michigan and throughout a long Western trip. His experiences were full of turbulent scenes and exciting situations. In 1900 Mr. Guild accompanied President Roosevelt in his speaking tour through the West, and was with the President during the remarkable scenes which characterized many of the meetings, including the riots at Victor, Colorado, and elsewhere. In 1901 Mr. Guild became President of the Republican Club of Massachusetts, of which he had been one of the founders, but resigned the office in 1902. In 1898 he was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, but was defeated. Three years later he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor by acclamation, which office he still holds.

Mr. Guild is forty-five years old. He was born in South street, Boston, and now resides in Marlboro street, Boston. He was married in 1892 to a daughter of Mr. E. C. Johnson, a well known Boston merchant. He is descended from Scotch ancestry, the first representative of the family to come to America being John Guild, a lowland farmer, who came to Dedham in 1630.

Like Finding Money.

Finding health is like finding money—so think those who are sick. When you have a cough, cold, sore throat, or chest irritation, better act promptly like W. C. Barber, of Sandy Level, Va. He says: "I had a terrible chest trouble, caused by smoke and coal dust on my lungs; but, after finding no relief in other remedies, I was cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds." Greatest sale of any cough or lung medicine in the world. At Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; 50c and $1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

Republican Caucuses.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 26, 1905, the Republicans of Woburn met in caucuses at their respective polling places and elected the following delegates to the several conventions, beginning with the State on Oct. 6, and Ward Committees. They represent the intelligence and integrity of the Party in this city:

Ward 1—State, Elmer E. Silver; Councillor, Benjamin H. Nichols; Senatorial, Henry C. Hall; Representative, Joseph F. DeLoriea, Elwyn G. Preston, Edwin W. Leighton.

Ward 2—State, Edward F. Johnson, Herbert S. Riley; Senatorial James R. Kendall, John C. Andrews; Councillor, James A. Brown, William Frizzall; County, Charles E. Tripp, Daniel H. Richards; Representative, Luke W. Fowle, Ambrose Bancroft, Charles M. Strout.

Ward 3—State, William Beggs, Charles H. Harrington; Senatorial, Frank E. Wetherell, William J. Hammond; Councillor, David W. Brown, Harry H. West; County, Francis A. Buckman, P. E. Bancroft; Representative, Marcus H. Cotton, Fort Staples, Charles H. Johnson.

Ward 4—State, Edward E. Thompson, William E. Blodgett; Senatorial, Horace N. Conn, John H. Sweetser; Councillor, John M. Wallace, Clarence M. Crowell; County, Joseph H. Buck, Charles J. Rosenquist; Representative, John R. Carter, Caleb H. Jaquith, J. Fred Leslie, C. Bertrand Strout.

Ward 5—State, Thomas McCarthy; Senatorial, N. J. Shattuck; County, C. A. White; Councillor, W. H. Cadwell; Representative, F. W. Shattuck.

Ward 6—State, Thomas J. Shannon, George W. Barden; Councillor, Chauncey L. Brown, Charles E. Thompson; Senatorial, Frank L. Arnold, John Gambell, County, Frank W. Ames, Joseph Farrell; Representative, Henry Barrett, Walter I. Ashbee, Francis Graham, John Connors.

Ward 7—State, George Russell; Senatorial, F. H. Graham; County, F. M. Pushee; Councillor, G. H. Foster; Representative, G. H. Foster.

WARD COMMITTEES.

Ward 1—Edward Q. Brackett, Edwin K. Porter, Rufus C. Hayward, Benjamin H. Nichols, Edward H. Lounsbury.

Ward 2—John C. Andrews, Willard K. Fowle, Charles M. Strout, Charles R. Rosenquist, Herbert S. Riley.

Ward 3—Frank E. Wetherell, George S. Cutler, Marcus H. Cotton, William J. Hammond, Charles H. Harrington.

Ward 4—John H. Sweetser, John M. Wallace, C. J. Rinquist, J. Fred Leslie, C. Bertrand Strout.

Ward 5—Charles H. White, James R. Wood, Thomas McCarthy, E. N. Pike, Peter Madsden.

Ward 6—James A. West, Leander W. Hall, Richard T. Mack, William J. Kee, Jr., Charles A. Dearborn.

Ward 7—George W. Copp, George H. Foster, Frank H. Graham, Frank Menchin, Henry L. Andrews.

Evangelistic Association of New England, 201 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

The Evangelistic Association of New England has the pleasure to announce that Rev. Wm. T. McElveen, Ph. D., has been again secured as teacher for the Saturday afternoon Bible class for the study of the Sunday School Lessons.

Teachers and all other persons interested in Bible study are cordially invited to the sessions of the Class.

The first meeting will be held Saturday, Sept. 30th, at 2.30 o'clock, in Park St. Church, and will continue each week through the season.

The worth of this work warrants my asking you to make public announcement in your next issue.

S. M. SAYFORD, General Secretary.
Boston, Mass., Sept. 20th, 1905.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—15th Sunday after Trinity.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Services in the Parish House.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Rev. Charles F. Rice, D. D. Presiding Elder.)
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., preaching by the pastor.
Monday, at 7.30 P. M., General Church Social.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D. Subject: "Concerning the Spiritual."
Sunday School at 12 M.
5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor.
7 P. M., Evening Service. Character Study—"Jacob the Schemer."
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Are Sin, Disease, and Death Real?"
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

GEORGE EDWARD PIERCE,
Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Night and Day Calls will receive Prompt Attention.

635 Main Street, WOBURN
71 Haven Street, READING

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 20, by Rev. Leroy J. Montague, Richard Gardner and Fannie C. Olson, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 22, Charles A. McManus, aged 36 years.

In this city, Sept. 25, Margaret J., daughter of Henry and Isabel Curtis, aged 1 month.

In this city, Sept. 26, Lydia Y. Gage, aged 81 years, 4 months, 8 days.

In this city, Sept. 25, Anna G. Colley, aged 66 years, 6 months.

In this city, Sept. 21, Mary E., wife of John A. Walsh, aged 45 years, 9 months, 3 days.

In this city, Sept. 20, Mary Moody, aged 77 years, 11 months, 4 days.

In this city, Sept. 27, Stanley A., son of Stanley A. and Amy Webster, aged 5 months, 3 days.

In this city, Sept. 23, Alma E. Johnson, aged 19 years, 11 months, 9 days.

In Burlington, Sept. 20, Abigail Skelton, aged 80 years.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
WOBURN

MISS DORA A. WINN
WILL RESUME
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
October 1, 1905.
6 Highland Street Woburn

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
October 3d, 1905.
12 Franklin St., Woburn

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.
MRS. ANNIE S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCYVAL LEWIS
PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.
1 Maxwell Road, cor. Mystic Ave.
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Got Off Cheap.

He may well think, he has got off cheap, who, after having contracted constipation or indigestion, is still able to perfectly restore his health. Nothing will do this but Dr. King's New Life Pills. A quick, pleasant, and certain cure for headache, constipation, etc. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store; guaranteed.

Literary Notices.

The October MCCLURE'S is devoted peculiarly to American life and activities. Not a story in it, nor a special article, but concerns the real and immediate things that move this country at large. Pastor Charles Wagner, writes of his visit at the White House, and tells of the children and the household life of the President as he saw them. What Kansas Did to Standard Oil concludes Miss Tarbell's story of the oil war in Kansas, and tells excitingly of how the Kansans, rushed in and won. Pioneer Transportation in America is the truthful romance of traffic, an absorbingly interesting story full of curious information. In this first paper Charles F. Lummis, foremost authority on the subject, carries traffic through America's heroic age up to the beginnings of the great days on the plains. Eugene Wood contributes The County Fair, the best of his reminiscent stories of Back Home.

Mrs. Mary Stewart Cutting appears again with another little story of married life. Lloyd Osbourn, Jean Webster, Guy Wetmore Carryl, Henry C. Rowland, Albert Kinross and F. H. Lancaster are among the other contributors of fiction. Not the least interesting feature of the magazine is the editorial announcement of a great historical series, to begin in November, Carl Schurz's Reminiscences of a Long Life and Ray Stannard Baker's investigation of the Railroad Problem, of which publication will begin before Congress meets.

Miss Tarbell's story of the Kansas oil war concludes in the October MCCLURE'S with What Kansas Did to Standard Oil. It is an exciting story, for they do things with a swing in Kansas, and in the light of their campaign the country at large, which has seen the Standard Oil Company bob up serenely out of successive legislative whirlpools, must conclude that the octopus has at last been matched if not yet finally destroyed. Miss Tarbell makes clear the whole course of the trust busters, their mistakes and their triumphs. She follows the battle from the polls to the wrestle with problems of remedial legislation and the final fight in the courts, by which the Santa Fe has been brought to terms and a beginning made of real independence for the oil industry. With her authoritative knowledge of the great oil trust's methods Miss Tarbell is able to lay hold immediately of the vital moves in the Kansans' fight, and her story thereby gains a clearness which makes it a valuable key to the industrial situation all over the United States.

WINCHESTER.

Movements in real estate were quite brisk after the great rain.

There is some typhoid fever in this town. Dr. Church handles the cases with skill and success.

The *Star* is booming Edgar R. Champlin of Cambridge for Attorney General for all there is out.

Several displays of October orange blossoms and brides are looked for here. The more the merrier.

Oscar Martin is the new Physical Director of the Winchester Association, who flatter themselves that they have secured a good one.

The High School registers 230 pupils this year, the largest yet. This shows that our town is increasing in population. The new schoolhouse comes in real handy.

The Medford end of the 12th Middlesex Representative District has a good candidate for the Legislature in the person of Barker B. Howard of West Medford, a native of Androscoggin county, Maine.

Extensive preparations are underway here for a lively social season. The clubs and societies are brushing up in a masterly manner for the fall and winter gaities, and if something isn't done in the way of entertainments, balls and pink teas they propose to know the reason why.

I am afraid our excellent and universally esteemed townsman, George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, is growing unsteady with the passing of the years. I am afraid he is getting into the questionable habit of not staying at home as much as his neighbors desire and think would be right and proper, but is inclined to wander abroad and frequent lands remote from his fine domicile here. The last I heard of him and his wanderings he was comfortably settled at the Equinox House at Manchester-on-the-Mountain in the Green Mountain State, which is the highest and most notable peak of the famous Berkshire Hills, located just 200 miles from Boston, New York and Montreal, where 90 percent of the air is pure ozone, and the skies are cloudless, and the inhabitants sleep under blankets nights. It is suspected that Mr. Gilbert is blessed with a long and plethoric purse.

Attacked By a Mob

and beaten, in a labor riot, until covered with sores, a Chicago street car conductor applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was soon sound and well. "I use it in my family," writes G. J. Welch, of Tekonsha, Mich., "and find it perfect." Simply great for cuts and burns. Only 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store.

THE SCOTS GRAYS.

Regiment of Dragoons Famous Since the Time of Charles II.

"Second to none" is the proud motto of the gallant and famous regiment, the Second Dragoon guards, or Royal Scots Grays. It is a happily chosen motto, for the fame of the regiment is worldwide. Its brilliant achievements on the field of battle during two centuries, its striking and historic name, its grand and imposing uniform have made the Royal Scots Grays, as an individual corps, there is no gainsaying, the most widely known and familiar of all the regiments of the British army.

Since the regiment was raised, in the reign of the second Charles, the dragoons have borne themselves well in many a famous field, but want of space forbids us to note the exploits until "earth shaking" Waterloo came on the glory roll of the gallant grays. Here, with the English "Royals" and Irish "Inniskillings," they formed the famous union brigade which made the never to be forgotten picture of the "Fight For the Standard." That widely known picture shows a man of the grays, Sergeant Ewart, capturing the eagle of a very famous French corps, the Forty-fifth of the line.—Scottish American.

PEACH ICE CREAM

Our Peach Ice Cream is made from NEW FRUIT every day as required.

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TELEPHONE 48-3.

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AT THE OLD DEPOT.
WANTED, Furniture and Merchandise
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Keep them in the house. Take one when you feel bilious or dizzy. They act directly on the liver. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

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REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands, I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

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If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

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Good English Hay. Free delivery in large or small lots.
Apply at 71 Wyman street.
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AUCTIONEER.

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BETWEEN TRAINS

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

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The 6:30 express stopped at Raceland, and two solitary passengers alighted. A man, tall, lean and dark, left the third coach; a woman, small, plump and fair, descended from the second. Midway in their listless course to a somewhat ancient carryall they met.

"Oh-h! I might have known it!" she cried furiously.

The man said nothing at all.

"I suppose," said the woman, with ostentatious self control, "you are going to the Ralstons?"

"I am."

"And have I got to go up in that trap with you?"

"You have not. I shall walk," he said calmly.

"You will do nothing of the kind," she stormed. "And have them wondering and questioning? You will go up in the trap with me."

He led the way to the aged vehicle and she followed. When they were seated and a series of noisy jerks announced their triumphal progress, he looked at her with quiet amusement.

"They will think we have come together," he said. "Do they know you are coming?"

"No," she snapped. "And I suppose you are surprising them too?"

"Quite a surprise party," he agreed.

She clinched her little hands furiously.

"They will understand that it was an accident that I met you at the depot."

"They will think you have at last consented to be sensible," he mused, "and will be delighted. You know how long and ardently they have tried to throw us together."

"Us?" said the woman witheringly. "You have been fairly thrown at my head."

"Well, I never seemed to strike you," he drawled.

She flung him a scorching glance, and he subsided into silence.

When the white pillars of the Ralstons' splendid old plantation house came into view, she turned on him fiercely.

"For the next two days—I suppose I must stay so long—you will be given any number of chances to talk to me."

"I'm not going to propose again," he said disinterestedly. "Don't be so worried."

"Don't talk to me," she ordered. "Don't come near me unless you have to."

"I never do," he protested, climbing out over the dusty wheel of their chariot.

Five minutes later he climbed in again after a frenzied recalling of the charioteer and seated himself beside a well nigh speechless companion. The carryall jolted an unhappy yard or two.

"You all gwine tek de 7:30 train back?" inquired the ancient driver. "He-he-he—it sho' am too bad. Nobody home, an' you all dun cum all de way up fum New 'Leans"—

"Whip up that beast of yours, uncle," cut in the man sharply. "There's a train at 7:30, isn't there?"

"Yes, sah."

"That's all right then. Now hurry up." He turned to the tense little figure beside him, snapping open his watch.

"It's now ten minutes to 7," he announced. "It won't be long to wait, I dare say."

She surveyed him intently and without favor. "That train is never on time," she said.

He shrugged his shoulders in silence, and they jolted on till the ugly station came into view.

All around the southern twilight was deepening. A star or two winked out in the purple dusk of the sky, and down the long dusty road the katydids disputed noisily.

No one was in sight on the station platform, and only the sudden rattle of a telegraph instrument from the station itself gave any sign of habitation.

"You had better get out and wait on the platform, Mrs. Leonard," said the man.

"Thank you, Mr. Stanley," said the woman, and followed him stiffly when he had helped her from the carryall.

Stanley sat down upon a truck and whistled softly to himself. Mrs. Leonard paced the farthest end of the platform in superb silence. After a little he joined her with a laugh.

"Apparently," he said, "we're the only human beings in this solitude. I see the station agent making off down the road to get a drink before train time. There's a bit of a store a few hundred yards off. I suppose you noticed it."

"I did not," she said frigidly.

"Interesting things, these plantation stores," he began again.

"I have never found them so." She smoothed an imaginary wrinkle from her glove.

"Now, see here," said Stanley, "would you mind telling me just why I'm being snubbed and cut and frozen this way? I've said I wasn't going to propose to you again. What are you afraid of?"

"Afraid!" she mocked. "I'm not afraid. I'm tired, that's all, of being persecuted. Every one thinks I ought to marry you." Her voice began to tremble. "You think so, too, and the fact that I don't agree with them nor you makes no difference at all. You simply go on waiting in that maddeningly certain way, as if you had only to bide your time and I'd give in. Well, why should I? I'm happy as I am; I have my friends and my amusements. Who are you that I should give them up for you?"

"Nobody," said the man meekly. "Nobody at all."

"I can't even go out of town for a day or two," she cried hotly, "without being forced into a lonesome tete-a-tete with you. I'm tired of having chances made for you to see me, tired of having people get out of the way for us." She broke off with an unwilling little laugh. "Even fate sends the Ralstons to town and throws us together here, with no blissful possibility of an interruption."

"The station agent has come back," drawled Stanley, "so we're not quite alone. I think, if you don't mind"—he grinned cheerfully over the absurdity—"I'll go in and ask him if the train's on time. I saw him come up the road and in through the back door of the station a minute ago. You don't mind?"

"No," she said sweetly, "I don't mind."

She sat down on the edge of the platform when he had left her and swung her feet in idle discontent.

It was very lonely. She always had had a horror of katydids, and the tribe in the trees about her excelled in strength. She began to be faintly sorry that she had let Stanley go. At least she could quarrel with him, and anything was better than this awesome silence.

Suddenly there was a noise from the little station, a hoarse cry, and then the sound of a heavy fall. Mrs. Leonard sprang to her feet, every nerve strung tight.

"Aleck!" she screamed. "Where are you, Aleck?" She fled across the platform and into the little station house. There was no one in the first room and only the murky light of a kerosene lamp.

She crossed, trembling with fright, her breath coming in gasps, to the second room and stumbled over a dark body by the door. It groaned and muttered her name.

Mrs. Leonard crept back to the lamp, lifted it from the wall with shaking fingers and carried it to the door. Its light fell dimly upon a man, who, drawing himself erect, leaned against the wall and smiled weakly at her.

"I'm afraid I frightened you," he said, "but it's all right. There was a tramp—we clinched"—

"Oh, don't talk—please don't talk!" she begged tearfully, setting the lamp down on a convenient chair. "Are you hurt—much?"

"And he got away," Stanley finished, his voice growing stronger. "Knocked me silly for a minute. I'll be all right now."

"Oh, are you sure you're not hurt?" Mrs. Leonard cried brokenly. She laid her hand on his arm and stared up at him with wet eyes.

"Don't do that," he warned her. "You'll make me propose again."

Mrs. Leonard wept softly against his coat sleeves. "I wish you would," she sobbed.

"Now, heaven bless that tramp!" Stanley murmured to himself, with a wicked smile. "It was a heaven sent inspiration!"

Led a Double Life.

Officer Martin, who had been on the "force" for six months or more, was different in some respects from many of his fellow policemen. He never went into a saloon except in the performance of his regular duty; never swore, never idled away any time, and never shirked.

Because of these differences and because he was uncommunicative and was not in the usual sense of the term a "good fellow" a suspicion that all was not right and that he had something to conceal became aroused, and at last reached the chief of police, who determined to interrogate him.

Accordingly the chief called him into his private office one morning.

"Officer Martin," he said, "so far as I know, you are one of the best men on the payroll, but there are rumors that you are not altogether what you seem to be, and that there is a chapter in your life that none of us knows anything about."

"I can't deny it, sir," responded the policeman, somewhat surprised, but not at all abashed.

"You confess it then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you mind telling me what it is in confidence?"

"Not at all, sir," said Officer Martin. "I sing in a suburban church choir on Sunday."—Youth's Companion.

Anthony Trollope as a Schoolboy.

Sir William Gregory gave a picture of Anthony Trollope at Harrow school that makes it evident why he was so unhappy while there. "He was a big boy," says Sir William, "older than the rest of the form and without exception the most slovenly and dirty boy I ever met. He was not only slovenly in person and in dress, but his work was equally dirty. His exercises were a mass of blots and smudges. These peculiarities created a great prejudice against him, and the poor fellow was generally avoided. It is pitiable to read his autobiography, how bitter were his feelings at that time, and how he longed for the friendship and companionship of his comrades, but in vain. I had plenty of opportunities of judging of Anthony, and I am bound to say, though my heart smites me sorely for my unkindness, that I did not dislike him. I avoided him, for he was rude and uncouth, but I thought him an honest, brave fellow. He was no sneak. His faults were external. All the rest of him was right enough. He might have been a thoroughly bad young fellow and yet have had plenty of associates. He gave no sign of promise whatsoever, was always in the lowest part of the form and was regarded by masters and boys as an incorrigible dunce."

A Decided Opinion.

"I was in a railroad accident once," said a bishop, and I was helping an elderly lady from our wrecked car. Behind us came a noble looking English lady with her husband by her side.

"She was scolding him well for starting on their journey on Friday. 'I told you, James,' she said, 'something would happen if we should start on Friday.'

"'Madam,' said I, 'do you know that Columbus set sail to discover America on Friday?'

"She looked at me with indignation and said, 'Sir, in my opinion it is a great pity America was ever discovered at all.'"

Drawn In.

Hanson—How did you come to marry the widow Boncoeur instead of her daughter? I thought it was the daughter you were after. Janson—Well, so I was, to tell the truth, but when I asked Marie to marry me one day she said, "Ask mamma," and when I started to do it I stammered so with nervousness that mamma said "Yes" before I had the question out.

The Doctor Prescribes.

Jimson—Doctor, I'm getting too stout for comfort, and I want your advice. Doctor—Nothing reduces flesh like worry. Spend two hours a day thinking of the unpaid bill you owe me.

Still Worse.

He—I know lots of women who haven't any sense of humor. She—Well, what of it? I know lots of men who haven't any sense at all!—Detroit Free Press.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied it.—Ford.

Seaweed Sauces.

The Japanese have many curious recipes for cooking seaweed, which, with fern, is almost a staple article of diet in China, Japan and the Asiatic archipelago. A number of species of seaweed are eaten. Some are soaked, others are dried. Many of the Japanese and Chinese sauces are made from seaweed. Under the name of "asakusa-nori," one variety is put up in neat tin boxes and largely sold in the Tokyo markets.

DICKENS' "SITUATIONS."

The Similarity of His Methods In Winding Up His Plots.

It is curious what a penchant Dickens had for certain melodramatic situations, which seemed to his fancy so telling that he repeated and reproduced them many times over. That his works are all dramatic and conceived in the true spirit of the stage is plain from the vast list of adaptations. Each story has been adapted again and again and will bear the process admirably.

One method for winding up his plot, to which he was excessively partial, was the unmasking of the villain owing to the betrayal of some confederate. The parties are generally brought together in a room by the more virtuous members. The confederate then emerges from his concealment and tells a long story of villainy. We have this denouement first in "Oliver Twist," where Monks makes his revelations. In "Nickleby" Ralph is confronted with "the man Snawley and Squeers." In "The Old Curiosity Shop" Quilp is similarly exposed. In "Barnaby Rudge" Haredale forces his hereditary enemy to make revelations. In "Chuzzlewit" Jonas is confronted with another betrayer. In "Copperfield" Uriah Heep is denounced and exposed by Mr. Micawber. In "Bleak House" Lady Dedlock is similarly tracked. In nearly all the cases the guilty person goes off and commits suicide.—London Spectator.

THE FLUTED COLUMN.

Why the Greeks Adopted This Form In Their Architecture.

The Greeks observed that a smooth column melted in the light and that its lines were vague and uncertain, writes Jean Schoepfer in the Architectural Record Magazine. In order to restore its definiteness they conceived the idea of fluting it. The sharp ridges of the flutings, catching the light, contrasted with the dark hollows, thus giving body to the column and emphasizing the vertical outline of the edifice, whence a double advantage. This discovery could never have been made on paper.

Then, as the abacus of the capital casts a shadow upon the top of the column, the junction of capital and column becomes indistinct. To restore the necessary effect the Greek cuts several deep lines at the point of junction, and to emphasize them he paints them in a dark tone. Even the curve of the circular torus carrying the abacus is so designed that the bright light, striking upon the relief, shall fade into a shaded half tint toward the hollow. Thus, as Viollet le Duc truly says, the Greek preserves even in appearance the forms which his reason tells him to adopt as being the best and most enduring.

A GORGEOUS SIGHT.

The Way an Eskimo Belle Looks When Dressed For a Dance.

When an Eskimo young lady goes to a ball she is a gorgeous sight to gaze upon. A traveler reports just how a belle was dressed on such an occasion.

Her dress was made of the intestines of a seal, split and sewed together. This makes a transparent garment and the girl trimmed it with elaborate embroidery of colored worsteds and fringed it with strings of beads. Her trousers were white and made of Siberian reindeer skin embroidered with strips of wolf skin. Her hair was braided on each side with strips of wolf skin and strips of beads. Heavy necklaces and pendants of beads and teeth of animals hung around her neck and over her shoulders.

Snow white gloves made of fawn skin were on her hands. These fitted perfectly and were ornamented with strips of skin from some animal—perhaps the seal. To complete this elaborate outfit this Eskimo belle carried long eagle feathers, one in each hand, which she waved as she danced.—Washington Star.

Get Outdoors.

Get outdoors and you won't need to take sleep opiates. It is a palpable fact that we can't be out in the fresh air and sunshine very long before feeling an inclination to drowsiness. Isn't it the easiest thing in the world to lie down in a sunny field, with a handkerchief over your face, and fall asleep? And, if you have ever crossed the ocean, you must have noticed how the fresh breezes and the sun's rays set the passengers dozing in their chairs. Sunlight and air are nature's own remedies for sleeplessness, and if insomnia patients could take a good course of this treatment they would need no poppy juices.

The Cormorant.

The cormorant is trained by the Chinese as a fishing bird. A ring is placed around the bird's neck, which prevents it from swallowing the fish it has taken. One Chinaman will utilize a dozen of these birds during the day's fishing, sending them under the water in regular succession. They were formerly used in the same manner in England. Charles I. had an officer of his household designated as master of the cormorants.

Not the Girl to Endure a Slight.

"We need no ring to plight our troth," he suggested as he kissed her impetuously.

"Yes, we do," retorted the maiden. "N[illegible]e of your sleight of hand tricks with me."

Marital Amenities.

Mrs. Naggers—The dentist half killed me this afternoon. Wasn't it too bad? Mr. Naggers—Yes. I don't believe in half doing things.

As a rule people discover a man to be worth listening to only after he is gone.—Schopenhauer.

An Old Master.

Mrs. Parvenue—That picture in the corner is by an old master. Mrs. Swartleigh—Indeed! I would never have guessed it. Mrs. Parvenue—Yes. The man I bought it from gave me a written guarantee that the painter was past seventy-five before he did a stroke on it.

What Happened.

Counsel — Well, after the prisoner gave you the blow what happened? Prosecutor—He gave me a third one. Counsel—You mean a second one. Prosecutor—No, sir. I landed him the second one.

It is the girl who marries a rough diamond who often gets the most real diamonds to wear.—Life.

Your Learning.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked like the watchman.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 1.

Text of the Lesson, Dan. v, 17-30. Memory Verses, 29, 30—Golden Text, Ps. xxxiv, 16—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Dr. Weston says that we have in the Scriptures the account of the conflict between Christ and Satan for man and man's inheritance, the earth. It is true also that everywhere in the book we see God working or the devil. In this book of Daniel we see God working in and through Daniel and his companions and also by holy angels. On the side of the devil we see such as Belshazzar and his companions and evil angels who hindered Gabriel when on his way to Daniel. I do not wonder that the wisdom of this world would like to get rid of this special book, for in three instances it sets forth the inability of learned men to understand the things of God. In chapter ii they could not tell the dream, in chapter iv they could not interpret a dream, and in this lesson they could neither read nor interpret four words plainly written on the wall.

Before Daniel interpreted the words he had a little sermon for this wicked king, the last he would ever hear, for in that night he was slain (verse 30) and went to his own place (Luke xvi, 22, 23). The name "Most High God" (verses 18, 21) is first used in Gen. xiv, 18, 19, in connection with this other title, "the possessor of heaven and earth." As such God ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever he will (Dan. iv, 17, 25, 32, 34). Daniel reminded Belshazzar that this Most High God had given his father all the power and dominion that he possessed, but that because of his great pride, boasting that he had built Babylon by his own power and might (iv, 30), God had by very severe measures humbled him and taught him to know the true God.

Belshazzar knew all this, but instead of profiting by his father's experience and humbling himself before God he lifted up himself against the Lord of Heaven and contemptuously blasphemed God. He did not believe that "a man's pride shall bring him low" (Prov. xxix, 23), perhaps did not know it, nor that God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble (Jas. iv, 6). How apt we all are to fail to glorify Him in whose hand our breath is and whose are all our ways, in whom we live and move and have our being, who directeth our steps (verse 23; Acts xvii, 28; Jer. x, 23; Prov. xvi, 9). The word to Israel is a good word for us: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee. * * * Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God" (Deut. viii, 2, 11). We are here to honor and exalt Christ, but never self nor humanity.

The person who wrote these words upon the wall was not visible nor even the hand that wrote, but just a part of the hand—the fingers (verses 5, 24). It was not the messenger, but the words, that God wanted seen. It is not the preacher, but the word of God, that does the work of God. The writing upon the tables of testimony given to Moses was done by the finger of God (Ex. xxxi, 18; xxxii, 16; Deut. ix, 10), and the same finger wrote on the ground when He was here as God manifest in the flesh (John viii, 6).

The time of the duration of all the kingdoms of this world is fixed by God, and the time that the Babylonian kingdom should rule was made known to Jeremiah before Judah was carried captive Jer. xxvii, 4-7). It is only when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ that the world shall see a kingdom without end (Rev. xi, 15). The Lord weighs our actions, our paths, our spirits (I Sam. ii, 3; Isa. xxvi, 7; Prov. xvi, 2), and estimates all things at their true value in His sight. The widow's two mites were of more value, according to His valuation, than all the gifts of the rich that day. It is possible that the seemingly good works of His redeemed people may be only as hay, wood and stubble in His sight, fit only to be burned up (I Cor. iii, 14, 15). When it is God who worketh in us, both to will and to do of His good pleasure (Phil. ii, 13), then the works will stand; all else must perish.

The visions of the second and the seventh chapters, the one given to a man of this world and the other to Daniel, a man of God, are identical and set forth clearly the succession of these kingdoms. In chapter ii Babylon is the head of gold and Medo-Persia the breast and arms of silver. In chapter vii the same two are represented by the lion with eagle's wings and the bear with the three ribs in its mouth. In chapter viii the second of these two is represented by a ram with two horns, a harmless, domestic animal, suggesting the friendliness of the Medes and Persians to Daniel's people. Note from chapters vii, 1; viii, 1, that these two chapters precede the one of our lesson in the order of time. Note also that to a man of the world like the king of Babylon power is something precious as gold or silver, but to a man of God waiting for the kingdom of God the present governments of earth are like devouring wild beasts, which the nations themselves acknowledge by displaying upon their banners the lion, the bear, the dragon, the eagle.

Daniel was honored before men because he honored God (I Sam. ii, 30; John xii, 20), but Daniel sought the honor that cometh from God only (John v, 44) and still awaits (Dan. xii, 13). Poor indeed is he who, like Belshazzar, has a kingdom, but no Saviour. But how indescribably rich is he who, like Daniel, waits for the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Indolent Rossini.

Rossini was one of the most indolent men that ever lived, yet he wrote operas against time, as it were. "The Barber of Seville," for instance, was written and mounted in less than a month, which fact gave rise to Donizetti's cogent witticism. Upon being told that Rossini had finished his opera in thirteen days Donizetti replied: "It is very possible. He is so lazy!"

The Cares of a Home.

"Dear me," said young Mrs. Hunnimune, "I must see our grocer right away."

"What for?" asked her husband.

"I have some instructions to give him. I want to tell him to make our coffee a little stronger and our butter a little weaker."

Conservatism.

In Samuel Pepys' period a bill was brought into parliament "to restrain the excessive and superfluous use of coaches."—London Outlook.

Disgrace is immortal and living even when one thinks it dead.—Plautus.

OUTSIDE THE WARD

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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Nurse Humphreys was hardly what would be termed popular. Tall, handsome, in a dark, cold type of beauty, she was much admired, and the doctors all respected her clear, keen intelligence and executive ability. But the patients regarded her with evident awe. No one urged her to come and sit for a moment by his bedside.

Nurse Humphreys herself regarded the patients as so many human machines to be tended and cared for. It was her work to superintend the doing of this. What more could be required of her? And then one day a tender, helpless little morsel of a child was carried into the ward, and Miss Humphreys experienced a strange sensation. The blue eyes looked appealingly into hers; the thin little arms were extended. "Molly lonesomé," murmured a baby voice. And Miss Humphreys, rather shamefacedly, bent and kissed the tiny face.

From that day a new life began for the nurse. All the pent up tenderness of years, all the starved affection of the woman's heart, sternly repressed for so long, were unstintedly lavished upon the child. It was a bad case. Miss Humphreys flung herself with tireless energy into the battle with death. Molly could not die; she must not die. And love won. The fatal crisis was passed; the little life began to tighten its hold on existence. Miss Humphreys rejoiced until one day came a sudden, most unwelcome thought. Molly was out of danger; Molly was growing well; Molly would soon leave the hospital and go home. Miss Humphreys started and tried to banish the thought. But it would not go. It pursued her, obsessed her, became a nightmare.

Outside the big ward was a small room where Miss Humphreys sometimes sat. Late one afternoon she was there, still haunted by the thought of Molly's departure. It seemed terribly near. How could she let Molly go back to that aunt—that narrow faced, hard eyed woman—from whom the child palpably shrank upon the occasions of her rare visits? Was she unkind to the little thing? Miss Humphreys wondered.

A sudden sense of discouragement possessed the nurse. Molly was nearly convalescent, yet to the doctor Miss Humphreys had dilated at length upon unfavorable symptoms, inherent weaknesses, and this morning, this very morning, she had deliberately altered the temperature line on the patient's chart. That was unpardonable. She had fancied that the doctor had looked at her rather oddly as he returned the chart. Did he suspect anything? Must she let her go—this child with Tom's name and with Tom's own blue eyes? Where had Molly found them? The aunt, a dry, uncommunicative person, only said that the child's mother was dead. Molly babbled of a daddy almost always from home. The idea had once flashed across Miss Humphreys' mind that Tom himself might be this daddy, but she had dismissed the suggestion as too improbable. There were doubtless thousands of Brennans.

It brought the man to her mind, however. Tom! Where could he be? He had loved her once. Why had she let him go? Miss Humphreys looked about the plain little room, thought of the ward beyond. She had sent Tom away, had left her home, come to New York and entered the training school, worked, denied herself, suffered, inspired, sustained by no ignoble ambition.

Well, she had succeeded. She had achieved her goal. Was she not head nurse in this busy hospital ward? Again her eyes traveled around the dreary little room. Was this then what her ambition meant, a solitary woman growing old alone? Miss Humphreys, tired and depressed, knew that she was morbid; sought to shake it off, but the feeling was too strong for her. The reaction from the years of effort had set in, and all at once a wave of heartsickness seemed to submerge her in its depths, forcing the unaccustomed tears to her dark eyes. Miss Humphreys uttered a little sob. Was what she had won worth the sacrifices demanded? Did life hold no more than this?

The sound of voices outside the door roused her. The doctor was speaking.

"So I thought it best to send for you yourself and explain matters," he was saying. "She is one of our best nurses and has worked night and day to save your child. Indeed, that the child lived at all is largely due to her untiring vigilance. But there is no reason now why Molly should not leave the hospital. It sometimes happens, however, that a nurse takes a fancy to a patient and tries to keep him overtime. Therefore I preferred that you yourself should come and remove Molly. I would not wish to hurt Miss Humphreys' feelings," he added kindly, for he was a humane man and could sympathize with the dullness of the nurse's life. "We all think so much of Miss Humphreys."

"Miss Humphreys," repeated the man. And at the voice the woman started and clasped her hands over her heart. "Miss Humphreys, you say? Could—could I see her?"

The doctor considered a moment. "I hardly think that she is on duty now," he said slowly. "Oh," with a sudden recollection, "she often sits in that little room. Possibly she may be there now."

As Brennan entered she sprang up, facing him, and for a moment they both stared in silence, the woman struggling to control her uncertain breathing.

The man started forward. "Margaret!" he cried. Miss Humphreys nodded.

"Yes, it is I," she answered, trying to speak in a commonplace manner. "I belong to this hospital." But he did not seem to hear her.

"Margaret, oh, Margaret!" he repeated below his breath. She was far more lovely than he had ever seen her, with that new, softened expression, the teardrops still clinging to her long black lashes. She lifted her head.

"So you have come to take Molly away," she said simply. The man started. He had quite forgotten the child.

"Why—she cannot stay here—the doctor says that she is well," he stammered confusedly. "He said"—

"Yes, I know," responded Miss Humphreys. "She is quite well." She was staring straight ahead, her dark eyes filled with a blank, unseeing look. He would go away again. Molly would go away. What was there left for her? The doctor knew what she had done. She might have to leave the hospital. But she did not care about that. Brennan took a step forward.

"Margaret," he cried; "oh, Margaret, why did you send me from you?" There was a whole lifetime of pain and yearning in the man's voice and Miss Humphreys' heart gave a sudden throb. He had not entirely forgotten her then. The image of that other woman had not entirely obliterated her own.

"I—I don't know," she faltered, feeling like a silly schoolgirl. Her usual calm self possession was gone. The doctors would not have recognized their cool, capable nurse.

"You—don't—know?" echoed Brennan. A sudden well known gleam sprang to the blue eyes. "You—don't—know," he repeated. "Then—might there be a chance for me after all?" he asked squarely. Miss Humphreys, sobbing, had sunk into a chair. The man bent over and with soft fingers reverently touched the shining hair.

"I—I loved my wife," he said loyally. "She was a dear, sweet soul. But you were my first love and I could never quite forget. You have saved Molly for me," he added unsteadily, "but she needs you still—we both need you. Won't you come and make us happy, sweetheart?" a sudden intensity deepening the strong voice. "Won't you, dear?"

And Miss Humphreys whispered "Yes."

NOT FEELING RIGHT FOR WEEKS

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Not Quite the Same.

A country clergyman vouches for the truth of this story. Having arrived at that point in the baptismal service where the infant's name is conferred, he said:

"Name this child."

"Original Story," said the sponsor-nurse.

"What do you say?" he asked in surprise.

"Original Story," she repeated in clear, deliberate tones.

"It's a very odd name, isn't it? Are you sure you want him called by the name of Original Story?"

"Original Story—that's right," she declared.

"Is it a family name?" the minister persisted.

"Named after his uncle, sir," explained the nurse, getting red in the face.

And so as Original Story the unoffending little fellow was christened. It was some weeks after this event that the minister made the acquaintance of the said uncle—a farm laborer in another village—whose name was Reginald Story.—Liverpool Mercury.

The Rift In the Lute.

There was never a time when Mrs. Austin did not attempt to put the best foot forward not only for herself, but for all her friends.

"How's Mary Ellen getting on?" asked one of the neighbors when Mrs. Austin returned from a visit to the house of a former resident of Bushby.

She fixed a keen gaze on Mrs. Austin, for rumors of Mary Ellen's domestic troubles had reached Bushby some time before.

"Why, she's got everything fixed up real nice," said Mrs. Austin slowly. "She has a good house and yard and a garden and a most excellent cow and some o' the likeliest hens and a couple o' pigs and"—

"Is it true that her husband has reg'lar temper tantrums every little while?" persisted the neighbor, who had small patience with Mrs. Austin's point of view.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Austin, with some discomposure, "I don't see any need of dwelling on that. When folks have a good deal of live stock some o' the critters is liable to be ailing now and then."

Words Passed.

Judge—You say that words passed between the accused and his wife. Did you hear what they were? Witness—No; I didn't hear them, but I saw them. Judge—Saw them? Witness—Yes. They were in the dictionary that he threw at her.

Experiment.

"I have been married twice, once for love and once for money."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Not quite. I should like to try marrying for a little of both, if I may."—Puck.

In the Restaurant.

"He seems to be an experienced waiter."

"Oh, yes. Note the calm indifference with which he treats people who are in a hurry."

A FAMOUS PROBLEM.

It Did Not Take Newton Long to Find the Correct Solution.

In Newton's time it was often the custom for illustrious mathematicians, when they had discovered a solution for some new and striking problem, to publish that problem as a challenge to the world while withholding their own solution. A famous instance of this is found in what is known as the Brachistochrone problem, which was solved by John Bernouilli. The nature of this problem may be mentioned. It was to find the shape of the curve along which a body would slide down from one point (A) to another (B) in the shortest time. It might at first be thought that the straight line from A to B, as it is undoubtedly the shortest distance between the points, would also be the path of quickest descent, but this is not so.

There is a curved line down which a bead, let us say, would run on a smooth wire from A to B in a shorter time than the same bead would require to run down the straight wire. Bernouilli's problem was to find out what that curve must be.

Newton solved it correctly. He showed that the curve was a part of what is termed a cycloid—that is to say, a curve like that which is described by a nail on the rim of a carriage wheel as the wheel runs along the ground. Such was Newton's geometrical insight that he was able to transmit a solution of the problem on the day after he had received it to the president of the Royal society.

ENGRAVED LETTERING.

Processes Necessary For Working on Copper or Steel.

Lettering may be described under three heads—large lettering, such as bond titles; small lettering, like that done on coupons, cards and tickets, and script, or writing. Some engravers can do good work in all of these branches of lettering, but in large establishments each man is kept employed at that style in which he excels.

In bonds and stock certificates the titles and script are usually done on the plate from which they are to be printed, but there is a lot of small work, common to jobs of that kind, which is done on what are called "dies" or "bedpieces," and transferred from the rolls to the plates.

In large lettering a drawing of the outline of the letters is made on paper to get the shapes, curves and spacing correct. A tracing of this outline is then made on gelatin, and, after filling this with vermilion, a thin coating of wax is laid on the plate and a transfer of the gelatin tracing put on the wax. Next the outline is carefully marked through the wax on to the plate. The wax is taken off and the artist is ready to begin his cutting.

Lettering on bank notes, if there is to be more than one note on a plate, is engraved on "dies" or "bedpieces" and transferred to the plate. This insures the exact duplication of the material of each of the notes and also makes it possible to reproduce and retouch the work at any time.

National Nicknames.

Englishmen have submitted to the name of John Bull as suited to the national character. A Scotchman is Sandy. The Irishman derives his name, Paddy, from his national patron saint, while an ancient nursery rhyme records the fact that Taffy was a Welshman. English sailors call the Frenchmen, in contempt, Johnny Crapaud, but in France he is Jacques Bonhomme, or, as a bourgeois, M. Prudhomme. Cousin Michel is the name by which the German is known to the continental nation. Mynheer sums up the Dutch, while the Switzer rejoices in the name of Colin Tampon. Don Whiskerandos is almost a national nickname for the Spaniards, dating from Elizabethan times. Italians are known as Lazzaroni and Danes as Danskers.

Finger Rings Among the Ancients.

The hands of female mummies found in the tombs of Egypt are literally covered with rings, in many instances there being from two to six on every finger. In some cases these ornaments are composed wholly of gold, but in others, which probably represent all that is left of some poor man's wife or daughter, the rings are brass, glass or pottery ware. According to Josephus and Herodotus, the Chaldeans and Persians and the Babylonians were all very fond of rings and other personal ornaments.

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Its Reading Room and the Thousands of Books It Contains.

In the reading room of the British museum desks are crowded with students all day long, and in addition to the books of reference, some 20,000 in number, which fill the open shelves of the room, from three to four thousand volumes are given out every day. Theology in a wide sense, including the Bible, Biblical literature, church history and works on the religious rites and ceremonies of all races and creeds, is easily at the head of the list, with about 300 volumes. Topography comes next, with about twenty fewer, and of these books on London amount to a quarter, books on English topography to another quarter, the other half being for the rest of the world. History and biography come next, English history being mostly in demand, and books on France and the French provinces second. Essays, criticism and miscellaneous literature take the fourth place and are followed by fiction—not less than five years old—moral philosophy, poetry and the fine arts, the drama, law and philology, political economy and so on down to politics, mathematics and chemistry, which have about forty volumes apiece, and, lastly, works on naval and military subjects, which seldom have more than three or four volumes each. It is a curious list and throws a useful light on the sort of studies taken up by the readers in the museum.—London Globe.

THE DOG'S EYE.

Watch That, Not the Mouth, For Symptoms of Hydrophobia.

As dogs do not perspire, the only relief they seem to get when overheated is from inhaling cool air through their wide open mouths in short, puffy breaths. The friction between tongue and lips caused by their rapid, laborious breathing produces saliva, which is sometimes ignorantly diagnosed as foam, one of the symptoms of hydrophobia. Many innocent victims have lost their lives on account of such stupidity.

If your dog should feel ill, sick with some ordinary ailment, he will wag welcome to you with a sad, pitiful expression, looking up inquiringly as if asking for help and relief. If it has come to the worst and he feels by instinct the germs of the dreaded disease in his frame, his action will be entirely different. You will find him with low bent head, withholding his usual glad welcome, hardly noticing or glancing at you.

If your eye meet his, the restless, nervous, strange expression will startle you. The dog, feeling his doom, is conscious of approaching danger and would like to prepare and warn you. These unmistakable and easily recognized signs should be watched closely and always heeded. Corner the dog at once and, with the help of a broom or barn fork, keep him at a safe distance until locked up.—Country Calendar.

Ceremonies.

A very ceremonious Spaniard when asked why he was not present at the funeral of a certain personage replied: "Because he owed me a call."—Humor of Spain.